



GENERAL WAYNE AT STONY POINT.

Brayman, James O

" Daring deeds of American heroes
Philadelphia, 1885.

P R E F A C E .

The object of the following pages is to place upon permanent record a continuous account of the "daring deeds" of the heroes of our country. The work makes no claims to originality of matter. We have gathered from all authentic sources within our reach interesting and important incidents which have transpired from the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, to the conclusion of the Mexican war, whether upon sea or land, in which our countrymen have borne a part. Our design has been to form a book of attractive and popular reading—to embalm in the memory of the American people, the sacrifices, the patriotism, the heroism, the sufferings and dangers of those to whom we owe the achievement and the preservation of our freedom. The Revolutionary struggle was indeed a time of peril. Its history has been written by able hands; but history deals in general facts—in great achievements, and great results. Those lesser details—deeply interesting and thrilling in themselves—those personal adventures that go to make up the Romance of War, are passed by, and only exist as fragments, scattered through ephemeral works,

without continuity or relation. It is our purpose to give these form and shape, in connection with the more important events which have transpired in the wars of our country. What is true of the Revolution, is equally true of the second contest with Great Britain, the Mexican and Indian wars.

Whatever may be said by the man of Peace, that in which any people most glory is the martial achievements of their renowned Heroes. It has been so from the beginning, and will continue to be, for ought we know, to the end. Search history through, back to the remotest antiquity, and prominent upon its pages, stands the record of great and startling military achievements. The American people partake in this universal sentiment. To stimulate it, and keep it alive, they have the additional one of gratitude to their Heroes for the liberty which they have given them—for the free institutions which are the result of their "*daring deeds*." If the following pages contribute to perpetuate this sentiment of gratitude, to keep burning pure and bright the fire upon the altar of patriotism, our end will have been accomplished.

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.....	9
Battle of Lexington.....	17
Fight at Concord Bridge.....	23
Battle of Bunker Hill.....	31
Taking of Ticonderoga by Colonel Allen.....	42
Patriotic Father.....	46
Arnold's March through the Wilderness.....	47
Death of General Montgomery.....	49
Washington, Commander in Chief of the American Army	52
Eldridge Gerry.....	53
Richard Henry Lee.....	54
Attack on Sullivan's Island.....	57
Declaration of Independence.....	61
Death of Captain Hall.....	62
Battle of Trenton.....	65
Captain George Little.....	67
General Andrew Pickens.....	70
An Extraordinary Retreat.....	73
Don't give up the Vessel.....	74
Military Courtesy.....	75
The Scotch Prize ; or, the Little Yankee.....	78
Battle of Fort Moultrie.....	79
Sergeant Jasper at Fort Moultrie.....	83
John Adams.....	85
Battle of Princeton.....	87
Battle of Brandywine.....	91

Battle of Germantown	95
General Wayne's War Horse.....	102
Colonel M'Lane.....	103
Rev. Thomas Allen.....	108
Battle of Bennington.....	110
Battle of Saratoga.....	116
Revolutionary Reminiscence.....	119
March of Burgoyne.....	122
Battle of Oriskany.....	126
Death of General Herkimer.....	139
Marion the Republican General.....	144
Putnam's Feat.....	149
Death of Captain Biddle.....	151
Battle of Monmouth.....	155
General Lee.....	157
Paul Jones' Naval Battle.....	159
Encampment at Valley Forge.....	161
Colonel George R. Clarke.....	164
Affairs at Schoharie.....	168
Sergeant Jasper.....	172
Storming of Stony Point.....	179
Colonel Isaac Hayne.....	184
Intrepidity of Colonel White.....	188
Prudence and Bravery of Major Lee.....	190
Sullivan's Expedition.....	191
Adventure of David Elerson.....	192
Battle of Newtown.....	198
Expedition of Colonel Broadhead.....	205
Capture of Major Andre.....	212
Death of Baron De Kalb.....	214
Battle of King's Mountain.....	219
Battle of the Cowpens.....	223
Sergeant Mitchell.....	229

Naval Engagements.....	230
Defeat of Major Gainey.....	231
Marion at Nelson's Ferry.....	233
Adventures of Major James and Captain Witherspoon..	236
Black Mingo.....	238
Defeat of Colonel Tynes.....	241
Battle of Eutaw Springs.....	244
Battle of Guilford.....	247
Capture of Fort Watson.....	267
Capture of Fort Motte.....	269
La Fayette in Virginia.....	274
Wayne's Victory at the Miami Rapids.....	281
Capture of L'Insurgente.....	284
The Constitution and Vengeance.....	287
Burning of the Philadelphia.....	290
Bombardment of Tripoli.....	295
Loss of the Intrepid.....	302
Expedition of General Eaton.....	307
Capture of the Guerriere.....	310
The Wasp and Frolic.....	312
Defense of Fort Harrison.....	316
Capture of the Macedonian.....	319
Capture of the Adams and Caledonia.....	321
Battle of Queenston.....	323
General Scott and the Indian Chief.....	328
Capture of the Java.....	331
Capture of the Peacock.....	334
Death of General Pike.....	336
Captain Holmes' Expedition.....	339
Capture of the Penguin.....	342
Battle of Tohopeca.....	343
Cruise of the Essex.....	348
Defense of Fort Stephenson.....	35

Capture of the Epervier.	356
Defense of Sackett's Harbor.	357
Capture of the Reindeer.	362
Enterprise and Boxer.	364
Commodore Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.	367
Battle of the Thames.	373
Battle of Chippewa.	378
Battle of Lundy's Lane.	384
Sortie of Fort Erie.	395
Assault on Fort Erie.	398
Battle of Plattsburg.	404
Battle of Lake Champlain.	408
Defense of Baltimore.	410
Battle of New Orleans.	413
Colonel Clinch and the Indians.	425
Battle of Okee-cho-bee.	427
Battle of Palo Alto.	433
Captain May's Charge.	443
Captain Morris and Major Allen.	446
Battle of Resaca de la Palma.	448
Taking of Sonoma.	454
Capture of Montgomery.	458
Battle of San Pasqual.	470
Battle of Bracito.	472
Battle of Buena Vista.	475
Capture of Alvarado.	477
Taking of Puebla.	478
Affair at the National Bridge.	480
General Riley at Contreras.	482
Callant Affair of Colonel de Russey.	489
Capture of the Tuspan.	495
Capture of Santa Cruz de Rosales.	497

INTRODUCTION.

THE American Revolution forms an epoch in the history of the world. It stands prominent as one of the most important, not only in the immediate consequences which resulted from it, but in the continued influence it is destined to exert upon the destinies of the world through all coming time. It opened a new era in the science of government, and, like the advent of the Christian religion, it established a new dispensation.

Our country was baptized with the blood, and consecrated by the prayers of the Pilgrims. It has been the asylum of the persecuted of all nations. First came the Pilgrims, who, in the language of their covenant, "fled from their native land, and homes, and relatives, for the glory of God and the preservation of the Christian religion." Then came the pious Huguenots of France, escaping also from a persecution, which had literally made the mountains desert and the vales to run down with blood. These are the founders of our country — the ancestry to which we look back with a feeling of exultant pride.

Soon came the time of fiery trial and severe tribulation — the ceaseless watch — the house of God begirt with sentinels

and filled with armed worshipers — the night attack by the ruthless savage upon the frontier settlement — the burning dwelling — the murdered infant, slain in its mother's arms — the bleeding father scalped and trodden under foot, ere the warm spirit had departed — the feeble woman led captive and driven away, and, when nature could no longer endure, suffering torture, and death — the stout resistance — the fearful vengeance, and final triumph. These, and a thousand other trials were the portion of those who laid the early foundations of the institutions whose blessings are now ours.

No sooner was the savage foe subdued — driven back from river and mountain — no sooner did those self-sacrificing men begin to enjoy the fruits and reap the rewards of their toil and suffering, than they became an object of jealousy and envy to the mother country. England, led by a narrow policy, no sooner saw the Colonies in a situation to defend and provide for themselves, than she resolved to impose taxes and assessments for the benefit of the Home Government, at the same time denying them a share in the enactment of those laws by which they were to be taxed.

These unjust imposts and tyrannical measures met, at the outset, with strong and determined opposition, restrained though it was by a habitual reverence to the majesty of the King and Parliament of Great Britain. But, as the oppressions increased, and the hand of tyranny became more onerous, the elastic spirits of the Colonists, though bowed

down for the moment, recoiled with terrific force upon the oppressors. The measures adopted by the Ministry of England to subdue the rising spirit of discontent, was but so much fuel to the volcano which was soon to shake New England to its center, and whose premonitions of the catastrophe were felt throughout the Colonies. But it was at the Battle of Lexington that it burst forth in all its fury, with a glare that illuminated rock, hill and dale, forest and prairie, and with a shock that was felt throughout Christendom.

The Battle of Lexington is the first act in the opening drama — the first of the "*Daring Deeds*" achieved by our Revolutionary Fathers. It gave earnest of the spirit with which they entered the fearful struggle, and of the final triumph which crowned their heroic efforts, after years of toil, danger and blood. Familiar as household words though the events of the Revolution are, the time will never come, we trust, when they will cease to be of deep and absorbing interest to every American freeman — when their recital will cease to make the bosom of every patriot glow with renewed emotion.

Then followed the trials and sufferings of the Seven Year's War. Men accustomed to the implements of agriculture and the mechanic arts siezed the sword and the musket and went forth to battle for the right. The habiliments of the citizen were exchanged for the covering of the soldier — man left

his home and his happy fireside, for the tented field, the camp of war. The instruments of peace were wrought into instruments of death, and the patriot marched forth to meet the oppressor with a firm resolve to conquer or die. The farewell prayer was said, and the last offering made upon the altar of domestic affection.

Thus commenced the struggle for the achievement of our country's independence. Such the spirit of our fathers. The fire which had been enkindled at Lexington and Bunker Hill continued its course, burning fiercer and brighter, and gaining strength as it passed over the land. It sped like a wild contagion, as it were, upon the wings of the wind. It ascended the hills of New England, and shed its light afar off upon the waters of the south. One spirit — one mind animated the people. They saw their country threatened with subjection to the will of a tyrant Ministry, on the one hand — stripped of its rights and privileges — while, on the other, war—desolating war—stared them in the face, with all its horrors. But a spirit of resistance, deep and strong, is abroad—the crisis is passed — all is staked upon the issue of the contest. This was an age of heroes. They fearlessly bared their bosoms to the storm, to avert the destiny which threatened the country they loved. The struggle was long and bloody. All the evils which humanity can suffer, they endured. But they shrank not, nor faltered. The polar star of their hope still rose above the troubled horizon, to light them on, as

the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night did the children of Israel in the wilderness. At times it is indeed obscured by the clouds of defeat — but they, vanquished, despair not of the result. Their cause is approved of Heaven, and cheered by its smiles, they persevere. The Eagle of Freedom flutters aloft over the prostrate Lion of the boasted power of Britain. Peace crowns the efforts of patriotism, and Liberty, the first born of Heaven, is the reward of the toils of the oppressed. Its banner is yet floating over us, and palsied be the hand that would dishonor it.

Our fathers of the Revolution laid the foundation and commenced the superstructure — leaving to future generations the task of completing the glorious edifice, they so auspiciously began. Their difficulties and dangers ended not with the close of the war. They found themselves, it is true, independent of British rule — free from the oppressions that had impelled them to take up arms. But this was all. Chaos was before them. An exhausted country was around them. Devastation had marked the footsteps of the invaders — the arts of peace had been neglected, and the country was without resources. The Colonies were held together only by the recollection of common sufferings, and common dangers. The instrument which connected them was but as a rope of sand. A government was to be formed, and institutions molded. Conflicting interests and prejudices were to be harmonized, and a new order of things established.

But the same overruling Providence that guided them safely through the long and fearful struggle, was with them still. As He had given them valor in war, so He gave them wisdom in council. They saw and fully appreciated the dangers to which their liberated country was exposed. The wise men of the nation — many of those who had periled their “lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors,” for the achievement of its liberties, were called by the people to devise ways and means to meet the crisis. They proved themselves equal to the emergency, and the American constitution was the result of their labors. That instrument — the perfection of human wisdom, as applied to the formation of government, yet remains in its original strength and purity — the palladium of our liberty — the admiration of the world. Under it, the union of the States was effected. Since then, their progress has been onward and upward. From thirteen, they have become thirty-one, and the three million of inhabitants have increased to twenty-three million. That this Union, so fraught with national and individual blessings — so necessary for the protection and preservation of civil, political, and religious liberty, may be preserved in its integrity is the prayer of every patriot heart.

After the formation of the government order soon came out of confusion, and what before was without form and void, assumed shape and fair proportions. Peace continued to abide within our borders for over a quarter of a century,

interrupted only by slight difficulties with France, the Barbary Powers, and an occasional conflict with the savages.

But England had never, in fact, conceded our full independence. She had ceased to demand of us allegiance, it is true; but she interposed other demands equally humiliating to our national pride, and contrary to every principle of international law. Increasing in impudence as we forebore to chastise her arrogance, she continued her encroachments and rose in her demands and pretensions until the spirit of the country was aroused. A second war ensued. In this too, our countrymen displayed deeds of daring equal to those of the Revolutionary period. Having accomplished the objects for which the war was commenced, and again humbled the pride of England, an honorable peace was concluded.

Our country enjoyed a long period of tranquility, accompanied by physical and moral progress unparalleled in the history of the world. A few Indian wars alone break the monotony of our history until 1846, when we suddenly found ourselves involved in a war with a neighboring Republic. This contest, too, was fruitful of "Daring Deeds," but is so recent that it is unnecessary to more than allude to it here.

Incidents in the history of our country are valuable for study. The record of what our ancestors have achieved and suffered to purchase our liberties, will impress upon the minds of the young an idea of their priceless value. Let the children of America be early imbued with a love for their country.

Teach them the principles of true patriotism, by the way and by the fireside; going out and coming in. Rehearse to them while in their infant years, the story of the Pilgrims. Tell them the story of the Revolution, and their love of country shall "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength."

DARING DEEDS OF AMERICAN HEROES

CHAPTER. I.—1775.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

A considerable quantity of military stores having been deposited at Concord, eighteen miles from Boston, General Gage, who commanded the British troops in that city, determined to destroy them. In pursuance of his design, he, on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, dispatched a party of 800 grenadiers and light infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, who crossed Charles river from the foot of Boston common to Phips' farm in Cambridge, about eleven o'clock at night, and commenced a quick but silent march for Concord. Though they attempted to preserve secrecy, yet

the friends of liberty were too vigilant not to notice their departure, and many messengers were immediately sent to alarm the country. Of these, Colonel Revere, Mr. Dawes, and three or four others of the most active, fell into the hands of a party of British officers, who kept them as prisoners for a time, but, becoming alarmed at the firing of a party of militia at drill near Lexington meeting-house, they took the horses from their captives and rode off. The following account of the battle is given by one of the most celebrated orators of New England.

“The Committee of Safety had set the preceding day at West Cambridge; and three of its respected members, Gerry, Lee, and Orne, had retired to sleep, in the public-house, where the session of the committee was held. So difficult was it, notwithstanding all that had passed, to realize that a state of things could exist, between England and America, in which American citizens should be liable to be torn from their beds by an armed force at midnight, that the members of the Committee of Safety, though forewarned of the approach of the British troops, did not even think it necessary to retire from their lodgings. On the contrary, they rose

from their beds and went to their windows to gaze on the unwonted sight, the midnight march of armies through the peaceful hamlets of New England. Half the column had already passed, when a flank guard was promptly detached to search the public house, no doubt in the design of arresting the members of the Committee of Safety, who might be there. It was only at this last critical moment that Mr. Gerry and his friends bethought themselves of flight, and without time even to clothe themselves, escaped naked into the fields.

“By this time Colonel Smith, who commanded the expedition, appears to have been alarmed at the indications of a general rising throughout the country. The light infantry companies were now detached and placed under the command of Major Pitcairne, for the purpose of hastening forward, to secure the bridges at Concord; and thus cut off the communication between this place and the towns north and west of it. Before these companies could reach Lexington, the officers already mentioned, who had arrested Colonel Revere, joined their advancing countrymen, and reported that five hundred men were drawn up in Lexington, to resist the king's troops. On receiving this exaggerated account, the

British light infantry was halted, to give time for the grenadiers to come up, that the whole together might move forward to the work of death.

“The company assembled on Lexington green, which the British officers, in their report, had swelled to five hundred, consisted of sixty or seventy of the militia of the place. Information had been received about nightfall, both by private means and by communications from the Committee of Safety, that a strong party of officers had been seen on the road, directing their course toward Lexington. In consequence of this intelligence, a body of about thirty of the militia, well armed, assembled early in the evening; a guard of eight men under Colonel William Munroe, then a sergeant in the company was stationed at the house of the Rev. Mr. Clark; and three men were sent off to give the alarm at Concord. These three messengers were however stopped on their way, as has been mentioned, by the British officers, who had already passed onward. One of their number, Elijah Sanderson, has lately died at Salem at an advanced age. A little after midnight, Messrs. Revere and Dawes arrived with the certain information that a very large body of the

royal troops was in motion. The alarm was now generally given to the inhabitants of Lexington, messengers were sent down the road to ascertain the movements of the troops, and the militia company under Captain John Parker appeared on the green to the number of one hundred and thirty. The roll was duly called at this perilous midnight muster, and some answered to their names for the last time on earth. The company was now ordered to load with powder and ball, and awaited in anxious expectation the return of those who had been sent to reconnoiter the enemy. One of them, in consequence of some misinformation, returned and reported that there was no appearance of troops on the road from Boston. Under this harassing uncertainty and contradiction, the militia were dismissed, to await the return of the other expresses, and with orders to be in readiness at the beat of the drum. One of these messengers was made prisoner by the British, whose march was so cautious, that they remained undiscovered till within a mile and a half of Lexington meeting-house, and time was scarce left for the last messenger to return with the tidings of their approach.

“The new alarm was now given; the bell rings.

alarm-guns are fired, the drum beats to arms. Some of the militia had gone home, when dismissed; but the greater part were in the neighboring houses, and instantly obeyed the summons. Sixty or seventy appeared on the green and were drawn up in double ranks. At this moment the British column of eight hundred gleaming bayonets appears, headed by their mounted commanders, their banners flying and drums beating a charge. To engage them with a handful of militia of course was madness,—to fly at the sight of them they disdained. The British troops rush furiously on; their commanders, with mingled threats and execrations, bid the Americans lay down their arms and disperse, and their own troops to fire. A moment's delay, as of compunction, follows. The order with vehement imprecations is repeated, and they fire. No one falls, and the band of self-devoted heroes, most of whom had never seen such a body of troops before, stand firm in the front of an army, outnumbering them ten to one. Another volley succeeds; the killed and wounded drop, and it was not till they had returned the fire of the overwhelming force that the militia were driven from the field. A scattered fire now

succeeded on both sides, while the Americans remained in sight; and the British troops were then drawn up on the green to fire a volley and give a shout in honor of the victory."

FIGHT AT CONCORD BRIDGE.

Elated with its success at Lexington, the British army took up its march toward Concord. The intelligence of the projected expedition had been communicated to this town by Dr. Samuel Prescott; and from Concord had traveled onward in every direction. The interval was employed in removing a portion of the public stores to the neighboring towns, while the aged and infirm, the women and children, sought refuge in the surrounding woods. About seven o'clock in the morning, the glittering arms of the British column were seen advancing on the Lincoln road. A body of militia, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, who had taken post for observation on the heights above the entrance to the town, retire at the approach of the

army of the enemy, first to the hill a little farther north, and then beyond the bridge. The British troops press forward into the town, and are drawn up in front of the court-house. Parties are then ordered out to the various spots where the public stores and arms were supposed to be deposited. Much had been removed to places of safety, and something was saved by the prompt and innocent artifices of individuals. The destruction of property and of arms was hasty and incomplete, and considered as the object of an enterprise of such fatal consequences, it stands in shocking contrast with the waste of blood by which it was effected.

It was the first care of the British commander to cut off the approach of the Americans from the neighboring towns, by destroying or occupying the bridges. A party was immediately sent to the south bridge and tore it up. A force of six companies, under Captains Parsons and Lowrie, was sent to the north bridge. Three companies under Captain Lowrie were left to guard it, and three under Captain Parsons proceeded to Colonel Barrett's house, in search of provincial stores. While they were engaged on that errand, the militia of Concord, joined by their brave brethren from the

neighboring towns, gathered on the hill opposite the north bridge, under the command of Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick. The British companies at the bridge were now apparently bewildered with the perils of their situation, and began to tear up the planks of the bridge; not remembering that this would expose their own party, then at Colonel Barrett's, to certain and entire destruction. The Americans, on the other hand, resolved to keep up the communication with the town, and perceiving the attempt which was made to destroy the bridge, were immediately put in motion, with orders not to give the first fire. They drew near to the bridge, the Acton company in front, led on by the gallant Davis. Three alarm-guns were fired into the water, by the British, without arresting the march of the citizens. The signal for a general discharge is then made; a British soldier steps from the ranks, and fires at Major Buttrick. The ball passed between his arm and his side, and slightly wounded Mr. Luther Blanchard, who stood near him. A volley instantly followed, and Captain Davis was shot through the heart, gallantly marching at the head of the Acton militia against the choice troops of the British line. A private of his

company, Mr. Hosmer, of Acton, also fell at his side. A general action now ensued, which terminated in the retreat of the British party, after the loss of several killed and wounded, toward the center of the town, followed by the brave band who had driven them from their post. The advance party of British at Colonel Barrett's was thus left to its fate; and nothing would have been more easy than to effect its entire destruction.

It was now twelve hours since the first alarm had been given, the evening before, of the meditated expedition. The swift watches of that eventful night had scattered the tidings far and wide; and widely as they spread, the people rose in their strength. The genius of America, on this the morning of her emancipation, had sounded her horn over the plains and upon the mountains; and the indignant yeomanry of the land, armed with the weapons which had done service in their fathers' hands, poured to the spot where this new and strange tragedy was acting.

With the British it was a question no longer of protracted contest, nor even of halting long enough to rest their exhausted troops, after a weary night's march, and all the labor, confusion, and distress

of the day's efforts. Their dead were hastily buried in the public square; their wounded placed in the vehicles which the town afforded; and a fight commenced, to which the annals of warfare will hardly afford a parallel. On all the neighboring hills were multitudes from the surrounding country, of the unarmed and infirm, of women and of children, who had fled from the terrors and the perils of the plunder and conflagration of their homes; or were collected, with fearful curiosity, to mark the progress of this storm of war. The panic fears of a calamitous flight, on the part of the British, transformed this inoffensive, timid throng into a threatening array of armed men; and there was too much reason for the misconception. Every height of ground, within reach of the line of march, was covered with the indignant avengers of their slaughtered brethren. The British light companies were sent out to great distances as flanking parties; but who was to flank the flankers? Every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stone wall was *lined*, with an unintermitted fire. Every cross-road opened a new avenue to the assailants. Through one of these the gallant Brooks led up the minute-men of Reading. At another

defile they were encountered by the Lexington militia under Captain Parker, who, undismayed at the loss of more than a tenth of their number in killed and wounded in the morning, had returned to the conflict. At first the contest was kept up by the British with all the skill and valor of veteran troops. To a military eye it was not an unequal contest. The commander was not, or ought not to have been taken by surprise. Eight hundred picked men, grenadiers and light infantry, from the English army, were no doubt considered by General Gage a very ample detachment to march eighteen or twenty miles through an open country: and a very fair match for all the resistance which could be made by unprepared husbandmen, without concert, discipline, or leaders. "We attempted," says a British officer already quoted, "to stop the men and form them two deep, but to no purpose; the confusion rather increased than lessened." An English historian says, the British soldiers were driven before the Americans like sheep; till, by a last desperate effort, the officers succeeded in forcing their way to the front, "when they presented their swords and bayonets against the breasts of their own men, and told them, if they advanced they

should die." Upon this they began to form, under what the same British officer pronounces "a very heavy fire," which must soon have led to the destruction or capture of the whole corps. At this critical moment a reinforcement arrived. Colonel Smith had sent back a messenger from Lexington to apprise General Gage of the check he had there received, and of the alarm which was running through the country. Three regiments of infantry and two divisions of marines with two field-pieces, under the command of Brigadier-General Lord Percy, were accordingly detached. They marched out of Boston, through Roxbury and Cambridge, and came up with the flying party, in the hour of their extreme peril. While their field-pieces kept the Americans at bay, the reinforcement drew up in a hollow square, into which, says the British historian, they received the exhausted fugitives, "who lay down on the ground, with their tongues hanging from their mouths, like dogs after a chase."

A half hour was given to rest; the march was then resumed; and under cover of the field-pieces, every house in Lexington, and on the road downwards, was plundered and set on fire. Though the flames in most cases were speedily extinguished,

several houses were destroyed. Notwithstanding the attention of a great part of the Americans was thus drawn off, and although the British force was now more than doubled, their retreat still wore the aspect of a flight. The Americans filled the heights that overhung the road, and at every defile the struggle was sharp and bloody. At West Cambridge, the gallant Warren, never distant when danger was to be braved, appeared in the field, and a musket-ball soon cut off a lock of hair from his temple. General Heath was with him, nor does there appear till this moment, to have been any effective command among the American forces.

Below West Cambridge, the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline came up. The British field-pieces began to lose their terror. A sharp skirmish followed, and many fell on both sides. Indignation and outraged humanity struggled on the one hand, veteran discipline and desperation on the other; and the contest, in more than one instance, was man to man, and bayonet to bayonet.

The British officers were compelled to descend from their horses to escape the certain destruction which attended their exposed situation. The wounded to the number of two hundred, now presented the

most distressing and constantly increasing obstruction to the progress of the march. Near one hundred brave men had fallen in this disastrous flight; a considerable number had been made prisoners; a round or two of ammunition only remained; and it was not till late in the evening, nearly twenty-four hours from the time when the first detachment was put in motion, that the exhausted remnant reached the heights of Charlestown. The boats of the vessels of war were immediately employed to transport the wounded; the remaining British troops in Boston came over to Charlestown to protect their weary countrymen during the night; and before the close of the next day the royal army was formally besieged in Boston.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The following full and correct account of the battle of Bunker Hill, is taken from a pamphlet published in Boston, June 17, 1825.

After the affair of Lexington and Concord, on the

19th of April, 1775, the people, animated by one common impulse, flew to arms in every direction. The husbandman changed his plough-share for a musket; and about 15,000 men, 10,000 from Massachusetts, and the remainder from New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, assembled under General Ward in the environs of Boston, then occupied by 10,000 highly disciplined and well equipped British troops, under the command of Generals Gage, Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, Pigot, and others.

Fearing an intention, on the part of the British, to occupy the important heights at Charlestown and Dorchester, which would enable them to command the surrounding country, Colonel Prescott was detached, by his own desire, from the American camp at Cambridge, on the evening of the 16th of June, 1775, with about 1000 militia, mostly of Massachusetts, including 120 men of Putnam's regiment from Connecticut, and one artillery company, to Bunker Hill, with a view to occupy and fortify that post. At this hill the detachment made a short halt, but concluded to advance still nearer the British, and accordingly took possession of Breed's Hill, a position which commanded the whole inner harbor of

Boston. Here, about midnight, they commenced throwing up a redout, which they completed, notwithstanding every possible effort from the British ships and batteries to prevent them, about noon the next day.

So silently had the operations been conducted through the night, that the British had not the most distant notice of the design of the Americans, until day-break presented to their view the half-formed battery and daring stand made against them. A dreadful cannonade, accompanied with shells, was immediately commenced from the British battery at Copp's Hill, and the ships of war and floating batteries stationed in Charles River.

The break of day, on the 17th of June, 1775, presented a scene, which for daring and firmness could never be surpassed; 1000 unexperienced militia, in the attire of their various avocations, without discipline, almost without artillery and bayonets, scantily supplied with ammunition, and wholly destitute of provisions, defying the power of the formidable British fleet and army, determined to maintain the liberty of their soil, or moisten that soil with their blood.

The fire from the Glasgow frigate and two floating batteries in Charles River, were wholly directed with a view to prevent any communication across the isthmus that connects Charlestown with the main land, which kept up a continued shower of missiles, and rendered the communication truly dangerous to those who should attempt it. When the intention of the British to attack the heights of Charlestown became apparent, the remainder of Putnam's regiment, Col. Gardiner's regiment, (both of which, as to numbers, were very imperfect,) and some New Hampshire militia, marched, notwithstanding the heavy fire, across the neck, for Charlestown heights, where they arrived, much fatigued, just after the British had moved to the first attack.

The British commenced crossing the troops from Boston about 12 o'clock, and landed at Morton's Point, S. E. from Breed's Hill. At 2 o'clock, from the best accounts that can be obtained, they landed between 3000 and 4000 men, under the immediate command of Gen. Howe, and formed, in apparently invincible order, at the base of the hill.

The position of the Americans, at this time, was a redoubt on the summit of the heights, of about eight rods square, and a breast-work extending on

the left of it, about seventy feet down the eastern declivity of the hill. This redout and breast-work was commanded by Prescott in person, who had superintended its construction, and who occupied it with the Massachusetts militia of his detachment, and a part of Little's regiment, which had arrived about one o'clock. They were very deficient in equipments and ammunition, had been toiling incessantly for many hours, and it is said by some accounts, even then were destitute of provisions. A little to the eastward of the redout, and northerly to the rear of it, was a rail-fence, extending almost to Mystick River; to this fence another had been added during the night and forenoon, and some newly mown grass thrown against them, to afford something like a cover to the troops. At this fence the 120 Connecticut militia were posted.

The movements of the British made it evident their intention was to march a strong column along the margin of the Mystick, and turn the redout on the north, while another column attacked it in front; accordingly, to prevent this design, a large force became necessary at the breast-work and rail-fence. The whole of the re-enforcements that arrived, amounting in all to 800 or 1000 men, were ordered

to this point by General Putnam, who had been extremely active throughout the night and morning, and had accompanied the expedition.

Before 3 o'clock the British formed, in two columns, for the attack; one column, as had been anticipated, moved along the Mystic River, with the intention of taking the redoubt in the rear, while the other advanced up the ascent directly in front of the redoubt, where Prescott was ready to receive them. General Warren, President of the Provincial Congress and of the Committee of Safety, who had been appointed but a few days before a major-general of the Massachusetts troops, had volunteered on the occasion as a private soldier, and was in the redoubt with a musket, animating the men by his influence and example to the most daring determination.

Orders were given to the Americans to reserve their fire till the enemy advanced sufficiently near to make their aim certain. Several volleys were fired by the British with but little success; and so long a time had elapsed, and the British allowed to advance so near the Americans without their fire being returned, that a doubt arose whether or not the latter intended to give battle; but the fatal moment soon arrived: when the British had

advanced to within about eight rods, a sheet of fire was poured upon them and continued a short time with such deadly effect that hundreds of the assailants lay weltering in their blood, and the remainder retreated in dismay to the point where they had first landed.

From daylight to the time of the British advancing on the works, an incessant fire had been kept up on the Americans from the ships and batteries—this fire was now renewed with increased vigor.

After a short time, the British officers had succeeded in rallying their men, and again advanced, in the same order as before, to the attack. Thinking to divert the attention of the Americans, the town of Charlestown, consisting of 500 wooden buildings, was now set on fire by the British; the roar of the flames, the crashing of falling timber, the awful appearance of desolation presented, the dreadful shrieks of the dying and wounded in the last attack, added to the knowledge of the formidable force advancing against them, combined to form a scene apparently too much for men bred in the quiet retirement of domestic life to sustain. But the stillness of death reigned within the American works, and nought could be seen but the deadly

presented weapon, ready to hurl fresh destruction on the assailants. The fire of the Americans was again reserved till the British came still nearer than before, when the same unerring aim was taken, and the British shrunk, terrified, from before its fatal effects, flying, completely routed, a second time to the banks of the river, and leaving, as before, the field strewn with their wounded and their dead.

Again the ships and batteries renewed their fire, and kept a continual shower of balls on the works. Notwithstanding every exertion, the British officers found it impossible to rally the men for a third attack; one third of their comrades had fallen; and finally it was not till a re-enforcement of more than 1000 fresh troops, with a strong park of artillery, had joined them from Boston, that they could be induced to form anew.

In the meantime every effort was made on the part of the Americans, to resist a third attack; Gen. Putnam rode, notwithstanding the heavy fire of the ships and batteries, several times across the neck, to induce the militia to advance; but it was only a few of the resolute and brave who would encounter the storm. The British receiving re-enforcements from their formidable main body--the town of

Charlestown presenting one wide scene of destruction—the probability the Americans must shortly retreat—the shower of balls pouring over the neck—presented obstacles too appalling for raw troops to sustain, and embodied too much danger to allow them to encounter. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Americans on the heights were elated with their success, and waited with coolness and determination the now formidable advance of the enemy.

Once more the British, aided by their re-enforcements, advanced to the attack, but with great skill and caution; their artillery was planted on the eastern declivity of the hill, between the rail-fence and the breast-work, where it was directed along the line of the Americans, stationed at the latter place, and against the gateway on the north-eastern corner of the redoubt; at the same time they attacked the redoubt on the south-eastern and south-western sides, and entered it with fixed bayonets. The slaughter on their advancing was great; but the Americans, not having bayonets to meet them on equal terms, and their powder being exhausted, now slowly retreated, opposing and extricating themselves from the British with the butts of their pieces.

The column that advanced against the rail-fence was received in the most dauntless manner. The Americans fought with spirit and heroism that could not be surpassed, and had their ammunition held out, would have secured to themselves a third time the palm of victory; as it was, they effectually prevented the enemy from accomplishing his purpose, which was to turn their flank, and cut the whole of the Americans off; but having become perfectly exhausted, this body of the Americans also slowly retired, retreating in much better order than could possibly have been expected from undisciplined troops, and those in the redoubt having extricated themselves from the host of bayonets by which they had been surrounded.

The British followed the Americans to Bunker Hill, but some fresh militia at this moment coming up to the aid of the latter, covered their retreat. The Americans crossed Charlestown Neck about 7 o'clock, having in the last twenty hours performed deeds which seemed almost impossible. Some of them proceeded to Cambridge, and others posted themselves quietly on Winter and Prospect Hills.

From the most accurate statements that can be found, it appears the British must have had nearly

5000 soldiers in the battle; between 3000 and 4000 having first landed, and the re-enforcement amounting to over 1000. The Americans, throughout the whole day, did not have 2000 men on the field.

The slaughter on the side of the British was immense, having had nearly 1500 killed and wounded, 1200 of whom were either killed or mortally wounded; the Americans about 400.

The name of the first martyr that gave his life for the good of his country on that day, in the importance of the moment was lost; else a monument, in connection with the gallant Warren, should be raised to his memory. The manner of his death was thus related by Col. Prescott. "The first man who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill, was killed by a cannon ball which struck his head. He was so near me that my clothes were besmeared with his blood and brains, which I wiped off, in some degree, with a handful of fresh earth. The sight was so shocking to many of the men, that they left their posts and ran to view him. I ordered them back, but in vain. I then ordered him to be buried instantly. A subaltern officer expressed surprise that I should allow him to be buried without having prayers said; I replied, this is the first

man that has been killed, and the only one that will be buried to-day. I put him out of sight that the men may be kept in their places. God only knows who, or how many of us, will fall before it is over. To your post, my good fellow, and let each man do his duty."

The name of the patriot who thus fell is supposed to have been POLLARD, a young man belonging to Billerica. He was struck by a cannon ball, thrown from the line-of-battle ship Somerset.

TAKING OF TICONDEROGA BY COL. ALLEN.

The seizure of the important fortress of Ticonderoga, by Col. Ethan Allen, on the 10th of May, 1775, is thus related by himself:—

"The first systematical and bloody attempt at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take a part with my country. And while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then

colony, now state of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite Ticonderoga, on the evening of the 9th day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself necessitated to attack the fort before the rear could cross the lake; and as it was hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following: ‘Friends and fellow soldiers,—You have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary powers. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before

you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks.' The men being at this time drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right; and at the head of the center file, marched them immediately to the wicket gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me. I ran immediately toward him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under bomb proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the barracks which faced each other. The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the

design and fury of the blow, to a slight cut on the side of the head; upon which he dropped his gun and asked quarter, which I readily granted him; and demanded the place where the commanding officer slept. He showed me a pair of stairs in the front, which led up to a second story in the barracks, so which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. Delaplace, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which time the captain came immediately to the door with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver to me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him, '*In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.*' The authority of congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again, but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword near my head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison.

PATRIOTIC FATHER.

When the news of a skirmish at Lexington reached Barnstable, a company of militia immediately assembled and marched off to Cambridge. In the front rank, there was a young man, the son of a respectable farmer, and his only child. In marching from the village as they passed his house, he came out to meet them. There was a momentary halt. The drum and fife paused for an instant. The father, suppressing a strong and evident emotion, said, "God be with you all, my friends! and, John, if you, my son, are called into battle, take care that you behave manfully, or else let me never see your face again." A tear started into every eye, and the march was resumed.

ARNOLD'S MARCH THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

About the same time that Canada was invaded by the usual route from New York, a considerable detachment of the American army was brought thither by a new and unexpected passage. Arnold, who conducted this bold undertaking, acquired thereby the name of the American Hannibal. He was sent, by General Washington, with a thousand men, from Cambridge, with orders to penetrate into that province, by ascending the Kennebec, and then, after crossing the mountains which divide Canada from Maine, by descending the Chaudiere to the St. Lawrence. Great were the difficulties, and severe the privations, they had to encounter, in marching 300 miles, by an unexplored way, through an uninhabited country. In ascending the Kennebec, they were constantly obliged to struggle against an impetuous current; and were often compelled, by cataracts, to land, and haul their batteaux up rapid streams, and over falls of rivers. They had

to contend with swamps, woods, and craggy mountains. At some places, they had to cut their way for miles together, through forests, so embarrassed, that their progress was only four or five miles a day. One third of their number were, from sickness and want of food, obliged to return. Provisions grew at length so scarce, that some of the men ate their dogs, cartouch boxes, leather small clothes, and shoes. Still they proceeded with unabated fortitude. They gloried in the hope of completing a march which would rival the greatest exploits of antiquity; and on the 3d of November, after thirty-one days spent in traversing a hideous desert, they reached the inhabited part of Canada, where the people were struck with amazement and admiration when they saw this armed force emerging from the wilderness.

DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

Richard Montgomery, a Major-General in the army of the United States, was born in the north of Ireland, in the year 1737. He possessed an excellent genius, which was matured by a fine education. Entering the army of Great Britain, he successfully fought her battles with Wolfe, at Quebec, in 1759, on the very spot where he was doomed to fall, when fighting against her, under the banners of freedom. After his return to England, he quitted his regiment, in 1772, though in a fair way of preferment. He had imbibed an attachment to America, viewing it as the rising seat of arts and freedom. After his arrival in this country, he purchased an estate in New York, about a hundred miles from the city, and married a daughter of Judge Livingston. He now considered himself as an American. When the struggle with Great Britain commenced, as he was known to have an ardent attachment to liberty, and had expressed his readiness to draw his sword on

the side of the colonies, the command of the continental forces, in the northern department, was intrusted to him and Gen. Schuyler, in the fall of 1775.

By the indisposition of Schuyler, the chief command devolved upon him in October. He reduced fort Chamblee, and on the third of November captured St. Johns. On the 12th, he took Montreal. In December he joined Col. Arnold, and marched to Quebec. The city was besieged, and on the last day of the year it was determined to make an assault. The several divisions were accordingly put in motion, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, which concealed them from the enemy. Montgomery advanced at the head of the New York troops along the St. Lawrence, and having assisted with his own hands in pulling up the pickets, which obstructed his approach to one of the barriers he was determined to force, he was pushing forward, when one of the guns from the battery was discharged, and he was killed with his two aids. This was the only gun fired, for the enemy had been struck with consternation, and all but one or two had fled. But this event probably prevented the capture of Quebec. When he fell, 'Montgomery

was in a narrow passage, and his body rolled upon the ice, which formed by the side of the river. After it was found the next morning among the slain, it was buried by a few soldiers, without any marks of distinction. He was thirty-eight years of age. He was a man of great military talents, whose measures were taken with judgment, and executed with vigor. With undisciplined troops, who were jealous of him in the extreme, he yet inspired them with his own enthusiasm. He shared with them in all their hardships, and thus prevented their complaints. His industry could not be wearied, his vigilance imposed upon, nor his courage intimidated.

To express the high sense entertained by his country of his services, Congress directed that a monument of white marble, to his memory, should be placed in front of St. Paul's Church, New York.

The remains of Gen. Montgomery, after resting forty-two years at Quebec, by a resolve of the State of New York, were brought to the city of New York, on the 8th of July, 1817, and deposited, with ample form and grateful ceremonies, near the aforesaid monument in St. Paul's Church.

WASHINGTON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

In May, 1775, Congress met pursuant to adjournment. Hostilities having commenced, it was a point of vital importance to the American cause, to select a proper person for Commander in Chief of the American forces.

George Washington, a delegate from Virginia, was by the unanimous voice of Congress, appointed, to fill this important station, on the 15th of June, 1775. "To Washington's experience in military affairs are united sound judgment, extensive knowledge of men, perfect probity, pure morals, a grave deportment indefatigable industry, easy manners, strict politeness, a commanding person, cool bravery, unshaken fortitude, and a prudence that baffled and confounded his enemies."

Soon after his appointment, General Washington repaired to the army, who were besieging Boston; he was received with profound respect and joyful acclamations by the American army.

The Americans having so closely invested Boston the British Commander judged it prudent to evacuate the town, which they did on the 17th of March, 1776, taking with them 1500 of the inhabitants, who dared not stay on account of their attachment to the British cause.

General Washington immediately entered the town, to the great joy of the inhabitants.

ELBRIDGE GERRY.

It was during the march of the English force to Concord, through Cambridge, when the Committee of Supplies had been in session, that Mr. Gerry, and Colonels Lee and Orne, had remained over night. They were very near being captured by a detachment that surrounded the house in which they were lodged. With much difficulty, however, they made their escape to a secure retreat, with very little covering beside their night-dresses. There they concealed themselves until the danger to which they had been exposed had passed by. They then

returned, and spread the alarm among the inhabitants.

On the night preceding the battle of Bunker's Hill, Mr. Gerry, with his intimate friend General Warren, who fell in that engagement, retired to the same bed. In the morning they separated with an affectionate farewell, to meet no more in this world. Mr. Gerry went, as his duty called him, to attend a meeting of the Congress in Watertown on that day; and Warren, to meet death on Bunker's memorable battle-ground.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

The meeting of the first Congress presented a scene, unprecedented in the annals of this or any other country. It was new, interesting, and solemn, beyond expression. The consequences which might result from it were momentous, to a degree which the human mind cannot easily comprehend. The responsibility was weighty enough to bear down the firmest and most resolute. The eyes of three

millions of people were intently fixed on them. The consequences of their determinations would vitally affect posterity to the end of time; and an uncertainty as to each others views, pervaded the whole assembly.

The seals were successively broken, and the instructions of the several delegations disclosed. When the last seal was broken by Mr. Henry, a universal silence pervaded the house, anxiety was visible in every countenance, and a half suppressed quiver agitated every lip. At this moment Richard Henry Lee arose, and broke the portentous silence. He saw, as by intuition, that the feeling, and the crisis, were such as might be turned to good, or to evil, according as they might be improved at the instant. He addressed the assembly with a voice so melodious, a language so pensive, and sentiments so enlarged and just, as soothed, though they did not suppress the emotions of the meeting; and when with the most pleasing and convincing eloquence, he declared that there was but one hope for the country, and that was in the vigor of her resistance, every heart beat in unison with the sentiment, and was prepared to enter on the system which should render resistance effectual. Then was achieved a

triumph, which began immediately to be felt through the American colonies.

In this Congress, Mr. Lee was placed on all the most important committees, and associated with the most distinguished delegates from the other colonies. It cannot be necessary to mention them in detail. It was here that the extent and variety of his information, were manifested in his extensive influence and usefulness. His counsel and advice, were sought for by members of committees with which he was not connected, respecting their reports, more than those of any other member of the house. When the first Congress adjourned on the 26th day of October, 1774, the part which Mr. Lee had acted in that body, during its session; the intelligence it had displayed; the spirit he had manifested; his activity in business; the straight forward course he pursued; his devoted patriotism, strict honor, and unyielding fidelity; his elegance of manners, and his persuasive eloquence; left an impression on the public mind respecting his character, most honorable to his talents, and truly grateful to his feelings. It was an impression which any man might desire to make, but which few were able to secure.

CHAPTER. II.--1776.

ATTACK ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

In the months of June and July, 1776, the British commanders, General Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, attempted to destroy the fort on Sullivan's island, near Charleston, S. C. Their force consisted of two fifty gun ships, and four frigates of twenty-eight guns each, besides several smaller vessels, with 3000 troops on board. The fort was commanded by Colonel Moultrie, with a garrison of but 375 regulars, and a few militia. This fort, though not entirely finished, was very strong.

“However, the British generals resolved, without hesitation to attack it; but though an attack was easy from the sea, it was very difficult to obtain a co-operation of the land forces. This was attempted by landing them on Long Island, adjacent to Sullivan's Island on the east, from which it is separated by a very narrow creek, said to be not above two feet deep at low water.

“Opposite to this fort, the Americans had posted a strong body of troops, with cannon and intrenchments, while General Lee was posted on the main land, with a bridge of boats betwixt that and Sullivan’s Island, so that he could at pleasure send re-enforcements to the troops in the fort on Sullivan’s Island.

“On the part of the British, so many delays occurred, that it was the 24th of June before matters were in readiness for an attack; and by this time, the Americans had abundantly provided for their reception. On the morning of that day, the bomb-ketch began to throw shells into Fort Sullivan, and about mid-day, the two fifty gun ships, and thirty gun frigates, came up, and began a severe fire.

“Three other frigates were ordered to take their station between Charleston and the fort, in order to enfilade the batteries, and cut off the communication with the main land; but, through the ignorance of the pilots, they all stuck fast; and though two of them were disentangled, they were found to be totally unfit for service. The third was burnt, that she might not fall into the hands of the Americans.

“The attack was therefore confined to the five armed ships and bomb-ketch, between whom and the fort a dreadful fire ensued. The Bristol suffered excessively; the springs on her cable being shot away, she was for some time entirely exposed to the enemy’s fire. As the Americans poured in great quantities of red hot balls, she was twice in flames. Her captain, Mr. Morris, after receiving five wounds, was obliged to go below deck, in order to have his arm amputated. After undergoing this operation, he returned to his place, where he received another wound, but still refused to quit his station. At last he received a red hot ball in his body, which instantly put an end to his life.

“Of all the officers and seamen who stood on the quarter deck of the Bristol, not one escaped without a wound, excepting Sir Peter Parker alone: whose intrepidity and presence of mind on this occasion, were very remarkable. The engagement lasted till darkness put an end to it.

“During the height of the attack, the American batteries remained for some time silent, so that it was concluded that they had been abandoned; but this was found to proceed only from want of powder; for, as soon as a supply of this necessary

article was obtained, the firing was resumed as brisk as before. During the whole of this desperate engagement, it was found impossible for the land forces to give the least assistance to the fleet; the American works were found to be much stronger than they had been imagined, and the depth of the water effectually prevented them from making any attempt.

“In this unsuccessful attack, the killed and wounded on the part of the British amounted to about 200. The Bristol and Experiment were so much damaged that it was thought they could not have been got over the bar; however, this was at last accomplished, by a very great exertion of naval skill, to the surprise of the Americans, who had expected to make them both prizes. On the American side, the loss was judged to have been considerable.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The American people, exasperated by the proceedings of the British government, which placed them out of their protection, and engaging foreign mercenaries to assist in subduing them, began to broach the subject of independence from the British crown.

Accordingly, the subject was brought before Congress, but some of the members of that body being absent, they adjourned its consideration to the 1st of July.

They accordingly met, and appointed Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Philip Livingston, to frame the Declaration of Independence. They agreed that each of their number should draft a declaration, and read it next day, in rotation, to the rest. They accordingly met, and Mr. Jefferson was fixed upon to "read first;" his gave such satisfaction that none other was read. Their report was accepted, and

Congress declared "the thirteen United States *Free and Independent*," July 4th, 1776.

This declaration was received by the people with transports of joy. Public rejoicings took place in various parts of the Union. In New York, the statue of George III. was taken down, and the lead of which it was composed, was converted into musket balls."

DEATH OF CAPTAIN HALE.

After General Washington, by his retreat, had left the British in complete possession of Long Island, and not knowing what would be their future operations, he applied to General Knowlton, commander of a regiment of light infantry, to devise some means for gaining necessary information of the design of the British in their future movements. Captain Hale nobly offered himself for this hazardous and important service. His amiable, pious, intelligent, and patriotic character, and the sacrifice of his life in the manner in which he made

the sacrifice, entitle him to a distinguished rank among the first patriots of the revolution. The particulars of this tragical event, sanctioned by General Hull, who knew them at the time, are related by Miss H. Adams, in her History of New England.

“The retreat of General Washington, left the British in complete possession of Long Island. What would be their future operations remained uncertain. To obtain information of their situation, their strength, and future movements, was of high importance. For this purpose, General Washington applied to Colonel Knowlton, who commanded a regiment of light infantry, which formed the van of the American army, and desired him to adopt some mode of gaining the necessary information. Colonel Knowlton communicated this request to Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, who was then a Captain in his regiment. This young officer, animated by a sense of duty, and considering that an opportunity presented itself by which he might be useful to his country, at once offered himself a volunteer for this hazardous service. He passed in disguise to Long Island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations.

“In his attempt to return, he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views.

“Sir William Howe at once gave an order to the provost marshal to execute him the next morning.

“The order was accordingly executed in the most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he desired, was refused him; a Bible, for a moment's devotion, was not procured, though he requested it. Letters, which, on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother and other friends, were destroyed; and this very extraordinary reason was given by the provost marshal, ‘that the rebels should not know that they had a man in their army, who could die with so much firmness.’

“Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast, with this as his dying observation, ‘that he only lamented he had but one life to lose for his country.’”

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

The summer and fall of 1776 was the most gloomy period of the American Revolution. General Washington had been obliged to retreat from Long Island to New York, thence over the Hudson to New Jersey, and through New Jersey to Pennsylvania, vigorously pursued by an enemy flushed with a series of success. The retreat through New Jersey was attended with circumstances of a painful and trying nature. Washington's army, which had consisted of 30,000 men, was now diminished to scarcely 3000, and these were without supplies, without pay, and many of them without shoes or comfortable clothing. Their footsteps were stained with blood as they fled before the enemy. The affairs of the Americans seemed in such a desperate condition, that those who had been most confident of success, began despairingly to give up all for lost. Many Americans joined the British, and took protections from them. In this season of

general despondency, the American Congress recommended to each of the states to observe "a day of solemn fasting and humiliation before God."

General Washington saw the necessity of making a desperate effort for the salvation of his country. On the night of the 25th of December, 1776, the American army recrossed the Delaware, which was filled with pieces of floating ice, and marched to attack a division of Hessians, who had advanced to Trenton. The sun had just risen, as the tents of the enemy appeared in sight. No time was to be lost — Washington, rising on his stirrups, waved his sword toward the hostile army, and exclaimed:

"There, my brave friends, are the enemies of your country! and now all I have to ask of you is, to remember what you are about to fight for! March!"

The troops, animated by their commander, pressed on to the charge; the Hessians were taken by surprise, and the contest was soon decided; about 1000 were taken prisoners, and 40 killed, among whom was their commander, (a German officer,) Colonel Rahl.

CAPTAIN GEORGE LITTLE.

Among the vessels which were built by the State of Massachusetts during the war of the Revolution, was the sloop Winthrop. She was built in the then District of Maine, and for the express purpose of protecting our coasting trade, which had suffered much by the captures, &c., of the enemy. She mounted thirteen guns, and was commanded by Captain George Little of Mansfield, who had been the first Lieutenant, of the staff ship Protector, John Foster Williams, Esq., commander, and who, in our quasi war with France, in 1798, commanded the frigate Boston. His first Lieutenant, in the Winthrop, was Edward Preble, of Portland, who also had been an officer on board the Protector, and who was afterward Commodore Preble. The Winthrop was a very fortunate vessel, and more than answered the expectations of those who built her. She protected the coasting trade, made many prizes, and covered herself with glory. Soon after sailing on her first cruise, she fell in with two ships

which made a formidable appearance, but boldly running down upon them, she captured them both. They proved to be two stout British Letters of Marque, and she immediately returned with them to Boston. She made a number of prizes afterwards, and recaptured some American vessels. In one of her cruises, she recaptured a sloop belonging to the late William Gray, Esq., which had been taken by the British brig Meriam, of equal or superior force to the Winthrop, and with a prize master and crew on board, was ordered for Penobscot, to which place the Meriam herself had gone. Captain Little immediately resolved upon the daring plan of cutting her out. Disguising his vessel, so as to give her as much as possible the appearance of the prize sloop, he entered the harbor of Penobscot in the evening; as he passed the fort, he was hailed, and asked what sloop that was—he answered, “The Meriam’s Prize.” It is said that the fort had some suspicions of him, but they suffered him to pass. He then ran up toward the brig, and as he approached her, was again hailed and gave the same answer—“Take care (said they on board the Meriam) you’ll run foul of us.” He informed them that he had been ashore

on a reef and lost his cables and anchors, and requested them to throw him a warp, which was immediately done. The sloop was then hauled up to the brig, and Lieutenant Preble, as had been appointed, jumped on board with a number of men, who had their various duties assigned them — while some slipped the cables, others made sail, &c. Preble himself, with a few followers, entered the cabin, where the officers were just changing their dress for the purpose of going on shore. They made some attempts to get their arms for defence, but were soon subdued. When they were coming out of the harbor, the fort fired upon them, but Captain Little judged it best not to return the fire — he kept steadily on his course and when out of reach of their shot. triumphantly let off *thirteen sky rockets*. In the same cruise he took two other vessels, one of which was a schooner of eight guns, which he had driven ashore. He manned out his boats, went on shore, made the crew prisoners, and got off the schooner — with his four prizes he returned to Boston. The five vessels entered the harbor together in fine style with a leading breeze; and a gallant show they made.

GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS.

In September, 1776, General Andrew Pickens, being then a Major, belonged to an army of 2000 men, composed of Regulars and Militia, commanded by Colonel Williamson, which was sent on an expedition against the Cherokees, who had been instigated by British emissaries, to wage a war of extermination against the frontier inhabitants of the country, now composing Abbeville, Laurens, and Spartanburgh Districts. When this army had proceeded into the Indian country, as far as the upper part of what is now Pickens District, it was halted for a day or two, either for rest or to gain intelligence. During this time, Major Pickens obtained permission to take twenty-five choice men, to scout and reconnoiter the adjacent country. He had not proceeded more than two miles, when, early in the morning, after crossing a stream, now called Little River, in passing through an old Indian field, along the margin of the stream, which was

covered with a thick grass, four or five feet high, more than two hundred Indians, painted for war in the most hideous manner, were seen rushing down the point of a ridge, directly upon them, with their guns swinging in their left hands, and their tomahawks raised in their right; their leader animating and exhorting them not to fire a gun, but to tomahawk the white men, for they were but a handful. Brennan, a half-breed, was one of the twenty-five, and he, understanding them, told what they said. Major Pickens and all his party were on foot, and he, as well as every other, had his trusty rifle. He ordered his men not to fire until he did, to take deliberate aim, and fire two at a time in succession, and to fall in the grass and load. Brennan was by his side in front, and when the Indian chief approached within about twenty five yards, he and Brennan fired, and two Indians fell; the fire of his other men was in succession, as directed, and equally effective. This invincible firmness, in so small a band, astonished and struck terror into the savage ranks, and they immediately recoiled upon each other, dropped their tomahawks, and resorting to their guns, gradually fell back, and were picked out at leisure by the steady and

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unerring aim of this small band of firm Militia. After the first or second fire, Brennan was shot down. But few were killed or wounded of the whites; if they had not been brave men, and true, not one would have escaped. Major Pickens, in loading in a hurry, soon choked his gun, when he picked up Brennan's and continued to use it while the Indians were in reach. How many of them were killed, could not be known, as the Indians, in those times, always carried off their dead, whenever they could, to prevent their enemies from acquiring their savage trophy, the scalp; but, it was believed a great number were killed, in proportion to the number of combatants opposed to them.

During the action, one of the men observed that there was a constant firing from behind a tree-root, and watching his opportunity when its occupant had to expose himself to take aim, shot him in the head, and when one of his comrades had taken up the dead body, and was making off with it, shot him also, with as much coolness, as if he was shooting at a target, and they fell one upon the other. The firing was heard at Williamson's camp, when Major Pickens' brother, Joseph, who was a

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captain, immediately summoned his followers, and hastened to his brother's assistance. But, before he could reach him, the Indians were beaten back, and dispersing, and fleeing to the neighboring mountains.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RETREAT.

In June, 1776, when general Sullivan arrived in Canada, the American army was torn in pieces by sickness, and various unaccountable occurrences, so that a whole regiment was not to be found together. The general, with his usual activity and address, soon collected together a debilitated and dispirited army; tried the strength of the enemy, who were at least four to one; performed an excellent retreat, through almost insuperable difficulties, the enemy at their heels, 3000 sick with the small-pox, the most healthy like so many walking apparitions, all their baggage, stores and artillery to be removed, officers as well as men all employed in dragging cannon, &c., their batteaux, all loaded, were moved

up the rapids six miles, one of which was towed by the poor and wearied men, while up to their arm-pits in water, and all performed in a day and a half. The sick and baggage were safely landed at St. John's, and from thence carried to Crown Point, with only the loss of three cannon.

DON'T GIVE UP THE VESSEL.

In May, 1776, Captain Mugford, commanding the continental armed schooner Franklin, captured a British ship of about 300 tons, and mounting six guns. In the then state of the country she was invaluable, as her cargo was made up entirely of the ammunitions of war. Captain Mugford, after seeing his prize safe into Boston harbor, was going out again, but the tide making against him, he came to an anchor off Pudding-gut Point; the next morning, by the dawn of day, the sentry saw thirteen boats, from the British men of war, making for them; they were prepared to receive them before they could board the schooner. She sunk

five of the boats, the remainder attempting to board, they cut off the hands of several of the crews as they laid them over the gunwale. The brave Captain Mugford, making a blow at the people in the boats with a cutlass, received a wound in the breast, on which he called his lieutenant and said, 'I am a dead man: *don't give up the vessel*; you will be able to beat them off; if not, cut the cable and run her on shore.' He expired in a few minutes. The lieutenant then ran her on shore, and the boats made off. Those who were taken up from the boats which were sunk, say they lost seventy men; the Franklin had but one man killed besides the captain.

MILITARY COURTESY.

In September, 1776, a picquet of 450 men from General Heath's division, constantly mounted guard, by relief, at Morrisania, near New York, from which a chain of sentinels, within half gun-shot of each other were planted. The water passage between

Morrisania and Montresor's Island, being in some places very narrow, the sentinels on the American side, were ordered not to fire on those of the British, unless they began; but the latter were so fond of beginning, that there was a frequent firing between them. This being the case one day, and a British officer walking along the Montresor's side, an American sentinel who had been exchanging shots with one of the British, seeing the officer, and concluding him to be better game, gave him a shot and wounded him. He was carried to the house on the island. An officer with a flag came immediately down to the creek, and calling for the American officer of the picquet, informed him, that if the American sentinel fired any more, the commanding officer on the island would cannonade Colonel Morris' house, in which the officers of the picquet were quartered. The American officer immediately sent to General Heath, to know what answer should be returned. He was directed to inform the flag officer, that the American sentinels had been instructed not to fire on *sentinels*, unless they were first fired upon, then, to return the fire: and that such should be their conduct—as to the cannonading of Colonel Morris' house, they might

act their pleasure. The firing ceased for some time, until one day a raw Scotch sentinel having been placed, he soon after discharged his piece at an American sentinel, which was immediately returned; upon which, a British officer came down and calling to the American officer, observed, that he thought there was to be no firing between the sentinels. He was answered, that their own began: upon which he replied, 'He shall then pay for it:' the sentinel was directly after relieved, and there was no more firing between them, at that place; but they were so civil to each other on their posts, that one day, at a part of the creek where it was practicable, the British sentinel asked the American, who was nearly opposite to him, if he could give him a chew of tobacco; the latter, having in his pocket a piece of a thick twisted roll, tossed it across the creek to the other, who after biting off a quid sent the remainder back.

THE SCOTCH PRIZE; OR, THE LITTLE YANKEE.

It happened, in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, 'You are my prisoner: if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road.' The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who

had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, 'A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat!' The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side-arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.

BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

On the 20th of June, 1776, a day ever memorable in the annals of Carolina, the British ships of war, nine in number,* commanded by Sir Peter Parker, drew up abreast of the fort, let go their anchors, with springs upon their cables, and commenced a terrible bombardment. The famous battle which followed makes one of the brightest pages in our history. Its events, however, are too

* Two ships of fifty guns; five of twenty-eight; one of twenty-six and a bomb-vessel.

generally known to make it necessary that we should dwell upon them here. A few, however, belong properly and especially to our pages. The subject of this memoir was a conspicuous sharer in its dangers and in its honors. The fire of the enemy was promptly answered, and with such efficiency of aim as to be long remembered, by the survivors. Having but 5000 pounds of powder, with which to maintain a conflict that raged for eleven hours, with unabated violence, it became necessary, not only that the discharge from the fort should be timed, but that every shot should be made to do execution. In order to do this the guns were trained by the field-officers in person; hence, perhaps, the terrible fatality of their fire. The Bristol, fifty gun ship, Commodore Sir Peter Parker, lost forty-four men killed and thirty wounded. Sir Peter himself lost an arm. The Experiment, another fifty gun ship, had fifty-seven killed and thirty wounded. To these two vessels in particular, the attention of the fort was directed. The words, passed along the line by officers and men, were — "Look to the Commodore — look to the fifty gun ships." The smaller vessels suffered comparatively little. Their loss of men was small. The injury,

to the vessels themselves was greater, and one of them, the *Acteon*, ran aground, and was subsequently burnt. The Carolinians lost twelve killed and twenty-four wounded. One of the former was the brave fellow *Macdaniel*. When borne from the embrasure where he received his mortal wound, he cried out to those around him — “Do not give up—you are fighting for liberty and country.” The want of powder was severely felt. But for this, judging from the effects of the fire from the fort, the British *Commodore* must have struck, or his fleet must have been destroyed. So slow, at one time, were the discharges — so great the interval of time between them, — that the British were of opinion that the place was abandoned. But a new supply of powder was obtained by *Marion*, who, with a small party, leaving the fort, proceeded to the armed schooner *Defence*, lying in *Stop Gap Creek*, and seized upon her powder, by which the fire was kept up until a supply of five hundred weight was received from the city. This caused a renewal of the conflict in all its fury. The garrison fought with a coolness which would have done honor to veterans. The day was very warm, and the men partially stripped to it. *Moultrie* says

“When the action began, (it being a warm day,) some of the men took off their coats and threw them upon the top of the merlons. I saw a shot take one of them and throw it into a small tree behind the platform. It was noticed by our men, and they cried out, “look at the coat!” A little incident that speaks volumes for their coolness. Moultrie himself and several of his officers smoked their pipes during the action, only removing them when it became necessary to issue orders. In the hottest fire of the battle the flag of the fort was shot away, and fell without. The brave Jasper, instantly sprang after it upon the beach, between the ramparts and the enemy, and binding it to a sponge staff, restored it to its place, and succeeded in regaining his own in safety. We shall hear more hereafter, of this gallant fellow. The coolness—nay the cavalier indifference—displayed by the Carolinians throughout the combat, is not its least remarkable feature. There is something chivalric in such deportment, which speaks for larger courage than belongs to ordinary valor. Mere bull-dog resolution and endurance is here lifted, by a generous ardor of soul, into something other than a passive virtue. The elasticity of spirit which it shows might be

trained to any performance within the compass of human endowment.

Tradition ascribes to the hand and eye of Marion, the terrible effect of the last shot which was fired on this bloody day. It was aimed at the Comodore's ship, which had already received something more than her due share of the attention of the fort. This shot, penetrating the cabin of the vessel, cut down two young officers who were drinking, we may suppose, to their fortunate escape from a conflict which seemed already over — then ranging forward, swept three sailors from the maindeck into eternity, and finally buried itself in the bosom of the sea. This curious particular was derived from five sailors, who deserted from the fleet that very night.

SERGEANT JASPER AT FORT MOULTRIE.

General, then Captain Horry, relates the following incident: "I commanded an eighteen pounder in the left wing of the fort. Above my gun on the

rampart, was a large American flag hung on a very high mast, formerly of a ship; the men of war directing their fire thereat, it was, from their shot, so wounded, as to fall, with the colors, over the fort. Sergeant Jasper of the grenadiers leapt over the ramparts, and deliberately walked the whole length of the fort, until he came to the colors on the extremity of the left, when he cut off the same from the mast, and called to me for a sponge staff, and with a thick cord tied on the colors and stuck the staff on the rampart in the sand. The sergeant fortunately received no hurt, though exposed for a considerable time, to the enemy's fire. Governor Rutledge, after the battle, as a reward, took his small sword from his side, and in presence of many officers, presented it to Sergeant Jasper, telling him to wear it in remembrance of the 28th June, and in remembrance of him. He also offered Jasper a lieutenant's commission, but as he could neither read nor write, he modestly refused to accept it, saying, 'he was not fit to keep officers' company, being only bred a sergeant.' "

JOHN ADAMS.

To give some idea of his immense labors, the following summary may suffice. He was a member of ninety different committees, during 1776, and 1777. He was chairman of twenty-five. Some of these incurred great responsibility, and required incessant labors. The important duties thus imposed on him, he continued to discharge with fidelity and assiduity till December, 1777 — when he was appointed a commissioner to France. This appointment he accepted; and embarked on his mission, in the frigate Boston, in the month of February, 1778. It was on this voyage that he evinced his courage as well as his patriotism, in a personal engagement with the enemy of his country. Captain Tucker, of the Boston, having discovered an English ship, with the consent of Mr. Adams gave chase to her; and, coming up with, engaged her. He had stipulated, as a condition of attacking

the ship, that Mr. Adams should keep below, out of danger. But he soon saw him with his musket, among the mariners on deck personally engaged in the conflict.

CHAPTER. II.—1776.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

General Washington, having secured the Hessian prisoners on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, recrossed the river two days after the action, and took possession of Trenton. Generals Mifflin and Cadwallader, who lay at Bordentown and Crosswix with 3600 militia, were ordered to march up in the night of the 1st of January, to join the Commander-in-Chief, whose whole effective force, including this accession, did not exceed 5000 men. The detachments of the British army, which had been distributed over New Jersey, now assembled at Princeton, and were joined by the army from Brunswick under Lord Cornwallis. From this position the enemy advanced toward Trenton in great force, on the morning of the 2d of January; and, after some slight skirmishing with troops, detached to harass and delay their march, the van

of their army reached Trenton about four in the afternoon. On their approach, General Washington retired across the Assumpinck, a rivulet that runs through the town, and, by some field-pieces posted on its opposite banks, compelled them, after attempting to cross in several places, to fall back out of the reach of his guns. The two armies, kindling their fires, retained their position on opposite sides of the rivulet, and kept up a cannonade until night.

The situation of the American general was at this moment extremely critical. Nothing but a stream, in many places fordable, separated his army from an enemy, in every respect its superior. If he remained in his present position, he was certain of being attacked the next morning, at the hazard of the entire destruction of his little army. If he should retreat over the Delaware, the ice in that river not being firm enough to admit a passage upon it, there was danger of great loss, perhaps of a total defeat; the Jerseys would be in full possession of the enemy; the public mind would be depressed; recruiting would be discouraged; and Philadelphia would be within the reach of General Howe. In this extremity, he boldly

determined to abandon the Delaware, and by a circuitous march along the left flank of the enemy, fall into their rear at Princeton. As soon as it was dark, the baggage was silently removed to Burlington ; and about one o'clock the army, leaving its fires lighted, and the sentinels on the margin of the creek, decamped with perfect secrecy. Its movement was providentially favored by the weather, which had previously been so warm and moist, that the ground was soft, and the roads were scarcely passable ; but, the wind suddenly changing to the northwest, the ground was in a short time frozen as hard as a pavement. About sunrise, two British regiments, that were on their march under Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood to join the rear of the British army at Maidenhead, fell in with the van of the Americans, conducted by General Mercer, and a very sharp action ensued. The advanced party of Americans, composed chiefly of militia, soon gave way, and the few regulars attached to them could not maintain their ground. General Mercer, while gallantly exerting himself to rally his broken troops, received a mortal wound. The British rushed forward with fixed bayonets, and drove back the Americans. General Washington,

who followed close in the rear, now led on the main body of the army, and attacked the enemy with great spirit. While he exposed himself to their hottest fire, he was so well supported by the same troops which had aided him a few days before in the victory at Trenton, that the British were compelled to give way. The seventeenth regiment, which was in front, forced its way through a part of the American troops, and reached Maidenhead. The fifty-fifth regiment, which was in the rear, retreated by the way of Hillsborough to Brunswick. General Washington pressed forward to Princeton. A party of the British that had taken refuge in the college, after receiving a few discharges from the American field-pieces, came out and surrendered themselves prisoners of war; but the principal part of the regiment that was left there saved itself by a precipitate retreat to Brunswick. In this action, upward of 100 of the enemy were killed on the spot, and nearly 300 were taken prisoners. The loss of the Americans in killed was somewhat less; but, beside General Mercer, Colonels Haslet and Potter, two brave and excellent officers from Pennsylvania, Captain Neal of the artillery, Captain Fleming, and

five other valuable officers, were found among the slain.

Lord Cornwallis, discovering at daylight that the American army had moved off, broke up his camp, and commenced a rapid march to Brunswick, and was close in the rear of the Americans before they left Princeton. General Washington retired with his army to Morristown. During these movements, many of the American soldiers were without shoes; and their naked feet, in marching over the frozen ground, were so gashed, as to mark each step with blood. There was scarcely a tent in the whole army.

BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

Sir William Howe, having in vain attempted to entice or provoke General Washington to an engagement, had, in June, retired with his army from the Jerseys to Staten Island. After keeping the American general in long and perplexing suspense concerning his intended operations, he at length sailed from Sandy Hook with about 16.000

men; entered Chesapeake Bay; and on the 24th of August arrived at the head of Elk River. Generals Grant and Knyphausen having joined him on the 8th of September with the troops under their command, the whole army moved onward in two columns toward Philadelphia, the possession of which was now discovered to be the object of the British commander. General Washington, who regulated his movements by those of the enemy had by this time, with the whole American army, excepting the light infantry, which remained on the lines, taken a position behind Red Clay Creek, on the road leading directly from the enemy's camp to Philadelphia. The British boldly advanced until they were within two miles of the Americans. General Washington, on reconnoitering their situation, apprehending their object to be to turn his right, and, suddenly crossing the Brandywine, to seize the heights on the north side of that river and cut off his communication with Philadelphia, changed his position early in the night of the 8th of September, crossed the Brandywine. and the next morning took post behind that river, on the height near Chadd's Ford

At daybreak on the morning of the 11th, the royal army advanced in two columns, the one commanded by Lieutenant-General Knyphausen, and the other by Lord Cornwallis. While the first column took the direct road to Chadd's Ford, and made a show of passing it in front of the main body of the Americans, the other moved up on the west side of the Brandywine to its fork, crossed both its branches about two in the afternoon, and marched down on its eastern side with the view of turning the right wing of their adversaries. General Washington, on receiving intelligence of their approach, made the proper disposition to receive them. The divisions commanded by Sullivan, Stirling, and Stephen, advanced a little farther up the Brandywine, and fronted the column of the approaching enemy; Wayne's division, with Maxwell's light infantry, remained at Chadd's Ford, to keep Knyphausen in check; Green's division, accompanied by General Washington, formed a reserve, and took a central position between the right and left wings. The divisions detached against Cornwallis took possession of the heights above Birmingham church, their left reaching toward the Brandywine; the artillery was judiciously placed.

and their flanks were covered by woods. About four o'clock, Lord Cornwallis formed the line of battle, and began the attack. The Americans sustained it for some time with intrepidity; but their right at length giving way, the remaining divisions, exposed to a galling fire on the flank, continued to break on the right, and the whole line was soon completely routed. As soon as Cornwallis had commenced his attack; Knyphausen crossed the ford, and attacked the troops posted for its defence; which, after a severe conflict, were compelled to give way. The retreat of the Americans, which soon became general, was continued that night to Chester, and the next day to Philadelphia. The loss, sustained by the Americans in this action, is estimated at 300 killed, and 600 wounded. Between 300 and 400, principally the wounded, were made prisoners. The loss of the British was stated to be rather less than 100 killed, and 400 wounded. As the British were advancing toward Goshen to gain the Lancaster road, dispositions were again made for battle, on the 16th, by both armies; but a heavy rain separated the advance parties, which had begun to skirmish, and its increasing violence soon obliged the Americans to retreat. General

Washington on the 19th crossed the Schuylkill, and encamped on the eastern banks of that river; while detachments of his army were posted at the several fords, over which the enemy would probably attempt to force a passage.

BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

General Washington, having been reinforced by 1500 men from Peekskill, and 1000 from Virginia, and having received intelligence through two intercepted letters, that General Howe had detached a part of his force for the purpose of reducing Billing's-point works and the forts on the Delaware, entertained the thought of attacking the main body as it lay at Germantown. The line of encampment crossed the town at right angles about the center; the left wing extended to the Schuylkill. It was covered in front by the mounted and dismounted chasseurs: a battalion of light infantry, and the Queen's American rangers were in the front of the right; and the 40th regiment, with another

battalion of light infantry, were posted at the head of the town, upon Chestnut-Hill road, there quarters of a mile in advance. Lord Cornwallis lay at Philadelphia with four battalions of grenadiers. When General Washington had communicated to his council of war the account he had obtained, the general officers unanimously agreed upon an attack, and to its being made in several places, to produce the greater confusion and distraction, and to hinder the several parts of the enemy's forces affording support to each other. It was to be sudden and vigorous, in expectation of carrying the point speedily, from an apprehension that the Americans would not persevere in a prolonged attack, for want of better discipline and more acquaintance with military service. Was it found that they could make no impression upon the enemy, they were after a while to make an expeditious retreat. The divisions of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's brigade, were to enter the town by way of Chestnut Hill; while Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, got upon the enemy's left and rear. Colonel Thomas Conway, Knight of St. Louis, had been elected so early as May, a brigadier-general, upon the recommendatory letters he brought from France.

The divisions of Greene and Stephen, flanked by M'Dougall's brigade, were to enter by taking a circuit at the market-house, and to attack the right wing; and the militia of Maryland and Jersey, under Generals Smallwood and Freeman were to march by the old York road, and fall upon the rear of the right. Lord Stirling, with Nash's and Maxwell's brigades, were to form a corps de reserve.

They began their march about seven o'clock in the evening of the 3d of October. General Washington is with the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne. He expects that if the enemy has gained timely intelligence of his march, they will wait for him on Chestnut Hill, and receive him as he comes out of the woods. When arrived on the hill, without any appearance of opposition, he is congratulated upon the persuasion that the British will be completely surprised. About sunrise on the fourth the attack is begun on the 40th regiment, and the battalion of light infantry that accompanied it. These corps are overpowered and pursued. In this exigence Lieutenant-Colonel Musgrave throws himself, with six companies of the 40th regiment, into Mr. Chew's stone house, lying full in the front of the Americans. These halt. A discourse ensues

between Generals Knox and Reed, in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, whether or not to advance without first reducing the house. Knox urges that it is contrary to all military rule to leave a fort possessed by an enemy in their rear. Reed exclaims — “What! call this a fort, and lose the happy moment!” Conway is inquired after to give his judgment, but cannot be found. It is agreed to send a flag to the house, and summon the British officer to surrender. A young person undertakes to carry it. He approaches, is fired upon, and killed. Meanwhile, General Greene gets up with his column, and attacks the right wing of the enemy. The morning being exceedingly foggy, prevents the Americans from fully improving the advantages they gain. Colonel Mathews, of Greene’s column, attacks with uncommon spirit, routs the parties opposed to him, kills a great number, and makes 110 prisoners; but, through the fog, loses sight of the brigade he belongs to, is separated from it, and is taken prisoner with his whole regiment, accompanied with the release of all whom he had captured. A number of Greene’s troops are stopped by the halt of the division before Chew’s house, where near or quite one half of

General Washington's army remains some time inactive. During this inactivity, General Grey, bringing the front of a great part of the left wing by a timely movement to Germantown, leads on three battalions of the third brigade and attacks with vigor, being supported by General Agnew at the head of the fourth brigade. A warm engagement ensues. At the same time, two British regiments attack on the opposite side of the town; while General Grant moves up the 49th regiment, to the aid of the 4th, which is employed in supporting the troops engaged with Greene's column. The fog is so great, that at times you cannot see twenty yards before you, and frequently not more than fifty. It occasions the American parties mistaking each other for the enemy, and prevents their observing the true situation of the latter. Owing hereto, in a great measure, the Americans quit every part of the town; and when General Grey, having passed it, advances with the British right wing upon their left, they leave the field hastily and entirely, in spite of every effort that can be made to rally them. Lord Cornwallis arrives with a squadron of light horse just in season to join in the pursuit. Greene with his own and Stephen's

division, happens to form the last column of the retreating Americans. Upon coming to two roads and thinking it will be safest, and may prevent the enemy's advancing by either so as to get ahead of him; and that the divisions may aid each other upon occasion, he marches one division on the one road, and the second on the other. While continuing his retreat, Pulaski's cavalry who is in his rear, being fired upon by the enemy, rides over the second division, and throws them into the utmost disorder, as they know not at first but that they are the British dragoons. The men run and scatter, and the general is apprehensive that he shall lose his artillery. He cannot collect a party sufficient to form a rear guard, till he hits upon the device of ordering the men to lay hold of each other's hands. This answers. He collects a number, and by the help of the artillery, brings the enemy to give over the pursuit, after having continued it near five miles. The Americans then proceeded in their march back to Shippach Creek without further disturbance.

The British officers acknowledged, soon after this affair, that it was the severest blow they had met with; that it was planned with judgment, and

executed with spirit; and that they were at a loss for its not being followed up, unless it was for want of ammunition. The Americans lost in killed twenty-five continental officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, wounded 102, and an equal number missing. The militia were, three killed, four wounded, and eleven missing. Of rank and file, continentals, 109 were killed, and 378 wounded—militia, seven were killed and nineteen wounded. They had artillery officers, two killed and eleven wounded; and matrosses six killed and seven wounded. The total of their killed was 152; and of their wounded 521. Upward of 400 were made prisoners, among whom were fifty-four officers. The number of missing among the Americans is no rule by which to judge of the number captured by the enemy, as many of the missing, who do not return to their colors, go home. General Nash, of North Carolina, was among the slain, and will be honored by Congress with a monument, the same as other generals who have fallen in action, bravely contending for the independence of the United States.

The loss of the royal army, including the wounded

and a few prisoners, amounted by their own acknowledgment, to 535; but the slain scarcely exceeded seventy. Among these, however, were some distinguished officers, particularly General Agnew and Lieutenant-Colonel Bird. They suffered probably more than they allowed. The battle, by General Knox's watch, held two hours and forty minutes.

GENERAL WAYNE'S WARHORSE.

At the battle of Germantown, General Wayne rode his gallant roan; and in charging the enemy, his horse received a wound in his head, and fell, as was supposed, dead. Two days after, the roan returned to the American camp, not materially injured; and was again fit for service.

COLONEL M'LANE.

This venerable and distinguished soldier of the Revolution, after having reached the patriarchal age of eighty-three, closed his earthly pilgrimage at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1829.

Colonel M'Lane was distinguished for daring personal courage, and for his unremitted activity as a partisan officer. He was long attached to Lee's famous legion of horse, which, throughout the war, was the terror of the British.

While the British occupied Philadelphia, Colonel M'Lane was constantly scouring the adjacent country, particularly the upper part of Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery counties—seizing every opportunity to cut off the scouring parties of the enemy, to intercept their supplies of provisions, and to take advantage of every opening which offered for striking a sudden blow. In this capacity, he rendered many important services to the army, and caused great alarm to the British; and

though they frequently attempted to surprise and take him, yet such was his constant watchfulness, that none of their attempts succeeded. Having concerted with Captain Craig, the plan of an attack upon a small detachment of the enemy, they agreed to rendezvous at a house near Shoemakertown, eight miles from Philadelphia, on the Willow Grove turnpike. Colonel M'Lane, having ordered his little band of troopers to follow at some distance, commanded two of them to precede the main body, but also to keep in his rear; and if they discovered an enemy to ride up to his side and inform him of it without speaking aloud. While leisurely approaching the place of rendezvous, in this order, in the early gray of the morning, the two men directly in his rear, forgetting their orders, suddenly called out, "Colonel, the British!" faced about, and putting spurs to their horses, were soon out of sight. The colonel, looking around, discovered that he was in the center of a powerful ambuscade, into which the enemy had silently allowed him to pass, without his observing them. They lined both sides of the road, and had been stationed there to pick up any straggling party of the Americans that might chance to pass

Immediately on finding they were discovered, a file of soldiers rose from the side of the highway, and fired at the colonel, but without effect — and as he put spurs to his horse, and mounted the road-side into the woods, the other part of the detachment also fired. The colonel miraculously escaped: but a shot striking his horse upon the flank, he dashed through the woods, and in a few minutes reached a parallel road upon the opposite side of the forest. Being familiar with the country, he feared to turn to the left, as that course led to the city, and he might be intercepted by another ambuscade. Turning, therefore, to the right his frightened horse carried him swiftly beyond the reach of those who fired upon him. All at once, however, on emerging from a piece of woods, he observed several British troopers stationed near the road-side, and directly in sight ahead, a farm house. around which he observed a whole troop of the enemy's cavalry drawn up. He dashed by the troopers near him, without being molested, they believing he was on his way to the main body to surrender himself. The farm house was situated at the intersection of two roads, presenting but few avenues by which he could escape. Nothing

daunted by the formidable array before him, he galloped up to the cross roads; on reaching which he spurred his active horse, turned suddenly to the right, and was soon fairly out of the reach of their pistols, though as he turned, he heard them call loudly, surrender or die. A dozen were instantly in pursuit; but, in a short time, they all gave up the chase, except two. Colonel M'Lane's horse, scared by the first wound he had ever received, and being a chosen animal, kept ahead for several miles, while his two pursuers followed with unwearied eagerness.

The pursuit at length waxed so hot that, as the colonel's horse stepped out of a small brook which crossed the road, his pursuers entered at the opposite margin. In ascending a little hill the horses of the three were greatly exhausted, so much that neither could be urged faster than a walk. Occasionally, as one of the troopers pursued on a little in advance of his companion, the colonel slackened his pace, anxious to be attacked by one of the two — but no sooner was his willingness discovered, than the other fell back to his station. They at length approached so near that

a conversation took place between them: the troopers calling out—"Surrender, you damned rebel, or we'll cut you to pieces." Suddenly, one of them rode up on the right side of the colonel, and without drawing his sword, laid hold of his collar. The latter, to use his own words "had pistols which he knew he could depend upon." Drawing one from the holster, he placed it to the heart of his antagonist, fired, and tumbled him dead on the ground. Instantly the other came up on his left, with sword drawn, and also seized him by the collar of his coat. A fierce and deadly struggle here ensued; in the course of which Colonel M'Lane was desperately wounded in the back of his left hand, cutting asunder the veins and tendons of that member. Seizing a favorable opportunity, he drew his other pistol, and with a steadiness of purpose, which appeared even in his recital of the incident, placed it directly between the eyes of his adversary, pulled the trigger, and scattered his brains on every side of the road. Fearing that others were in pursuit, he abandoned his horse in the highway: and apprehensive, from his extreme weakness, that he might die from loss

of blood, he crawled into an adjacent mill pond, entirely naked, and at length succeeded in stopping the profuse flow of blood, occasioned by his wound.

REV. THOMAS ALLEN.

Rev. Thomas Allen was the first minister of Pittsfield. When the American Revolution commenced, he like the great body of the clergy, ardently espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies, and bore his testimony against the oppression of the mother country. When, in anticipation of the conflict which finally took place at Bennington, the neighboring country was roused to arms, he used his influence to increase the band of Patriots, by exciting his townsmen to proceed to the battle ground. A company was raised in his parish and proceeded. Some causes, however, were found to retard their progress on the way. Hearing of the delay, he proceeded immediately to join them, by his influence quickened their march, and soon presented them to Gen. Stark. Learning from him

that he meditated an attack on the enemy, he said he would fight, but could not willingly bear arms against them, until he had invited them to submit. He was insensible to fear, and accordingly proceeded so near as to make himself distinctly heard in their camp, where, after taking a stand on a convenient eminence, he commenced his pious exhortations, urging them to lay down their arms. He was answered by a volley of musketry, which lodged their contents in the log on which he stood. Turning calmly to a friend, who had followed him under cover of the breast-work which formed his footstool, he said — “Now give me a gun;” and this is said to be the first American gun which spoke on that memorable occasion. He continued to bear his part till the battle was decided in favor of the American arms, and contributed honorably to that result.

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

General Burgoyne's progress toward Albany was delayed through the want of speedy and sufficient supply of provisions. He considered in what way the difficulty was to be surmounted. According to information, the Americans had a great deposit of corn, flour, and store cattle at Bennington, which was guarded only by militia. Every day's account confirmed the persuasion of the loyalty of one description of the inhabitants in that part of the country, and of the panic of the other. He therefore entertained the design of surprising the stores at Bennington, and of sending a very large detachment upon the expedition; but was diverted from the latter, as supposed, by Major Skeen, who assured him, "The friends to the British cause are as five to one, and they want only the appearance of a protecting power to show themselves." Relying upon their attachment, the general sent the German Lieutenant-Colonel Baum, with only about

500 men, and 100 Indians, who carried with them two light pieces of artillery. To facilitate the operation the army moved along the eastern shore of Hudson River, and encamped nearly opposite to Saratoga; and a bridge of rafts being thrown over, the advance corps passed to that place. Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman's corps, consisting of the Brunswick grenadiers, light infantry, and chasseurs, were posted at Batten-kill, in order if necessary to support Baum. Stark, hearing that a party of Indians was at Cambridge, sent Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg with 200 men to stop their progress. Toward night he was informed by express, that there was a large body of regulars in the rear of the Indians. On that he drew together his brigade, and the militia who were at hand, in order to stop their march; sent to Manchester for Colonel Warner's regiment, and forwarded expresses to the neighboring militia to join him with all speed. He then marched, in the morning of the 14th, with Colonels Warner, Williams, and Brush, and the men present, and in about seven miles met Gregg retreating, and the enemy within a mile of him. The troops drew up in order of battle; and the enemy, upon coming in sight, halted upon a very advantageous

piece of ground. Baum perceiving that the Americans were too strong to be attacked by his present force, sent an express to Burgoyne with an account of his situation; and Breyman was immediately despatched to reinforce him. Meanwhile small parties of the Americans skirmished with the enemy, killed and wounded thirty of them, with two Indian chiefs, without any loss to themselves, which had a good effect upon their courage. The ground Stark occupied not being suitable for a general action, he retreated about a mile and encamped. In a council of war, it was agreed to send two detachments into the enemy's rear, while the rest of the troops attacked in front.

On the 15th of August it rained all day, which retarded the intended assault; however there was frequent skirmishings in small parties. The heavy rain, together with the badness of the roads, prevented also Breyman's advancing to Baum's assistance with despatch. The next day, August 16th, Stark being joined in the morning by Colonel Seymonds, from Berkshire, pursued his plan. Baum, in the meanwhile, had entrenched and rendered his post as defensible as time and its nature would permit. General Stark detached

Nichols with his force to the rear of his left: Colonel Henrick, with 300 men, was sent to the rear of his right: they were to join, and then attack. Warner, Hubbard and Stickney, with 200, were posted still further on his right. A hundred men were also advanced toward his front to draw his attention that way. About three o'clock in the afternoon all were ready for the attack. Before Nichols and Henrick could join, the Indians pushed off between the two corps, but receiving a fire as they passed, had three killed and two wounded. Nichols then began the assault upon Baum, and was followed by the rest; those in front pushing forward. In a few minutes the action became general, and lasted about two hours, with one continued noise like the ruffling of a drum. Baum made a brave defence; and the German dragoons kept together after having expended their ammunition, and led by their colonel charged with their swords, but were soon overpowered. The whole detachment, though well enclosed by two breast-works, were forced to give way to the superior number and courage of the Americans, who with their brown firelocks, scarce a bayonet, little discipline, and not a single piece of cannon, ventured

to attack 500 well trained regulars, furnished with the best and completest arms and accoutrements, having two pieces of artillery, being advantageously posted, and accompanied by 100 Indians. When the militia had gained the victory, they dispersed to collect plunder, which they were very desirous of securing. This nearly proved fatal to them. While thus busied, Stark received information, that the reinforcement under Breyman was within two miles of him. Happily, at that instant, Warner's continental regiment, which had been sent for from Manchester, came up fresh, marched on, and began to engage; meanwhile the militia collected as fast as possible, and pushed on to its assistance. The action became general; and the battle continued obstinate on both sides till sunset; when the Germans gave way, partly through a failure of ammunition, leaving their two pieces of artillery behind them, and a number of prisoners. They retreated in the best manner they could, improving the advantage of the evening and of the night.

The Americans took four brass field-pieces twelve brass drums, 250 dragoon swords, four ammunition wagons, and 700 prisoners, among whom was Lieutenant-Colonel Baum. Three hundred dead

are said to have been found upon the spot ; but if so, surely the slain on each side must have been included. The Americans lost but about 100 killed and wounded. The courage of the men was sharpened by the prospect of advantage, for in General Stark's orders they were promised all the plunder that should be taken in the enemy's camp. The royal officers were astonished to see how undauntedly they rushed on the mouths of the cannon. Both men and officers are entitled to much honor for their gallant behavior. Colonels Warner and Henrick's superior skill in military matters was of service to the general, who was less conversant with them than they ; but his rank in the army of the United States was afterward given him by Congress, on the 4th of October, when they " Resolved, That the thanks of Congress be presented to General Stark, of the New Hampshire militia, and the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and successful attack upon, and signal victory over the enemy in their lines at Bennington ; and that Brigadier Stark be appointed a brigadier-general in the army of the United States." Never were thanks more deservedly bestowed. This was the first turn of

affairs in favor of the Americans in the northern department after the death of General Montgomery. It raised the spirits of the country, and made the militia willing to turn out beyond what would have otherwise been done.

BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

After collecting thirty day's provision Burgoyne passed the Hudson, and encamped at Saratoga. Gates, with numbers already equal, and continually augmenting, began to advance toward him with a resolution to oppose his progress at the risk of a battle. He encamped at Stillwater, and Burgoyne hastened forward to open the way with his sword. On the 17th of September the two armies were within four miles of each other. Two days after, skirmishes between advanced parties terminated in an engagement almost general, in which the utmost efforts of the British merely enabled them to maintain the footing of the preceding day.

Burgoyne, unassisted by the British forces under

Clinton at New York, found himself unable to pursue his march down the river, and in the hope of this assistance, was content to remain in his camp, and stand on the defensive. His army was likewise diminished by the desertion of the Indians and the Canadian militia, to less than one half of its original number. Gates finding his forces largely increasing, being plentifully supplied with provisions, and knowing that Burgoyne had only a limited store, which was rapidly lessening, and could not be recruited, was not without hopes that victory would come, in time, even without a battle. His troops were so numerous, and his fortified position so strong, that he was able to take measures for preventing the retreat of the enemy, by occupying the strong posts in his rear. Accordingly nineteen days passed without any further operations, a delay as ruinous to one party, as it was advantageous to the other. At the end of this period, the British general found his prospects of assistance as remote as ever, and the consumption of his stores so alarming, that retreat or victory became unavoidable alternatives.

On the 8th of October a warm action ensued in which the British were everywhere repulsed,

and a part of their lines occupied by their enemies. Burgoyne's loss was very considerable in killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the favorable situation of Gates' army made its losses in the battle of no moment. Burgoyne retired in the night to a stronger camp, but the measures immediately taken by Gates, to cut off his retreat, compelled him without delay to regain his former camp at Saratoga. There he arrived with little molestation from his adversary. His provisions being now reduced to the supply of a few days, the transport of artillery and baggage toward Canada being rendered impracticable by the judicious measures of his adversary, the British general resolved upon a rapid retreat, merely with what the soldiers could carry on their backs.

On a careful scrutiny, however, it was found that they were deprived even of this resource, as the passes through which their route lay were so strongly guarded that nothing but artillery could clear them. In this desperate situation a parley took place, and on the 16th of October the whole army surrendered to Gates. The prize obtained consisted of more than 5000 prisoners, some fine artillery, 7000 muskets, clothing for 7000 men,

with a great quantity of tents, and other military stores. All the frontier fortresses were immediately abandoned to the victors.

It is not easy to overrate the importance of this success. It may be considered as deciding the war of the Revolution, as from that period the British cause began rapidly to decline. The capture of Cornwallis was not of more importance than that of Burgoyne, nor was it in itself an event of greater splendor, or productive of more exultation.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

Major W. H., an officer who was distinguished for his bravery and gallant spirit, had under his charge about 300 'Green Mountain boys'—a most significant appellation in those days—all of whom were sharpshooters, accustomed to the field, and strangers to fear. This corps was placed on an advantageous piece of ground, partly concealed by bushes. The enemy were duly apprised of their position, and it was deemed important to dislodge

them. Accordingly, a formidable detachment, estimated at about 500 strong, was ordered to march against them. They advanced upon a charge, thinking to decide the contest without much loss and with little difficulty. The Americans undismayed, were prepared to receive them. Major H. gave peremptory orders to his troops to reserve their fire until the word of command; the enemy therefore rushed on without interruption until they had approached within a few rods of this Spartan band, when, pursuant to order, so deadly a fire was poured into their ranks, that those who escaped retreated in dismay and confusion. The surviving officers, and they were few in number, soon rallied their forces and brought them a second time to the charge, advancing to the line of their comrades who had fallen, when they received a second fire not less destructive than the first; the enemy were completely panic struck, and fell back in wild disorder. The few remaining officers, however, who behaved with dauntless bravery, and probably thirsting for vengeance, rallied their troops once more, although but few were left, and brought them a third time to the charge. The issue of this attempt was not less fatal than the others; for

after receiving the third fire, the survivors fled in terror and despair, and soon surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Their astonishment was past utterance when they found that out of the whole force with whom they had been associated, no more than *thirty-six* remained ! The others lay stretched upon the field in mute silence, presenting a terrible memento of the power and unyielding spirit of freemen, when summoned to battle in the defence of invaded rights.

Immediately after the issue of the engagement, my informant repaired to that part of the field which had been attended with such fatal consequences to the enemy. He was horror struck on witnessing the scene that presented itself to his view. And his declaration to the writer of this article was, 'I never beheld so awful a spectacle as here greeted my eyes. *It was a winrow of dead men from one end of the line to the other.*' The contrast of the 'Green Mountain boys,' was scarcely less striking, as but few of them were injured.

MARCH OF BURGOYNE.

As the invader advanced, the inhabitants fled in the wildest consternation. The horrors of war, however mitigated by the laws and usages of civilization, are at all times sufficiently terrific; but when to these the fierce cruelties of a cloud of savages are superadded, those only who have been familiar with an American border warfare can form an adequate opinion of its atrocities. Among the fugitives driven from their peaceful abodes on the present occasion was Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleecker, a lady who has been somewhat celebrated as one of the early poets of our country. She was the daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler, of the city of New York, and the wife of John J. Bleecker, Esq., of New Rochelle. whose enterprise, together with his lady's love for the wild scenery of the forest, had induced him to exchange a residence among the busy haunts of men for a solitary plantation in the vale of the Tomhantic, a mountain stream flowing into the

Hoosic River, about twenty miles from Albany. Mr. Bleecker's residence lay directly in the march of Burgoyne, on whose approach he hastened to Albany to provide accommodations for his family. But a few hours after his departure, Mrs. Bleecker, as she sat at the table, received intelligence that the enemy, with tomahawk and brand, was within two miles of her residence. Instant flight was the only alternative. Taking one of her children in her arms, and seizing the other by the hand, she started off on foot, attended only by a young mulatto girl, and leaving her house and all its contents a prey to the Indians. The roads were encumbered by carriages, loaded with women and children, each intent upon his or her own safety ; so that no assistance could be obtained, and her only recourse was to mingle in the fugitive throng, and participate in the common panic and common distress. Having traveled about five miles on foot, however, she succeeded in obtaining a seat for the children in a wagon, which served to facilitate her march. On the following morning she was met by her husband, who conducted her to Albany, and thence down the Hudson as far as Red Hook, one of her children dying by the way.

Amid this scene of desolation and affright, there was yet one woman whose proud spirit was undaunted. It was the lady of General Schuyler. The general's country-seat was upon his estate in Saratoga, standing upon the margin of the river. On the approach of Burgoyne, Mrs. Schuyler went up to Saratoga, in order to remove their furniture. Her carriage was attended by only a single armed man on horseback. When within two miles of her house, she encountered a crowd of panic-stricken people, who recited to her the tragic fate of Miss M'Crea, and, representing to her the danger of proceeding farther in the face of the enemy, urged her to return. She had yet to pass through a dense forest, within which even then some of the savage troops might be lurking for prey. But to these prudential counsels she would not listen. "The general's wife," she exclaimed, "must not be afraid!" and, pushing forward, she accomplished her purpose.

Before the mansion was evacuated, however, the general himself had a narrow escape from assassination by the hand of a savage, who had insinuated himself into the house for that purpose. It was at the hour of bedtime in the evening, and while the

general was preparing to retire for the night, that a female servant, in coming in from the hall, saw a gleam of light reflected from the blade of a knife, in the hand of some person whose dark outline she discerned behind the door. The servant was a black slave, who had sufficient presence of mind not to appear to have made the discovery. Passing directly through the door into the apartment where the general was yet standing near the fireplace, with an air of unconcern she pretended to arrange such articles as were disposed upon the mantelpiece, while in an under-tone she informed her master of her discovery, and said, aloud, "I will call the guard." The general instantly seized his arms, while the faithful servant hurried out by another door into a long hall, upon the floor of which lay a loose board which creaked beneath the tread. By the noise she made in tramping rapidly upon the board, the Indian—for such he proved—was led to suppose that the Philistines were upon him in numbers, sprang from his concealment and fled. He was pursued, however, by the guard and a few friendly Indians attached to the person of General Schuyler, overtaken, and made prisoner. Exasperated at his treachery, the

friendly Indians were resolved to put him to death, and it was with much difficulty that they were diverted from their purpose by the general.

The effect of the incidents we have been detailing, and other recitals of savage cruelties, not all, as General Burgoyne represented, without foundation, was extensive and powerful. The cry of vengeance was universal, and a spirit was aroused which proved of speedy and great advantage to the American arms.

BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

It appears that on the morning of that day, which was the 9th of August, General Herkimer had misgivings as to the propriety of advancing any farther without first receiving re-enforcements. His officers, however, were eager to press forward. A consultation was held, in which some of the officers manifested much impatience at any delay, while the general still urged them to remain where they were until re-enforcements could come up, or

at least until the signal of a sortie should be received from the fort. High words ensued, during which Colonels Cox and Paris, and many others, denounced their commander to his face as a Tory and a coward. The brave old man calmly replied that he considered himself placed over them as a father, and that it was not his wish to lead them to any difficulty from which he could not extricate them. Burning, as they now seemed, to meet the enemy, he told them roundly that they would run at his first appearance. But his remonstrances were unavailing. Their clamor increased, and their reproaches were repeated, until, stung by imputations of cowardice and a want of fidelity to the cause, and somewhat irritated, withal, the general immediately gave the order, "March on!" The words were no sooner heard than the troops gave a shout, and moved, or, rather, rushed forward. They marched forward in files of two deep, preceded by an advanced guard and keeping flanks upon each side.

Having by ten o'clock, proceeded rapidly forward to the distance of only two or three miles, the guards, both front and flanks, were suddenly shot down, the forest rang with the war-whoops of a

savage foe, and in an instant the greater part of the division found itself in the midst of a formidable ambuscade. Colonel St. Leger, it appeared, having heard of the advance of General Herkimer, in order to prevent an attack in his intrenchments, had detached a division of Sir John Johnson's regiment of Greens, under Sir John's brother-in-law, Major Watts, Colonel Butler with his rangers, and Joseph Brant with a strong body of Indians, to intercept his approach. With true Indian sagacity, Thayendanege had selected a position admirably fitted for his purpose, which was to draw the Americans, whom he well knew to be approaching in no very good military array, into an ambuscade. The locality favored his design. There was a deep ravine crossing the path which Herkimer, with his undisciplined array, was traversing, "sweeping toward the east in a semicircular form, and bearing a northern and southern direction. The bottom of this ravine was marshy, and the road crossed it by means of a causeway. The ground, thus partly enclosed by the ravine, was elevated and level. The ambuscade was laid upon the high ground west of the ravine."

The enemy had disposed himself adroitly, in a

circle, leaving only a narrow segment open for the admission of the ill-starred Provincials on their approach. The stratagem was successful. Unconscious of the presence of the foe, Herkimer, with his whole army, excepting the rear-guard, composed of Colonel Visscher's regiment, found himself encompassed at the first fire, the enemy closing up the gap at the instant of making himself known. By thus early completing the circle, the baggage and ammunition wagons, which had just descended into the ravine, were cut off and separated from the main body, as also was the regiment of Colonel Visscher, yet on the eastern side of the ravine; which, as their general had predicted, instantly and ingloriously fled, leaving their companions to their fate. They were pursued, however, by a portion of the Indians, and suffered more severely, probably, than they would have done had they stood by their fellows in the hour of need, either to conquer or to fall.

Being thrown into irretrievable disorder, by the suddenness of the surprise and the destructiveness of the fire, which was close and brisk from every side, the division was for a time threatened with annihilation. At every opportunity, the savages,

concealed behind the trunks of trees, darted forward with knife and tomahawk to ensure the destruction of those who fell; and many and fierce were the conflicts that ensued hand to hand. The veteran Herkimer fell, wounded, in the early part of the action, a musket ball having passed through and killed his horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee. The general was placed upon his saddle, however, against the trunk of a tree for his support, and thus continued to order the battle. Colonel Cox, and Captains Davis and Van Sluyck were severally killed near the commencement of the engagement; and the slaughter of their broken ranks, from the rifles of the Tories and the spears and tomahawks of the Indians, was dreadful. But even in this deplorable situation, the wounded general, his men dropping like leaves around him, and the forest resounding with the horrid yells of the savages, ringing high and wild over the din of battle, behaved with the most perfect firmness and composure. The action had lasted about forty-five minutes, in great disorder, before the Provincials formed themselves into circles in order to repel the attacks of the enemy, who were concentrating, and closing in upon them from all sides. From

this moment the resistance of the Provincials was more effective, and the enemy attempted to charge with the bayonet. The firing ceased for a time excepting the scattering discharges of musketry from the Indians; and as the bayonets crossed, the contest became a death struggle, hand to hand, and foot to foot. Never, however, did brave men stand a charge with more dauntless courage, and the enemy for the moment seemed to recoil — just at the instant when the work of death was arrested by a heavy shower of rain, which suddenly broke upon the combatants with great fury. The storm raged for upward of an hour, during which time the enemy sought such shelter as might be found among the trees at a respectful distance; for they had already suffered severely, notwithstanding the advantages in their favor.

During this suspension of the battle, both parties had time to look about, and make such new dispositions as they pleased for attack and defence, on renewing the murderous conflict. The Provincials, under the direction of their general, were so fortunate as to take possession of an advantageous piece of ground, upon which his men formed themselves into a circle, and, as the shower broke away, awaited

the movements of the enemy. In the early part of the battle, the Indians whenever they saw a gun fired by a militiaman from behind a tree rushed upon and tomahawked him before he could re-load. In order to counteract this mode of warfare, two men were stationed behind a single tree, one only to fire at a time, the other reserving his fire until the Indians ran up as before. The fight was presently renewed, and by the new arrangement, and the cool execution done by the fire of the militia forming the main circle, the Indians were made to suffer severely; so much so, that they began to give way, when Major Watts came up with a re-enforcement, consisting of another detachment of Johnson's Greens. These men were mostly Loyalists, who had fled from Tryon county, now returned in arms against their former neighbors. As no quarrels are so bitter as those of families, so no wars are so cruel and passionate as those called civil. Many of the Provincials and Greens were known to each other; and as they advanced so near as to afford opportunities of mutual recognition, the contest became, if possible, more of a leath struggle than before. Mutual resentments and feelings of hate and revenge, raged in their bosoms

The Provincials fired upon them as they advanced, and then springing like chafed tigers from their covers, attacked them with their bayonets and the butts of their muskets, or both parties, in closer contact, throttled each other and drew their knives; stabbing, and sometimes literally dying in one another's embrace.

At length a firing was heard in the distance from the fort, a sound as welcome to the Provincials as it was astounding to the enemy. Availing themselves of the hint, however, a *ruse-de-guerre* was attempted by Colonel Butler, which had well nigh proved fatal. It was the sending, suddenly, from the direction of the fort, a detachment of the Greens disguised as American troops, in the expectation that they might be received as a timely re-enforcement from the garrison. Lieutenant Jacob Sammons was the first to descry their approach, in the direction of a body of men commanded by Captain Jacob Gardenier, an officer who, during that memorable day, performed prodigies of valor. Perceiving that their hats were American, Sammons informed Captain Gardenier that succors from the fort were coming up. The quick eye of the captain detected the *ruse*, and he replied, "Not so: they

are enemies: don't you see their green coats!' They continued to advance until hailed by Gardénier; at which moment one of his own soldiers, observing an acquaintance, and supposing him a friend, ran to meet him, and presented his hand. It was grasped, but with no friendly gripe, as the credulous fellow was dragged into the opposing line, and informed that he was a prisoner. He did not yield without a struggle; during which Gardénier, watching the action and the result, sprang forward, and with a blow from his spear levelled the captor to the dust and liberated his man. Others of the foe instantly set upon him, of whom he slew the second and wounded a third.

Three of the disguised Greens now sprang upon him, and one of his spurs becoming entangled in their clothes, he was thrown to the ground. Still contending, however, with almost superhuman strength, both of his thighs were transfixed to the earth by the bayonets of two of his assailants, while the third presented a bayonet to his breast as if to thrust him through. Seizing this bayonet with his left hand, by a sudden wrench he brought its owner down upon himself, where he held him as a shield against the arms of the others, until one of

his own men, Adam Miller, observing the struggle flew to his rescue. As the assailants turned upon their new adversary, Gardenier rose upon his seat; and although his hand was severely lacerated by grasping the bayonet which had been drawn through it, seized his spear lying by his side, and, quick as lightning, planted it to the barb in the side of the assailant with whom he had been clinched. The man fell and expired, proving to be Lieutenant M'Donald, one of the Loyalist officers from Tryon county. All this occurred in far less time than is necessarily occupied by the relation. While engaged in the struggle, some of his own men called out to Gardenier, "For God's sake, Captain, you are killing your own men!" He replied, "They are not our men—they are the enemy—fire away!" A deadly fire from the Provincials ensued, during which about thirty of the Greens fell slain, and many Indian warriors. The parties once more rushed upon each other with bayonet and spear, grappling and fighting with terrible fury; while the shattering of shafts and the clashing of steel mingled with every dread sound of war and death, and the savage yells, more hideous than all, presented a scene which can be more easily imagined

than described. The unparalleled fortitude and bravery of Captain Gardenier infused fresh spirits into his men, some of whom enacted wonders of valor likewise. It happened during the *melee*, in which the contending parties were mingled in great confusion, that three of Johnson's Greens rushed within the circle of the Provincials, and attempted to make a prisoner of Captain Dillenback. This officer had declared he never would be taken alive, and he was not. One of his three assailants seized his gun, but he suddenly wrenched it from him, and felled him with the butt. He shot the second dead and thrust the third through with his bayonet. But, in the moment of his triumph, at an exploit of which even the mighty Hector, or either of the sons of Zeruiah might have been proud, a ball laid this brave man low in the dust.

Such a conflict as this could not be continued long; and the Indians, perceiving with what ardor the Provincials maintained the fight, and finding their own number sadly diminished, now raised the retreating cry of "*Oonah!*" and fled in every direction, under the shouts and hurrahs of the surviving Provincials, and a shower of bullets. Finding, moreover, from the firing at the fort, that their

presence was necessary elsewhere, the Greens and Rangers now retreated precipitately, leaving the victorious militia of Tryon county masters of the field.

Thus ended one of the severest, and, for the numbers engaged, one of the most bloody battles of the Revolutionary war. Though victorious, the loss of the Provincials was very heavy; and Tryon county long had reason to mourn that day. Colonel Paris was taken prisoner by the enemy, and afterward murdered by the Indians. Several other prisoners were also killed by the savages, after they had been brought into Colonel Butler's quarters, and, as it was said, by the colonel's own tacit consent, if not permission in terms. But the general character of that officer forbids the imputation. Major John Frey, of Colonel Klock's regiment, was likewise wounded and taken; and, to show the more than savage fury burning in the bosoms of the men brought into conflict on this occasion, the disgraceful fact may be added, that his own brother, who was in the British service, attempted to take his life, after he had arrived in Butler's camp. The major saw his brother approaching in a menacing manner, and called out,

"Brother, do not kill me! do you not know me?" But the infuriated brother rushed forward, and the major was only saved by the interposition of others. The whole number of the Provincial militia killed was 200, exclusive of the wounded and the lost as prisoners.

Retaining possession of the field, the survivors immediately set themselves to work in constructing rude litters, upon which to bear off the wounded. Between forty and fifty of these, among whom was the commanding general, were removed in this manner. The brave old man, notwithstanding the imprudence of the meaning—imprudence in allowing a premature movement at the dictation of his subordinates—had nobly vindicated his character for courage during the day. Though wounded, as we have seen, in the onset, he had borne himself during the six hours of conflict, under the most trying circumstances, with a degree of fortitude and composure worthy of all admiration. Nor was his example without effect in sustaining his troops amid the perils by which they were environed. At one time during the battle, while sitting upon his saddle raised upon a little hillock, being advised to select a less exposed situation, he replied, "I will

face the enemy." Thus, "surrounded by a few men, he continued to issue his orders with firmness. In this situation, and in the heat of the onslaught, he deliberately took his tinder-box from his pocket, lit his pipe, and smoked with great composure." At the moment the soldiers were placing him on the litter, while adjusting the blankets to the poles, three Indians approached, and were instantly shot down by the unerring rifles of three of the militia. These were the last shots fired in that battle.

The loss of the enemy in this engagement was equal to, if not more severe than, that of the Americans.

DEATH OF GENERAL HERKIMER.

General Herkimer did not long survive the battle of Oriskany. He was conveyed to his own house near the Mohawk River, a few miles below the Little Falls, where his leg, which had been shattered five or six inches below the knee, was amputated about ten days after the battle, by a young

French surgeon in the army of General Arnold. and contrary to the advice of the general's own medical adviser, the late Doctor Petrie. But the operation was unskillfully performed, and it was found impossible by his attendants to stanch the blood. Colonel Willett called to see the general soon after the operation. He was sitting up in his bed, with a pipe in his mouth, smoking, and talking in excellent spirits. He died the night following that visit. His friend, Colonel John Roff, was present at the amputation, and affirmed that he bore the operation with uncommon fortitude. He was likewise with him at the time of his death. The blood continuing to flow—there being no physician in immediate attendance—and being himself satisfied that the time of his departure was nigh, the veteran directed the Holy Bible to be brought to him. He then opened it and read, in the presence of those who surrounded his bed, with all the composure which it was possible for any man to exhibit, the thirty-eighth Psalm, applying it to his own situation. He soon afterward expired; and it may well be questioned whether the annals of man furnish a more striking example of Christian

heroism — calm, deliberate, and firm in the hour of death — than is presented in this remarkable instance. Of the early history of General Herkimer but little is known. It has been already stated that his family was one of the first of the Germans who planted themselves in the Mohawk Valley; and the massive stone mansion, yet standing at German Flatts, bespeaks its early opulence. He was an uneducated man, with, if possible, less skill in letters even than General Putnam, which is saying much. But he was, nevertheless, a man of strong and vigorous understanding, destitute of some of the essential requisites of generalship, but of the most cool and dauntless courage. These traits were all strikingly disclosed in the brief and bloody expedition to Oriskany. But he must have been well acquainted with that most important of all books — THE BIBLE. Nor could the most learned biblical scholar, lay or clerical, have selected a portion of the sacred Scriptures more exactly appropriate to the situation of the dying soldier than that to which he himself spontaneously turned. If Socrates died like a philosopher, and Rousseau like an unbelieving sentimentalist, General Herkimer died like a

CHRISTIAN HERO. Congress passed a resolution requesting the Governor and Council of New York to erect a monument, at the expense of the United States, to the memory of this brave man, of the value of \$500. This resolution was transmitted to the Governor of New York, George Clinton, in a letter, from which the following passage is quoted: "Every mark of distinction shown to the memory of such illustrious men as offer up their lives for the liberty and happiness of their country, reflects real honor on those who pay the tribute; and, by holding up to others the prospect of fame and immortality, will animate them to tread in the same path." Governor Clinton thus wrote to the committee of Tryon county on the occasion: "Enclosed you have a letter and resolves of Congress for erecting a monument to the memory of your late gallant general. While with you I lament the cause, I am impressed with a due sense of the great and justly merited honor the continent has, in this instance, paid to the memory of that brave man." Such were the feelings of respect for the services and memory of the deceased entertained by the great men of that day. Sixty years have since

rolled away, and the journal of Congress is the only monument, and the resolution itself the only inscription, which as yet testify the gratitude of the Republic to GENERAL NICHOLAS HERKIMER.

CHAPTER IV.—1773.

MARION, THE REPUBLICAN GENERAL.

We received, says his biographer, a flag from the enemy in Georgetown, S. C., the object of which was to make some arrangements about the exchange of prisoners. The flag, after the usual ceremony of blindfolding, was conducted into Marion's encampment. When led into Marion's presence, and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke dried little man, with scarcely enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness ! and, instead of tall ranks of gaily-dressed soldiers, a handful of sun-burnt yellow legged militia-men, some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powder-horns lying by them on the logs. Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to General Marion, who perused it and soon settled every thing to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire. — “Oh no!” said Marion, “it is now about our time of dining; and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner.”

At the mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer looked around him, but, to his great mortification, could see no sign of a pot, pan, Dutch oven, or any other cooking utensil, that could raise the spirits of a hungry man.

“Well, Tom,” said the general to one of his men, “come, give us our dinner.” — The dinner to which he alluded was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were very snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his pine stick poker, soon liberated from their ashy confinement, pinching them every now and then with his fingers, especially the big ones, to see whether they were well done or not. Then having cleansed them of the ashes, partly by blowing them with his breath, and partly by brushing them with the sleeve of his old cotton shirt, he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British officer and Marion, on the trunk of the fallen pine on which they sat.

“I fear, sir,” said the general, “our dinner will

not prove so palatable to you as I could wish — but it is the best we have.” The officer who was a well bred man, took up one of the potatoes, and affected to feed, as if he had found a great dainty, but it was very plain that he ate more from good manners than good appetite.

Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh: Marion looked surprised — “I beg pardon, general,” said he, “but one cannot, you know, always command one’s conceits. I was thinking how droll some of my brother officers would look, if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this.”

“I suppose,” said Marion, “it is not equal to their style of dining?” “No, indeed,” quoth the officer; “and this, I imagine, is one of your accidental Lent dinners — a sort of *ban yan*; in general, no doubt, you live a great deal better?” “Rather worse,” answered the general, “for often we do not get enough of this.” “Heavens!” rejoined the officer, “but, probably what you lose in meal you make up in malt — though stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay.” “Not a cent, sir,” said Marion, “not a cent.” “Heavens and earth! then you must be in a bad box; I don’t

see, general, how you can stand it." "Why, sir," replied Marion with a smile of self approbation, "these things depend on feeling." The Englishman said, "he did not believe it would be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life on General Marion's terms—all fighting, no pay, and no provisions but potatoes."

"Why sir," answered the general, "the heart is all; and when that is much interested, a man can do anything. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years; but let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beauteous sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' servitude than young Jacob did. Well, now this is exactly my case—I am in love, and my sweetheart is Liberty: be that heavenly nymph my champion, and these woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches—nor his host of excisemen and tax-gatherers insulting and robbing: but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign—gloriously preserving my national dignity, and pursuing my true happiness—planting my vineyards, and eating their luscious fruit; sowing

my fields, and reaping the golden grain ; and seeing millions of brothers all around me equally free and happy as myself. This sir, is what I long for."

The officer replied, that both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly subscribe to this as a happy state of things.

"Happy," quoth Marion, "yes, happy, indeed, and I would rather fight for such blessings for my country, and feed on roots, than keep aloof, though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon ; for now, sir, I walk the soil that gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them — I think of my own sacred rights, and rejoice that I have not basely deserted them. And, when I look forward to the long, long ages of posterity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The children of distant generations may never hear my name, but still it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom, with all its countless blessings."

I looked at Marion as he uttered these sentiments and fancied I felt as when I heard the last words of the brave De Kalb ; the Englishman hung his

Lowest head, and looked, I thought, as if he had seen the upbraiding ghosts of his illustrious countrymen, Sidney and Hampden.

On his return to Georgetown he was asked by Colonel Watson, why he looked so serious? "I have cause, sir," said he, "to look so serious." "What! has General Marion refused to treat?" "No, sir." "Well then, has old Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broke up our army?" "No, sir, not that either: but worse." "Ah! what can be worse?" "Why, sir, I have seen an American general and his officers without pay, almost without clothes, living on roots, and drinking water, and all for Liberty! What chance have we against such men."

PUTNAM'S FEAT.

About the middle of winter, while General Putnam was on a visit to his out-post at Horse-Neck he found Governor Tryon advancing upon that town with a corps of 1500 men. To oppose these General

Autnam had only a picquet of 150 men, and two iron field-pieces, without horses or drag-ropes. He, however, planted his cannon on the high ground, by the meeting-house, and retarded their approach by firing several times, until, perceiving the horse (supported by the infantry) about to charge, he ordered the picquet to provide for their safety, by retiring to a swamp inaccessible to horse, and secured his own by plunging down the steep precipice at the church upon a full trot. This precipice is so steep, where he descended, as to have artificial stairs, composed of nearly one hundred stone steps, for the accommodation of foot passengers. There the dragoons, who were but a sword's length from him, stopped short; for the declivity was so abrupt that they ventured not to follow; and, before they could gain the valley, by going round the brow of the hill in the ordinary road, he was far enough beyond their reach. He continued his route, unmolested, to Stanford; from whence, having strengthened his picquet by the junction of some militia, he came back again, and, in turn, pursued Governor Tryon in his retreat. As he rode down the precipice, one ball, of the many fired at him, went through his beaver: but

Governor Tryon, by way of compensation for spoiling his hat, sent him, soon afterward, as a present, a complete suit of clothes.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN BIDDLE.

On the night of the 7th March, 1778, the fatal accident occurred, which terminated the life of this excellent officer. For some days previously he had expected an attack. Captain Blake, a brave officer, who commanded a detachment of the second South Carolina Regiment, serving as marines on board the General Moultrie, and to whom we are indebted for several of the ensuing particulars, dined on board the Randolph two days before the engagement. At dinner, Captain Biddle said, "We have been cruising here for some time, and have spoken a number of vessels, who will no doubt give information of us, and I should not be surprised if my old ship should be out after us. As to any thing that carries her guns upon deck, I think myself a match for her." About three P M

of the 7th of March, a signal was made from the Randolph for a sail to windward, in consequence of which the squadron hauled upon a wind, in order to speak her. It was four o'clock before she could be distinctly seen, when she was discovered to be a ship, though as she neared and came before the wind, she had the appearance of a large sloop with only a square-sail set. About seven o'clock, the Randolph being to windward, hove to; the Moultrie, being about 150 yards astern, and rather to leeward, also hove to. About eight o'clock the British ship fired a shot just ahead of the Moultrie, and hailed her; the answer was, "the Polly, of New York;" upon which she immediately hauled her wind, and hailed the Randolph. She was then, for the first time, discovered to be a two-decker. After several questions had been asked and answered, as she was ranging up alongside the Randolph, and had got on her weather quarter, Lieutenant Barnes, of that ship called out, "This is the Randolph," and she immediately hoisted her colors, and gave the enemy a broadside. Shortly after the action commenced, Captain Biddle received a wound in the thigh, and fell. This occasioned some confusion, as it was at first thought

that he was killed. He soon, however, ordered a chair to be brought, said that he was only slightly wounded, and being carried forward encouraged the crew. The stern of the enemy's ship being clear of the Randolph, the Captain of the Moultrie gave orders to fire, but the enemy having shot ahead, so as to bring the Randolph between them, the last broadside of the Moultrie went into the Randolph, and it was thought by one of the men saved, who was stationed on the quarter-deck near Captain Biddle, that he was wounded by a shot from the Moultrie. The fire from the Randolph was constant and well directed. She fired nearly three broadsides to the enemy's one, and she appeared, while the battle lasted, to be in a continual blaze. In about twenty minutes after the action began, and while the surgeon was examining Captain Biddle's wound on the quarter-deck, the Randolph blew up.

The enemy's vessel was the British ship Yarmouth, of sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Vincent. So closely were they engaged, that Captain Morgan, of the Fair American, and all his crew, thought that it was the enemy's ship that had blown up. He stood for the Yarmouth,

and had a trumpet in his hand, to hail and inquire how Captain Biddle was, when he discovered his mistake. Owing to the disabled condition of the Yarmouth, the other vessels escaped.

The cause of the explosion was never ascertained, but it is remarkable that just before she sailed, after the clerk had copied the signals and orders for the armed vessels that accompanied him, he wrote at the foot of them, 'In case of coming to action in the night be very careful of your magazines.' The number of persons on board the Randolph was 315, who all perished except four men, who were tossed about for four days on a piece of the wreck before they were discovered and taken up. From the information of two of these men, who were afterward in Philadelphia, and of some individuals in the other vessels of the squadron, we have been enabled to state some particulars of this unfortunate event, in addition to the accounts given of it by Dr. Ramsay in his History of the American Revolution, and in his History of the Revolution of South Carolina. In the former work, the historian thus concludes his account of the action 'Captain Biddle, who perished on board the Randolph, was universally lamented. He was in the

prime of life, and had excited high expectations of future usefulness to his country, as a bold and skillful naval officer.'

Thus prematurely fell, at the age of twenty-seven, as gallant an officer as any country ever boasted of. In the short career which Providence allowed to him, he displayed all those qualities which constitute a great soldier—brave he was to excess, and consummately skilled in his profession.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

At the opening of the campaign in 1778, General Howe went to England, and left the command to Sir Henry Clinton. In June, the British army left Philadelphia, and marched toward Staten Island. In their march they were annoyed by the Americans; and on the 28th of June, a division of the army, under General Lee, was ordered, if possible, to bring them to an engagement. Soon after the British had left the heights of Freehold, General Lee was on the same ground, and followed them

into the plain. While he was advancing to reconnoitre the enemy in person, Sir Henry Clinton marched back his whole rear division to attack the Americans. While Lee made a feint of retreating, in order to draw the British after him, one of his officers, General Scott, who had under him the greater part of General Lee's force, misunderstood his orders, and *actually retreated*. This obliged Lee to follow, until he could overtake him, the army hanging upon his rear. In this situation he was met by General Washington, who, riding up to General Lee, addressed him in terms that implied censure. Lee answered with warmth and disrespectful language. General Washington led the troops in person, and a smart action took place, in which both parties claimed the victory, but the advantage was clearly on the side of the Americans. The loss in killed and wounded amounted to 300 or 400, on each side; but the British left the field of battle in the night, and pursued their retreat. This battle lasted through the whole of one of the warmest days of summer, the mercury being above ninety degrees by Fahrenheit's scale. Many of the soldiers died on the spot, by heat, fatigue, or

drinking cold water. General Lee was tried by a court martial for disobedience, and his command suspended for one year.

GENERAL LEE.

General Lee was remarkably slovenly in his dress and manners; and has often, by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attended by General Washington to a place distant from the camp. Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, sometime before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen, demanding something to eat, when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him she would give him some victuals in a moment—but he must help her off with the pot. This he complied with, and sat down to some cold meat, which she had placed before him on the dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly of Lee, who she said she had heard was one of the

oddest and ugliest men in the world. In a few moments, she desired the general again to assist her in placing on the pot, and scarcely had he finished, when she requested him to take a bucket and go to the well. Lee made no objections and began drawing water. In the meantime, General Washington arrived, and an aid-de-camp was despatched in search of Lee; whom, to his surprise, he found engaged as above. But what was the confusion of the poor girl on hearing the aid-de-camp address the man with the title of general. The mug fell from her hands, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon; when Lee, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown, and turning to his aid-de-camp observed, "You see, young man, the advantage of a fine coat—the man of consequence is indebted to it for respect—neither virtue nor abilities without it, will make you look like a gentleman."

PAUL JONES' NAVAL BATTLE

On the 22d of September, 1778, occurred on the coast of Scotland, "that unexampled sea-fight," which gave to the name of Paul Jones such terrific eclat. This man was a native of Scotland, but engaged in the service of the United States. His flotilla was composed of the *Bonhomme Richard*, of forty guns, the *Alliance* of thirty-six, (both American ships,) the *Pallas*, a French frigate of thirty-two, in the pay of Congress, and two other smaller vessels. He fell in with a British merchant fleet, on its return from the Baltic, convoyed by Captain Pearson, with the frigate *Serapis*, of forty four guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, of twenty.

Pearson had no sooner perceived Jones, than he bore down to engage him, while the merchant men endeavored to gain the coast. The American flotilla formed to receive him. The two enemies joined battle about seven in the evening. The British

having the advantage of cannon of a longer reach, Paul Jones resolved to fight them closer. He brought up his ships, until the muzzles of his guns came in contact with those of his enemy. Here the phrenzied combatants fought from seven till ten. Paul Jones now found that his vessel was so shattered that only three effective guns remained. Trusting no longer to these, he assailed his enemy with grenades; which falling into the *Serapis*, set her on fire in several places. At length her magazine blew up, and killed all near it. Pearson, enraged at his officers, who wished him to surrender, commanded them to board. Paul Jones, at the head of his crew, received them at the point of the pike, and they retreated. But the flames of the *Serapis* had communicated to her enemy, and the vessel of Jones was on fire. Amidst this tremendous night-scene, the American frigate *Alliance* came up, mistaking her partner for her enemy, fired a broadside into the vessel of Jones. By the broad glare of the burning ships, she discovered her mistake, and turned her guns against her exhausted foe. Pearson's crew were killed or wounded, his artillery dismounted, and his vessel on fire, and he could no longer resist. The flames of the

Serapis were, however, arrested; but the leaks of the Goodman Richard could not be stopped, and the hulk went down soon after the mangled remains of the crew had been removed. Of the 375 who were on board that renowned vessel, only sixty-eight left it alive. The Pallas had captured the Countess of Scarborough; and Jones, after this horrible victory, wandered with his shattered, unmanageable vessels, for some time; and at length, on the 6th of October, had the good fortune to find his way to the waters of the Texel.

ENCAMPMENT AT VALLEY FORGE.

The American encampment at Valley Forge during the severe winter of 1777-8, presented a spectacle for which the pen of History never drew a parallel. A large army was there concentrated, whose naked foot-prints in the snow, converging to that bleak hill-side, were often marked with blood. Absolute Destitution there held high court; and never was the chivalric heroism of patient suffering

more tangibly manifested than was exhibited by that patriot band within those frail log huts that barely covered them from the falling snow, or sheltered them from the keen wintry blasts. Many were utterly without shoes or stockings, and nearly naked, obliged to sit night after night shivering round their fires in quest of the comforts of heat, instead of taking that needful repose which nature craves. Hunger also became a resident tormentor, for the prevalence of toryism in the vicinage; the avarice of commissaries, the tardy movements of Congress in supplying provisions, and the close proximity of a powerful enemy, combined to make the procurement of provisions absolutely impracticable without a resort to force. But few horses were in the camp; and such was the deficiency in this respect for the ordinary, as well as extraordinary occasions of the army, that the men in many instances cheerfully yoked themselves to vehicles of their own construction, for carrying wood and provisions when procured; while others performed the duty of pack-horses, and carried heavy burdens of fuel upon their backs. Yet amid all this suffering day after day, surrounded by frost and snow, patriotism was still warm and hopeful in the hearts

on the soldiers, and the love of self was merged into the one great sentiment, *love of country*. Although a few feeble notes of discontent were heard, and symptoms of an intention to abandon the cause were visible, yet the great body of that suffering phalanx were content to wait for the budding spring, and be ready to enter anew upon the fields of strife for the cause of freedom. Unprovided with materials to raise their beds from the cold ground, the dampness occasioned sickness and death to rage among them to an astonishing degree. "Indeed, nothing could surpass their suffering, except the patience and fortitude with which it was endured by the faithful part of the army." Amid all this distress, in the neighborhood of a powerful British army, fearless of its numbers and strength, and licentiousness, a striking proof of their intrepidity in suffering was exhibited by the Americans

COLONEL GEORGE R. CLARKE.

Connected with the Indian operations of the summer of 1778, was one distinguished by the boldness of its conception and the brilliancy of its execution. The increasing hostility of the remote tribes upon the waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries had induced a belief that a powerful influence must have been exerted upon their minds by the settlements planted long before at Kaskaskias, and in the country of the Upper Mississippi, by the French, in connection with Canada. For the purpose of striking at once at the root of the evil, an expedition was organized early in the season, the object of which was to invade and take possession of those settlements. The command was intrusted to Colonel George Rogers Clarke, of Virginia, a bold and experienced border officer; and his whole force, destined to penetrate twelve hundred miles through a wilderness, which was, in fact, the enemy's country, did not exceed 200 men. The

rendezvous of this little army was at the Great Kanhawa, where they were attacked by a superior Indian force before their embarkation. But, finding they were not able to make any impression upon the fort, the assailants drew off, having killed but one man and wounded one or two more. Descending to the falls of the Ohio, a small fort was erected at that place, in which a garrison was left of ten or twelve families. Arriving within about sixty miles of the mouth of the Ohio, the troops were landed, and, with only four days' provisions, marched for the Illinois. They reached the precincts of Kaskaskias at midnight on the sixth day, having marched two days without food, and determined forthwith, and unanimously, to take the town or die in the attempt. The town was strongly fortified, and contained about 250 well built houses; but the approach of the invaders was unknown; the people and the garrison were alike slumbering in security; and both town and fort were taken, the latter being carried by surprise, although the defences were sufficiently strong to resist 1000 men. The commanding officer, Philip Rocheblave, was made prisoner; and among his papers, falling into the hands of Colonel Clarke, were the

instructions which he had from time to time received from the British governors of Quebec, Detroit, and Michilimackinack, urging him to stimulate the Indians to war by the proffer of large bounties for scalps. Rocheblave was sent a prisoner to Williamsburg, in Virginia, and with him were sent the papers taken from his portfolio.

On the day after the fall of Kaskaskias, Captain Joseph Bowman, at the head of thirty mounted men, was sent to attack three other towns upon the Mississippi, the first of which, called Parraderuski, distant fifteen miles from Kaskaskias, was surprised, and taken without opposition, the inhabitants at once assenting to the terms of the conqueror. The next town was St. Philip's, distant nine miles farther up. The force of Captain Bowman was so small, that he wisely determined to make a descent upon St. Philip's in the night, that his strength, or, rather, his weakness, might be concealed. The precaution ensured success; and the inhabitants with whom the whole negotiation was conducted in the night, acceded to the terms prescribed. From St. Philip's, Captain Bowman directed his course upon the yet more considerable town of Canhow, distant between forty and fifty miles. This

town contained about 100 families, and was also approached secretly, and entered in the night. Captain Bowman, with his troop, rode directly to the quarters of the commander, and demanded the surrender of himself and the whole town, which was immediately complied with. Taking possession of a large stone house, well fortified, the "bold dragoon" immediately established his quarters therein, and awaited the morning's dawn, which would disclose to the people the diminutive force to which they had surrendered. Enraged at the discovery, one of the enemy threatened to bring a body of 150 Indians against the little American squadron, and cut them off. But he was secured, and in the course of ten days upward of 300 of the inhabitants became so reconciled to their change of masters as to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Leaving a small guard at Cauhow, Captain Bowman returned to Kaskaskias

AFFAIRS AT SCHOHARIE.

The enemy on the New York frontiers were by no means inactive. A large band of Indians and Tories, under the conduct of Brant and Barent Frey, broke into the district at the close of May and inflicted no small degree of damage, by the destruction of both life and property. They were met by Captain Patrick, belonging to Colonel Alden's regiment, and a handful of troops, who were entirely cut to pieces. Captain Patrick fell early in the engagement. His lieutenant, a corporal, and nineteen men, were also killed. The command then devolved upon a sergeant, who fought bravely, as all had done. They were surrounded by a force greatly superior in numbers, and but four men, exclusive of the sergeant, escaped, all wounded. The bodies of Patrick and his lieutenant were shockingly mutilated. A portion of the settlement was burned, and the settlement of Turlock, in the same vicinity, was also ravaged.

The people of Schoharie had suffered severely from the scouts and scalping parties of the enemy during the summer, but their bravery in individual contests had amply avenged their wrongs. On one occasion a party of seven Indians made prisoner of a Mr. Sawyer, whom they bound and marched off into the wilderness. Having proceeded eight or ten miles, they laid themselves down to sleep for the night. But their prisoner had been less effectually secured than they supposed. In the course of the night he succeeded in disengaging his hands, and cautiously taking a hatchet from the girdle of one of the Indians, he despatched six of them in rapid succession, and wounded the seventh, who made his escape. Having thus relieved himself of his keepers, Sawyer returned home in safety, and at his leisure.

Soon after the battle of Monmouth, Lieutenant-Colonel William Butler, with one of the Pennsylvania regiments and a detachment of Morgan's riflemen, was ordered to the North, and stationed at Schoharie. Butler was a brave and experienced officer, especially qualified for the service upon which he was appointed. His arrival in Schoharie had a salutary effect, by discouraging the disaffected

and, by the presence of a stronger force than had yet been among them, establishing the confidence and reviving the spirits of the people. Several of his scouting parties also returned with good success. Attached to the rifle corps, under Captain Long, were several bold spirits, who signalized themselves so greatly in the partisan warfare in which they were engaged, that many of their exploits are freshly remembered among the inhabitants of Schoharie to this day. Of this number were David Elerson, and a Virginian named Murphy. The first expedition of Captain Long was directed to the valley of the Charlotte River, one of the upper tributaries of the Susquehanna, flowing from the mountains south of Schoharie. The object was to arrest and bring to the fort a conspicuous Tory living upon that stream, named Service. His house being a point of rendezvous and supply for the Tory and Indian scouts, it was desirable that it should be broken up. While on his way to the place of destination, it was the good fortune of Captain Long to intercept a company of Tories, enlisted for the king's service, in the neighborhood of Catskill, by a Captain Smith, who were then on their way to join Sir John Johnson at Niagara.

Smith was killed by the simultaneous shots of Elerson and his captain, they being a few rods in advance at the moment when the Tory leader emerged at the head of his men from a thicket. His followers fled in every direction. They had intended to lodge that night with Service, but that unfortunate man had guests of quite another character. While unapprised of danger, his house was surrounded by the troops of Long, when in an instant Murphy and Elerson rushed in, and made him a prisoner. Having been informed that he must accompany them to Schoharie, on leaving his house he seized an axe standing by the door, which he poised, and directed for a blow at the head of Murphy. The latter was too quick-sighted to receive it; but as he sprang aside to avoid the descending weapon, Service fell dead from the rifle of Elerson.

After his term of enlistment had expired, Murphy remained in Schoharie, and made war on his own account. He was as remarkable for his fleetness as for his courage and great precision in firing. He used a double-barrelled rifle; and the fact of his frequently firing twice in succession without stopping to load, and always bringing down his man, rendered him a terror to the Indians. Not knowing

the peculiar construction of his rifle, they were impressed with the belief that it was a charmed weapon, and supposed he could continue firing as long and as often as he pleased without loading at all. He fought the savages after their own fashion; was more than their equal in stratagem or with his heels; and, the greater the apparent danger he was encountering, the greater was his delight. When he had opportunity, he took pattern of the Indians in scalping those who fell by his unerring aim; and it was said that he killed forty of their warriors with his own hands.

SERGEANT JASPER.

The reader is already somewhat acquainted with the name of William Jasper — perhaps Sergeant Jasper is the better known. This brave man possessed remarkable talents for a scout. He could wear all disguises with admirable ease and dexterity. Garden styles him “a perfect Proteus.” He was equally remarkable for his cunning as for

his bravery ; and his nobleness and generosity were, quite as much as these, the distinguishing traits of his character. Such was the confidence in his fidelity and skill that a roving commission was granted him, with liberty to pick his associates from the Brigade. Of these he seldom chose more than six. "He often went out," says Moultrie, "and returned with prisoners, before I knew that he was gone. I have known of his catching a party that was looking for him. He has told me that he could have killed single men several times, but he would not ; he would rather let them get off. He went into the British lines at Savannah, as a deserter, complaining, at the same time, of our ill-usage of him ; he was gladly received (they having heard of his character) and caressed by them. He stayed eight days, and after informing himself well of their strength, situation and intentions, he returned to us again ; but that game he could not play a second time. With his little party he was always hovering about the enemy's camp, and was frequently bringing in prisoners." It was while in the exercise of his roving privileges that Jasper prepared to visit the post of the enemy at Ebenezer. At this post he had a brother, who

neld the same rank in the British service, that he held in the American. This instance was quite too common in the history of the period and country, to occasion much surprise, or cause any suspicion of the integrity of either party. We have already considered the causes for this melancholy difference of individual sentiment in the country, and need not dwell upon them here. William Jasper loved his brother and wished to see him: it is very certain, at the same time, that he did not deny himself the privilege of seeing all around him. The Tory was alarmed at William's appearance in the British camp, but the other quieted his fears, by representing himself as no longer an American soldier. He checked the joy which this declaration excited in his brother's mind, by assuring him that, though he found little encouragement in fighting for his country, "he had not the heart to fight against her." Our scout lingered for two or three days in the British camp, and then, by a *detour*, regained that of the Americans; reporting to his commander all that he had seen. He was encouraged to repeat his visit a few weeks after, but this time he took with him a comrade, one Sergeant Newton, a fellow quite as brave in spirit, and

strong in body as himself. Here he was again well received by his brother, who entertained the guests kindly for several days. Meanwhile, a small party of Americans were brought into Ebenezer as captives, over whom hung the danger of "short shrift and sudden cord." They were on their way to Savannah for trial. They had taken arms with the British, as hundreds more had done, when the country was deemed reconquered; but, on the approach of the American army, had rejoined their countrymen, and were now once more at the mercy of the power with which they had broken faith. "It will go hard with them," said the Tory Jasper to his Whig brother; but the secret comment of the other was, "it shall go hard with me first." There was a woman, the wife of one of the prisoners, who, with her child, kept them company. William Jasper and his friend were touched by the spectacle of their distress; and they conferred together, as soon as they were alone, as to the possibility of rescuing them. Their plan was soon adopted. It was a simple one, such as naturally suggests itself to a hardy and magnanimous character. The prisoners had scarcely left the post for Savannah, under a guard of eight men, a sergeant

and corporal, when Jasper and his friend departed also, though in a different direction from the guard. Changing their course when secure from observation, they stretched across the country and followed the footsteps of the unhappy captives. But it was only in the pursuit that they became truly conscious of the difficulty, nay, seeming impossibility, of effecting their object. The guard was armed, and ten in number; they but two and weaponless. Hopeless, they nevertheless followed on. Two miles from Savannah there is a famous spring, the waters of which are well known to travelers. The conjecture that the guard might stop there, with the prisoners, for refreshment, suggested itself to our companions; here, opportunities might occur for the rescue, which had nowhere before presented themselves. Taking an obscure path with which they were familiar, which led them to the spot before the enemy could arrive, they placed themselves in ambush in the immediate neighborhood of the spring. They had not long to wait. The conjecture proved correct. The guard was halted on the road opposite the spring. The corporal with four men conducted the captives to the water, while the sergeant, with the remainder

of his force, having made them ground their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners threw themselves upon the earth—the woman and her child, near its father. Little did any of them dream that deliverance was at hand. The child fell asleep in the mother's lap. Two of the armed men kept guard, but we may suppose with little caution. What had they to apprehend, within sight of a walled town in the possession of their friends? Two others approached the spring, in order to bring water to the prisoners. Resting their muskets against a tree they proceeded to fill their canteens. At this moment Jasper gave the signal to his comrade. In an instant the muskets were in their hands. In another, they had shot down the two soldiers upon duty; then clubbing their weapons, they rushed out upon the astonished enemy, and felling their first opponents each at a blow, they succeeded in obtaining possession of the loaded muskets. This decided the conflict, which was over in a few minutes. The surviving guard yielded themselves to mercy before the presented weapons. Such an achievement could only be successful from its audacity and the operation of circumstances. The very proximity of Savannah increased the chances

of success. But for this the guard would have used better precautions. None were taken. The prompt valor, the bold decision, the cool calculation of the instant, were the essential elements which secured success. The work of our young heroes was not done imperfectly. The prisoners were quickly released, the arms of the captured British put into their hands, and, hurrying away from the spot which they have crowned with a local celebrity not soon to be forgotten, they crossed the Savannah in safety with their friends and foes.

CHAPTER V.—1779.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

Among the many exploits of gallantry and prowess which shed a luster on the fame of our Revolutionary army, the storming of the fort at Stony Point has always been considered one of the most brilliant.

To General Wayne, who commanded the light infantry of the army, the execution of the plan was intrusted. Secrecy was deemed so much more essential to success than numbers, that it was thought unadvisable to add to the force already on the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march, so as to reach the scene of action in time to cover the troops engaged in the attack, in case of any unlooked for disaster ; and Major Lee, of the light dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with General Wayne,

as far as cavalry could be employed in such a service.

The night of the 15th of July, 1779, was fixed on for the assault; and it being suspected that the garrison would probably be more on their guard toward day, twelve was chosen for the hour.

Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh, there is only one crossing-place. But at its junction with the river is a sandy beach passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill was erected the fort, which was furnished with a sufficient number of heavy pieces of ordnance. Several breast-works and strong batteries were advanced in front of the principal work, and about half way down the hill, were two rows of abbatiss. The batteries were calculated to command the beach and the crossing-place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from either of those points toward the fort. In addition to these defences, several vessels of war were stationed in the river, so as, in a

considerable degree, to command the ground at the foot of the hill.

The fort was garrisoned by about 600 men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

At noon of the day preceding the night of the attack, the light infantry commenced their march from Sandy Beach, distant fourteen miles from Stony Point, and passing through an excessively rugged and mountainous country, arrived about eight in the afternoon at Spring Steel's, one and a half miles from the fort, where the dispositions for the assault were made.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flanks at the same instant. The regiments of Febiger, and of Meiggs, with Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column, and Butler's regiment, with two companies under Major Murfree, formed the left. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury and Major Posey, constituted the right; and 100 volunteers under Major Stewart, composed the left. At half past eleven, the two columns moved on to the charge, the van of each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded

by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox, whose duty it was to remove the abbatis and other obstructions, in order to open a passage for the columns which followed close in the rear.

Proper measures having been taken to secure every individual on the route, who could give intelligence of their approach, the Americans reached the marsh undiscovered. But unexpected difficulties having been experienced in surmounting this and other obstructions in the way, the assault did not commence until twenty minutes after twelve. Both columns then rushed forward, under a tremendous fire of musketry and grape shot. Surmounting every obstacle, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet, and without having discharged a single piece, obtained complete possession of the post.

The *humanity* displayed by the conquerors was not less conspicuous, nor less honorable, than their courage. *Not a single individual suffered after resistance had ceased.*

All the troops engaged in this perilous service manifested a degree of ardor and impetuosity which proved them to be capable of the most difficult enterprises; and all distinguished themselves

whose situation enabled them to do so. Colonel Fleury was the first to enter the fort, and strike the British standard. Major Posey mounted the works almost at the same instant, and was the first to give the watch-word — "The fort's our own." Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox performed the service allotted to them with a degree of intrepidity which could not be surpassed. Out of twenty men who constituted the party of the former, seventeen were killed or wounded.

The loss sustained by the garrison was not considerable. The return made by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, represented their dead at only twenty, including one captain, and their wounded at six officers and sixty-eight privates. The return made by General Wayne states their dead at sixty-three, including two officers. This difference may be accounted for, by supposing, that among those Colonel Johnson supposed to be missing, there were many killed. The prisoners amounted to 543, among whom were one lieutenant-colonel, four captains and twenty subaltern officers. The military stores taken in the fort were also considerable.

The loss sustained by the assailants was by no means proportioned to the apparent danger of the

enterprise. The killed and wounded did not exceed 100 men. General Wayne himself, who marched at the head of Febiger's regiment in the right column, received a slight wound in the head, which stunned him for a time, but did not compel him to leave the column. Being supported by his aids, he entered the fort with the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Hay was also among the wounded.

The intrepidity, joined with humanity, its noblest companion, displayed on that occasion by the Pennsylvania Hero and his brave followers, cannot be too highly esteemed nor too frequently commemorated.

COLONEL ISAAC HAYNE.

After the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship issued a proclamation, requiring of the inhabitants of the colony, that they should no longer take part in the contest, but continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in property

and person. This was accompanied with an instrument of neutrality, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of South Carolina, among whom was Colonel Hayne, who now conceived that he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune. But it was not long before Cornwallis put a new construction on the instrument of neutrality denominating it a bond of allegiance to the King, and called upon all who signed it to take up arms against the *Rebels!* threatening to treat as deserters those who refused. This fraudulent proceeding in Lord Cornwallis roused the indignation of every honorable and honest man. Colonel Hayne now being compelled in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms, resolved that the invaders of his native country should be the objects of his vengeance. He withdrew from the British, and was invested with a command in the Continental service; but it was soon his hard fortune to be captured by the enemy and carried to Charleston. Lord Rawdon, the commandant, immediately ordered him to be loaded with irons, and after a sort of mock trial, he was sentenced to be hung! This sentence seized all classes of people with horror and dismay

A petition, headed by the British Governor, Bull, and signed by a number of Royalists, was presented in his behalf, but was totally disregarded. The ladies of Charleston, both whigs and tories, now united in a petition to Lord Rawdon, couched in the most eloquent and moving language, praying that the valuable life of Colonel Hayne, might be spared; but this was treated with neglect. It was next proposed that Colonel Hayne's children (the mother had recently expired with the small pox,) should, in their mourning habiliments, be presented to plead for the life of their only surviving parent. Being introduced into his presence, they fell on their knees; with clasped hands and weeping eyes they lisped their father's name, and plead most earnestly for his life. His son, a youth of thirteen, was permitted to stay with his father in prison, who, beholding his own parent loaded with irons and condemned to die, was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow. "Why," said he, "my son, will you thus break your father's heart with unavailing sorrow? Have I not often told you that we came into this world but to prepare for a better? For that better life, my dear boy, your father is *prepared*. Instead then of weeping, rejoice with me, my son,

that my troubles are so near an end. To-morrow, I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of my execution, and when I am dead, take and bury me by the side of your mother." The youth here fell on his father's neck, "Oh, my father! I will die with you?" Colonel Hayne would have returned the strong embraces of his son; but alas! his hands were confined with irons. "Live," said he, "my son, live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters!" The next morning Colonel Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself, and said — "Now, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life, and all my life's sorrows. Beyond that, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much to heart our separation from you: it will be but short. It was but lately your mother died. To day I die, and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow us." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you; for indeed I feel that I cannot live long."

On seeing, therefore, his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly, but soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was stanchèd, and he never wept more. He died *insane*, and in his last moments often called on the name of his father in terms that brought tears from the hardest hearts.

INTREPIDITY OF COLONEL WHITE.

Just before the commencement of the siege of Savannah, in 1779, an enterprise was achieved by six Americans, remarkable for the address and daring intrepidity with which it was planned and executed. Captain French, of the British army, with about 100 men, had taken post on the Ogeechee river, where were also forty sailors on board of five British vessels, four of which were armed, the largest mounting fourteen guns. Colonel John White, of the Georgia line, with Captain Elholm

and four other persons, one of whom was the Colonel's servant, after kindling at night a number of fires, exhibiting the parade of a large encampment, and using other stratagems, peremptorily summoned the British commander to surrender. Captain French, in order to save his men from being cut to pieces, by a force which he supposed to be superior to his own, surrendered, on the 1st of October, without the smallest resistance. Colonel White having thus far succeeded, pretended he must keep back his troops, lest their animosity, already stifled by great exertions, should break out, and indiscriminate slaughter take place in defiance of his authority; and, therefore, he would commit his prisoners to three guides, who would conduct them safely to good quarters. This humane attention of White was thankfully received. He immediately ordered three of his attendants to proceed with the prisoners, who moved off with celerity, anxious to get away, lest the fury of White's corps, believed to be at hand, might break out, desirous as he was to restrain it. White, with the two men retained by him, repaired, as he announced to his guides and prisoners, to his troops for the purpose of proceeding in the rear. He then

employed himself in collecting the militia of the neighborhood, with whom he overtook his guides and prisoners.

This affair, says General H. Lee, in his memoirs, approaches too near the marvelous to have been admitted by him, had it not been uniformly accredited, and never contradicted.

PRUDENCE AND BRAVERY OF MAJOR LEE.

Major Lee, on the 19th of July, 1779, with about 300 men, completely surprised the British garrison at Paulus Hook, directly opposite the city of New York, and brought off 159 prisoners; having killed about thirty of the British; while the loss of the Americans was only two killed and three wounded. Congress gave thanks to Major Lee, and ordered a gold medal to be struck and presented to him, as a commemorative of the action, and as a reward for his prudence, address, and bravery.

SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION.

During the summer of 1779, an expedition under General Sullivan was sent against the Indian tribes called the Six Nations, upon the upper sources of the Susquehanna, who, with the exception of the Oneidas, incited by British agents, had for some time carried on a sort of guerilla warfare against the border settlements. Sullivan with about 3000 troops, left Wyoming and proceeded up the Susquehanna to Tioga Point, where he was joined by General James Clinton, from the banks of the Mohawk, with about 1600 men, making his effective force nearly 5000.

At Elmira, in Chemung county, Sullivan found a party of Indians and Tories about 1000 in number, 800 savages and 200 whites, under the command of Brandt, Butler, and others, who were at the massacre of Wyoming the preceding year. They were strongly fortified, but Sullivan at once attacked them, and, after a desperate resistance, the savages

retreated back into the wilderness. Determined to chastise them severely, the Americans pursued them into the very heart of their country, and during the month of September, they desolated the whole domain to the Genesee River. They burned forty Indian villages, laid waste corn fields, gardens, fruit trees, and every other vestige of cultivation left behind by the flying Indians and Tories, destroying more than 150,000 bushels of corn. This expedition was a cruel one, and was hardly justifiable by any rule of right; yet it presented one of those stern necessities—an evil of great magnitude, requiring a severe remedy to avert serious consequences—which the exigencies of the times called forth. It greatly intimidated the Indians, and for a time the frontier settlements had repose.

ADVENTURE OF DAVID ELERSON.

The detachment to which Elerson belonged had been ordered from Schoharie to join General Clinton's expedition. While lying at the head of

the lake, Elerson rambled off to an old clearing, at the distance of a mile or more from the camp, to gather pulse for dinner. Having filled his knapsack, while adjusting it, in order to return to camp, he was startled at the rustling of the tall and coarse herbage around him, and in the same instant beheld some ten or a dozen Indians, who had crept upon him so cautiously as to be just on the point of springing, to grasp him. Their object was clearly rather to make him a prisoner than to kill him, since he might easily have been shot down unperceived. Perhaps they wanted him for an *auto-da-fe*, perhaps to obtain information. Seizing his rifle, which was standing by his side, Elerson sprang forward to escape. A shower of tomahawks hurled through the air after him; but, as he had plunged into a thicket of tall weeds and bushes, he was only struck on one of his hands, his middle finger being nearly severed. A brisk chase was immediately commenced. Scaling an old brushwood fence, Elerson darted into the woods, and the Indians after him. He was as fleet as a stag; and perceiving that they were not likely soon to overtake, the pursuers discharged their rifles after him, but luckily without effect. The chase was thus

continued from eleven until three o'clock, Elerson using every device and stratagem to elude or deceive the Indians, but they holding him close. At length, having gained a moment to breathe, an Indian started up in his front. Drawing up his rifle to clear the passage in that direction, the whiz of a bullet fleshing his side, and the crack of a rifle from another point, taught him that delays were particularly dangerous at that spot. The Indian in front, however, had disappeared, on his presenting his rifle, and Elerson again darted forward. His wounded side bled a little, though not enough to weaken him. Having crossed a ridge, he paused a moment in the valley beyond to slake his thirst, his mouth being parched, and himself almost fainting. On rising from the brook, the head of one of his pursuers peeped over the crest of the hill. He raised his rifle, but such was his exhaustion that he could not hold it steady. A minute more and he would have been in the power of the savage. Raising his rifle again, and steadying it by the side of a tree, he brought the savage tumbling headlong down the hill. In the next moment his trusty rifle was re-loaded and primed, and in the next the whole group of his pursuers came rushing

over the ridge. He again supposed his minutes were numbered; but, as he was partly sheltered by the trunk of a huge hemlock, they saw not him, but only the body of their fallen comrade, yet quivering in the agonies of death. Drawing in a circle about the body of their companion, they raised the death wail; and as they paused, Elerson made another effort to fly. Before they resumed the pursuit, he had succeeded in burying himself in a dark thicket of hemlocks, where he found the hollow trunk of a tree, into which he crept. Here he lay ensconced two full days, without food or dressing for his wound. On the third day he backed out of "the loophole of his retreat," but knew not which way to proceed, not discerning the points of the compass. In the course of two or three miles however, he came to a clearing, and found himself at Cobleskill, having, during his recent chase, run over hill and dale, bog, brook, and fen, upward of twenty-five miles.

At about the same time, and probably by the same party of Indians, the premises of a Mr. Shankland, lying in their track, situated in the outskirts of Cherry Valley, were assaulted. Residing at the distance of two or three miles from the village, his

house had escaped the common destruction the preceding autumn. But he had, nevertheless, removed his family to the Valley of the Mohawk for safety, and had returned to his domicile accompanied only by his son. They were awakened just before dawn by the assailants, who were endeavoring to cut away the door with their hatchets. Taking down his two guns, Mr. Shankland directed his son to load them, while he successively fired to the best advantage. But not being able to see the enemy, he determined upon a sortie. Having a spear, or espontoon, in the house, he armed himself therewith, and carefully unbarring the door, rushed forth upon the besiegers, who fled back at his sudden apparition. One of the Indians, whom he was specially pursuing, tumbled over a log, and, as Mr. Shankland struck at him, his spear entered the wood and parted from the shaft. Wrenching the blade from the log, he darted back into the house, barred the door, and again commenced firing upon the assailants. They had been so much surprised by his rushing out upon them, that they neither fired a shot nor hurled a tomahawk until he had returned to his castle and barred the sally-port. During that part of the affray, his son,

becoming somewhat frightened, escaped from the house and ran for the woods. He was pursued, overtaken, and made captive. The father, however, continued the fight, the Indians firing through the casements at random, and he returning the shots as well as he could. At one time he thought of sallying forth again, and selling his life to the best advantage; but, by thus doing, he very rightly judged that he should at once involve the life of his son. The Indians, growing wearied of fighting at such disadvantage, at last attempted to make sure of their victim by applying the torch, and the house was speedily in flames. But between the rear of the house and the forest a field of hemp interposed, into which Mr. Shankland contrived to throw himself from the house, unperceived by the Indians. Concealed from observation by the hemp, he succeeded in reaching the woods, and making good his retreat to the Mohawk. Meantime, the Indians remained by the house until it was consumed, together, as they supposed, with the garrison. They then raised a shout of victory, and departed, several of their number having been wounded by the courageous proprietor.

BATTLE OF NEWTOWN.

General Sullivan having completed his arrangements, he left Wyoming on the 31st of July, and ascended the Susquehanna to Tioga, with an expedition far more formidable as to numbers, and not less imposing in other respects, than was the descending division under General Clinton, though he had not the advantage of riding upon so majestic a flood. Sullivan reached Tioga on the 11th of August, and on the following day pushed out a detachment twelve miles toward Chemung, which was attacked by a body of Indians, losing, during the brush, seven men killed and wounded. The detachment returned to Tioga on the 13th, after having burned one of the Indian towns.

General Clinton, with his division, having been joined at Oghkwaga by a detachment of Colonel Pauling's levies from Warwasing, arrived at Tioga, and formed a junction with Sullivan on the 22d of August. The entire command amounted now to

5000, consisting of the brigades of Generals Clinton, Hand, Maxwell, and Poor, together with Proctor's artillery and a corps of riflemen. So long had the expedition been in progress, that it was well understood the Indians and Tories were not unprepared to receive them; and in moving up the Tioga and the Chemung Rivers, the utmost degree of caution was observed to guard against surprise. A strong advanced guard of light infantry preceded the main body, which was well protected by large flanking parties. In this way they slowly proceeded in the direction of the works of the enemy, upon the Chemung at Newtown. On the 28th an Indian settlement was destroyed, together with fields of corn, and other Indian products yet unharvested.

The Indians, determined to risk a general action in defence of their country, had selected their ground with judgment, about a mile in advance of Newtown. Their force was estimated by General Sullivan at 1500, including five companies of British troops and rangers, estimated at 200 men. The enemy, however, only allowed their force to consist of 550 Indians, and 250 whites, in all 800. Brant commanded the Indians, and the regular troops

and rangers were led by Colonel John Butler, associated with whom were Colonels Sir John and Guy Johnson, Major Walter N. Butler, and Captain M'Donald. The enemy had constructed a breastwork of half a mile in length, so covered by a bend of the river as to expose only the front and one of the flanks to attack; and even that flank was rendered difficult of approach by resting upon a steep ridge, nearly parallel to the general course of the river, terminating somewhat below the breastwork. Farther yet to the left was still another ridge, running in the same direction, and leading to the rear of the American army. The ground was covered with pine, interspersed with low shrub-oaks, many of which, for the purpose of concealing their works, had been cut and brought from a distance, and stuck down in their front, exhibiting the appearance of untransplanted shrubbery. The road, after crossing a deep brook at the foot of the hill, turned to the right, and ran nearly parallel to the breastwork, so as to expose the whole flank of the army to their fire should it advance without discovering their position. Detachments of the enemy, communicating with each other, were stationed on both hills, for the purpose

of falling upon Sullivan's right and rear the moment the action should commence.

The enemy's position was discovered by Major Parr, commanding the advanced guard, at about eleven o'clock in the morning of the 29th of August. General Hand immediately formed the light infantry in a wood, at the distance of about 400 yards from the breastwork, and waited until the main body of the army had arrived on the ground. A skirmishing was, however, kept up on both sides, the Indians sallying out of their works by small parties, firing, and suddenly retreating, making the woods, at the same time, to resound with their war-whoops, piercing the air, from point to point, as though the tangled forest were alive with their grim-visaged warriors. Correctly judging that the hill upon his right was occupied by the savages, General Sullivan ordered Poor's brigade to wheel off and endeavor to gain their left flank, and, if possible, to surround them, while the artillery and main body of the Americans attacked them in front. The order was promptly executed; but as Poor climbed the ascent, the battle became animated, and the possession of the hill was bravely contested. In front the enemy stood a hot cannonade for more

than two hours. Both Tories and Indians were entitled to the credit of fighting manfully. Every rock, and tree, and bush shielded its man, from behind which the winged messengers of death were thickly sent, but with so little effect as to excite astonishment. The Indians yielded ground only inch by inch; and in their retreat darted from tree to tree with the agility of the panther, often contesting each new position to the point of the bayonets, a thing very unusual even with militiamen, and still more rare among the undisciplined warriors of the woods. Thayendanegea was the animating spirit of the savages. Always in the thickest of the fight, he used every effort to stimulate his warriors, in the hope of leading them to victory. Until the artillery began to play, the whoops and yells of the savages, mingled with the rattling of musketry, had well-nigh obtained the mastery of sound. But their whoops were measurably drowned by the thunder of the cannon. This cannonade "was elegant," to adopt the phraseology of Sullivan himself, in writing to a friend, and gave the Indians a great panic. Still, the battle was contested in front for a length of time with undiminished spirit. But the severity of fighting was

on the flank just described. As Poor gallantly approached the point which completely uncovered the enemy's rear, Brant, who had been the first to penetrate the design of the American commander, attempted once more to rally his forces, and, with the assistance of a battalion of the rangers, make a stand. But it was in vain, although he exerted himself to the utmost for that purpose, flying from point to point, seeming to be every where present, and using every means in his power to reanimate the flagging spirits and reinvigorate the arms of his followers. Having ascended the steep, and gained his object without faltering, Poor turned the enemy's flank, and the fortunes of the day were decided. Perceiving such to be the fact, and that there was danger of being surrounded, the retreat-halloo was raised, and the enemy, savages and white men, abandoned their works, crossed the river, and fled with the utmost precipitation, the Indians leaving their packs and a number of their tomahawks and scalping-knives behind them. The battle was long, and on the side of the enemy bloody. Eleven of their dead were found upon the field: an unusual circumstance with the Indians, who invariably exert themselves to the

utmost to prevent the bodies of their slain from falling into the hands of their foes. But being pushed at the point of the bayonet, they had not time to bear them away. They were pursued two miles, their trail affording indubitable proof that a portion of their dead and wounded had been carried off. Two canoes were found covered with blood, and the bodies of fourteen Indian warriors were discovered partially buried among the leaves. Eight scalps were taken by the Americans during the chase. Considering the duration of the battle, and the obstinacy with which it was maintained, the loss of the Americans was small almost to a miracle. Only five or six men were killed, and between forty and fifty wounded. Among the American officers wounded were Major Titcomb, Captain Clayes, and Lieutenant Collis, the latter mortally. All the houses of the contiguous Indian town were burned, and the corn fields destroyed.

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EXPEDITION OF COLONEL BRODHEAD

But there was yet another expedition against the Indians, devised and executed simultaneously with that of General Sullivan. This movement took place under the direction of Colonel Daniel Brodhead, then commanding at Fort Pitt, and was originally designed by the Commander-in-Chief, after accomplishing the destruction of the Mingo, Munsey, and a portion of the Seneca Indians settled on the Alleghany River, for co-operation with that of Sullivan, by a junction at Niagara, a point, as it happened, unattained by either. Colonel Brodhead left Pittsburgh on the 11th of August, at the head of 600, rank and file, including volunteers and militia, with provisions for one month. The first Indian town designed to be attacked was Cannowago. On their way thither, four days after their departure from Fort Pitt, Colonel Brodhead's advanced guard met a party of between thirty and forty Indian warriors descending the Alleghany in

canoes. The Indians landed to give battle, but were defeated after a sharp brush, and put to flight, leaving five warriors dead, and evident marks that others had been carried off wounded. On arriving at Cannowago, the troops were mortified to find that the town had been deserted for eighteen months. Proceeding onward, however, they successively entered several towns, which were abandoned by the Indians on their approach. They were all destroyed, together with the adjacent cornfields. At the upper Seneca town, called Toghroonwago, they found a painted image, or war-post, clothed in dogskin. There were several towns in the vicinity of this place, containing, in all, 130 houses, some of which were large enough to accommodate three or four families each. These were all destroyed, together with their fields of corn, so extensive that the troops were occupied three days in accomplishing the object. The old towns of Buckloons and Maghinquechahocking, consisting of thirty-five large houses, were likewise burned. The Indians had fled so precipitately as to leave some packages of skins and other booty, to the value of \$3000 all of which were then taken. Fields of corn were destroyed at least to the extent

of 500 acres. From the number of new houses building, and the extent of lands preparing for cultivation, it was conjectured that it was the intention of the whole Seneca and Munsey nations to plant themselves down in those settlements. The distance traversed by Colonel Brodhead, going and returning, was 400 miles, and not a man was lost during the expedition.

The thanks of Congress were likewise voted to General Washington for devising, and to Colonel Brodhead for executing, this expedition. It has already been remarked that, as but few of the enemy were slain in these expeditions, the only immediate effect, beyond the destruction of provisions and property, was to exasperate the Indians. A more remote effect was to throw the whole body of the hostiles of the Six Nations back upon their British employers for their entire support the following winter. Another consequence was, that, from the want and distress of the Indians during the winter, a mortal disease was superinduced among them, which swept great numbers into eternity.

The Delawares were at that time at peace with the United States, and a small body of their

warriors had accompanied Colonel Brodhead on the expedition from which he had just returned. The business having been closed with the Huron chief, the Delawares interposed in behalf of the Maquichee clan of the Shawanese. These Indians were now apparently very humble: but, apprehensive that they might not, perhaps, manage their own case very well, the Delawares had kept them back from the council, and undertaken their cause themselves.

The conference appears to have been satisfactory to Colonel Brodhead. But if the Maquichee clan of the Shawanese preserved their fidelity, the main body of the nation became none the less unfriendly by their means. And although Colonel Brodhead had admonished them that he would not countermand the orders of Colonel Clarke to strike them, it so happened that the first and severest blow was struck by the Shawanese themselves. It was but a short time after the closing of the council at Fort Pitt, that a detachment of seventy men from the Kentucky district of Virginia, under the command of Major Rogers, was surprised while ascending the Ohio, and nearly exterminated. The Kentuckians were drawn ashore by a stratagem. At first

a few Indians only appeared, standing upon a sandbar near the mouth of the Licking River, while a canoe, with three other Indians, was paddling toward them as though to receive them on board. Rogers immediately put in to the Kentucky shore, and having made fast his boats, went in pursuit. Only five or six Indians had been seen, and Rogers, presuming that the whole party would not probably exceed fifteen or twenty at farthest, felt perfectly sure of an easy victory, having seventy men, well armed and provided. Proceeding cautiously toward the point where he supposed he should surround the enemy, and having adjusted his movements with that design, at the very moment when he was preparing to rush forward and secure them, he found himself with his whole force in the midst of an ambuscade! The Indians rose in hundreds on all sides of him, and pouring in a close and deadly fire upon the Americans, rushed upon the survivors tomahawk in hand. Major Rogers and forty-five of his men were killed almost instantly. The residue ran for the boats, but the guard of only five men, who had been left in charge, had sought security by putting off in one of them, while the Indians had already anticipated

the fugitives by taking possession of the others. The possibility of retreat being thus cut off, the brave fellows now turned furiously upon the enemy; and as night was approaching, after a sharp fight for some time, a small number, aided by the darkness, succeeded in effecting their escape to Harrodsburgh.

Among the wounded in this sharp and bloody encounter, who escaped both death and captivity, were Captain Robert Benham and another man, whose cases, together, form a novel and romantic adventure. Benham was shot through both hips, and the bones being shattered, he instantly fell. Still, aided by the darkness, he succeeded in crawling among the thick branches of a fallen tree, where he lay without molestation through the night and during the following day, while the Indians, who had returned for that purpose, were stripping the slain. He continued to lie close in the place of his retreat until the second day, when, becoming hungry, and observing a raccoon descending a tree, he managed to shoot it, hoping to be able to strike a fire and cook the animal. The crack of the rifle was followed by a human cry, which at first startled the captain; but the cry being

repeated several times, the voice of a Kentuckian was at length recognised; the call was returned, and the parties were soon together. The man proved to be one of his comrades, who had lost the use of both his arms in the battle. Never did misery find more welcome company. One of the parties could use his feet, and the other his hands. Benham, by tearing up his own and his companion's shirts, dressed the wounds of both. He could load his rifle and fire with readiness, and was thus enabled to kill such game as approached, while his companion could roll the game along upon the ground with his feet, and in the same manner collect wood enough together to cook their meals. When thirsty, Benham could place his hat in the teeth of his companion, who went to the Licking, and wading in until he could stoop down and fill it, returned with a hatful of water. When the stock of squirrels and other small game in their immediate neighborhood was exhausted, the man of legs would roam away, and drive up a flock of wild turkeys, then abundant in those parts, until they came within range of Benham's rifle. Thus they lived six weeks, when they discovered a boat upon the Ohio, which took them off. Both recovered thoroughly from their wounds.

CHAPTER VI.—1780.

CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

In the year 1780, a plot fraught with much danger to the American cause was happily discovered. This plot originated with Arnold, a general in the American army, who by his extravagance and overbearing behavior, had brought upon himself a reprimand from the American Congress. Of a temper too impetuous to bear reproof, Arnold, bent on revenge, entered into a negotiation through Major John Andre, adjutant general in the British army, to deliver up to the enemy the important post of West Point, of which Arnold had the command.

Andre proceeded in disguise to West Point, drew a plan of the fortress, concerted with Arnold, and agreed upon the manner and time of attack. Having obtained a passport, and assumed the name of Anderson, Andre set out on his return to New

York by land. He passed the outposts of the American army without suspicion. Supposing himself now out of danger he pressed forward, elated with the prospect of the speedy execution of a plot, which was to give the finishing blow to liberty in America.

When Andre had arrived within about thirty miles of New York, and as he was entering a village called Tarrytown, three militia men, who happened that way, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, seized the bridle of his horse, and accosted him with, "Where are you bound?" Andre, supposing that they were of the British, did not immediately show his passport, but waving their questions, asked them, "*where they belonged to?*" they replied "*to below,*" (referring to the course of the river, and implying that they were of the British party.) "*And so do I,*" said Andre, (confirmed in his mistake by this stratagem,) and at the same time informed them that he was a British officer on urgent business, and must not be detained. "*You belong to our enemies,*" exclaimed the militia men, "*and we arrest you.*" Andre, struck with astonishment, presented his passport; but this, after what had

passed, only rendered his case the more suspicious. He then offered them a purse of gold, his horse and watch, besides a large reward from the British government, if they would but liberate him. But these soldiers, though poor and obscure, were not to be bribed. They searched him, and found concealed in his boot, papers which evidenced his guilt, and they immediately conducted him to Colonel Jameson, their commanding officer.

Andre was tried by a board of general officers of the American army, and executed as a spy, at Tappan, New York, October 2d. He was a young officer, highminded, brave, accomplished, and humane. He suffered with fortitude, and his fate excited the universal sympathy of all parties.

DEATH OF BARON DE KALB.

Major Horry, in his "Life of General Marion," gives the following account of an interview with the brave De Kalb, the day before the disastrous battle of Camden:

Immediately on receiving orders of departure, we waited on the good old De Kalb to take our leave, and to express our deep regret at parting with him. "It is with equal regret, my dear sirs, that I part with you," said he; "because I feel a presentiment that we part to meet no more."

We told him we hoped better things.

"Oh no!" replied he, "it is impossible. War is a kind of game, and has its fixed rules, whereby, when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trial will go. To-morrow, it seems, the die is to be cast; and, in my judgment, without the least chance on our side. The militia will, I suppose, as usual, play the *back-game*; that is, get out of battle as fast as their legs will carry them. But that, you know, won't do for me. I am an *old soldier*, and cannot run: and I believe I have some brave fellows that will stand by me to the last. So, when you hear of our battle, you will probably hear that your old friend, De Kalb, is at rest."

I never was more affected in my life; and I perceived tears in the eyes of General Marion. De Kalb saw them too; and taking us by the hand, he said, with a firm tone, and animated look, "No!

no ! gentlemen ; no emotion for me, but those of congratulation. I am happy. To die is the irreversible decree of him who made us. Then what joy to be able to meet death without dismay This, thank God, is my case. The happiness of man is my wish ; that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to avert so great an evil from an innocent people, I will gladly meet the British to-morrow, at any odds whatever."

As he spoke this, a fire flashed from his eyes. which seemed to me to demonstrate the divinity of virtue, and the immortality of the soul. We left him with feelings which I shall never forget, while memory maintains her place in my aged brain.

It was on the morning of August 15th, 1780, that we left the army in a good position, near Rugeley's mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay. About ten, that night, orders were given to march and surprise the enemy, who had, at the same time, commenced a march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment, the advance of both armies met at two o'clock, and began firing on each other. It was, however, soon discontinued by both parties, who appeared very

willing to leave the matter to be decided by daylight. A council of war was called, in which De Kalb advised that the army should fall back to Rugeley's mills, and wait to be attacked. General Gates not only rejected this excellent counsel, but threw out insinuations that it originated in fear. Upon this, the brave old man leaped from his horse, and placed himself at the head of his command on foot, saying, with considerable warmth, "Well, sir, perhaps a few hours will show who are the brave."

As daylight increased, the frightened militia began to discover the woods, reddened all over with the scarlet uniform of the British army, which soon, with rattling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge; and they scarcely waited to give them a distant fire before they broke, and fled in every direction. General Gates clapped spurs to his horse, as he said, "to bring the rascals back." However, he did not bring himself back, nor did he stop till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. Two-thirds of the army having thus shamefully taken themselves off, the brave old De Kalb and his handful of continentals were left to try the fortune of the

day. More determined valor was never displayed: for though outnumbered more than two to one they sustained the whole British force for more than an hour. Glorifying in the bravery of his continentals, De Kalb towered before them like a pillar of fire. But, alas! what can valor do against equal valor, aided by such fearful odds? While bending forward to animate his troops, the veteran received eleven wounds. Fainting with loss of blood, he fell to the ground, while Britons and Americans were killed over him, as they furiously strove to destroy, or to defend. In the midst of clashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, Monsieur de Buyson, stretched his arms over the fallen hero, and called out, "Save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!" The British officers then interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

De Kalb died, as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. When an English officer condoled with him for his misfortune he replied, "I thank you, sir, for your generous sympathy; but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier, fighting for the rights of man." He survived but a few hours, and was buried in the

plains of Camden, near which his last battle was fought.

Many years after, when the great Washington visited Camden, he eagerly inquired for the grave of De Kalb. It was shown to him. Gazing upon it thoughtfully, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "So, there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger, who came from a distant land, to fight our battles, and to water, with his blood, the tree of liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!"

BATTLE AT KING'S MOUNTAIN.

"It had been the policy of the British, since the general submission of the inhabitants of South Carolina, to increase the royal force by embodying the people of the country as British militia. In the district of Ninety-six, Major Ferguson, a partisan of distinguished merit, had been employed to train the most loyal inhabitants, and to attach them to his own corps. That officer was now

directed by Lord Cornwallis to enter the western part of North Carolina, near the mountains, and to embody the loyalists in that quarter, for co-operation with his army. Cornwallis, in the mean time, commenced his march with the main army from Camden, through the settlement of the Waxhaws, to Charlotteville, in North Carolina. About the same time, Colonel Clark, of Georgia, at the head of a small body of men, which he had collected in the frontiers of North and South Carolina, advanced against Augusta, and laid siege to that place. Colonel Brown, who with a few loyal provincials held that post for the British, made a vigorous defence; and, on the approach of Colonel Cruger, with a re-enforcement from Ninety-six, Clark relinquished the enterprise, and made a rapid retreat through the country along which he had marched to the attack. Major Ferguson, receiving intelligence of his movements, prepared to intercept him. The hardy mountaineers of Virginia and North Carolina, collecting at this time from various quarters, constituted a formidable force, and advanced by a rapid movement toward Ferguson. At the same time, Colonel Williams, from the neighborhood of Ninety-six, and Colonels Tracy and Banan,

also of South Carolina, conducted parties of men toward the same points. Ferguson, having notice of their approach, commenced his march for Charlotteville. The several corps of militia, amounting to near 3000 men, met at Gilberttown, lately occupied by Ferguson. About 1600 riflemen were immediately selected, and mounted on their fleetest horses, for the purpose of following the retreating army. They came up with the enemy at King's Mountain, October 7th, 1780, where Ferguson, on finding he should be overtaken, had chosen his ground, and waited for an attack. The Americans formed themselves into three divisions, led by Colonels Campbell, Shelby, and Cleaveland, and began to ascend the mountain in three different and opposite directions. Cleaveland with his division, was the first to gain sight of the enemy's pickets, and halting his men, he addressed them in the following simple, affecting, and animating terms:—"My brave fellows, we *have* beat the *to-ries*, and we *can* beat them; they are all cowards. If they had the spirit of men, they would join with their fellow-citizens in supporting the independence of their country. When engaged, you are not to wait for the word of command from me

I will show you by my example how to fight. I can undertake no more. Every man must consider himself as an officer, and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can, and stand your ground as long as you can. When you can do no better, get behind trees, or retreat; but I beg of you not to run quite off. If we are repulsed, let us make a point to return, and renew the fight; perhaps we may have better luck in the second attempt than in the first. If any of you are afraid, such have leave to retire, and they are requested immediately to take themselves off." This address, which would have done honor to the hero of Agincourt, being ended, the men rushed upon the enemy's pickets, and forced them to retire; but returning again to the charge with the bayonet, Cleaveland's men gave way in their turn. In the mean time, Colonel Shelby advanced with his division, and was in like manner driven back by the bayonets of the enemy; but there was yet another body of assailants to be received: Colonel Campbell moved up at the moment of Shelby's repulse, but was equally unable to stand against the British bayonet; and Ferguson still kept possession of his mountain. The whole of the division being

separately baffled, determined to make another effort in co-operation, and the conflict became terrible. Ferguson still depended upon the bayonet but this brave and undaunted officer, after gallantly sustaining the attack for nearly an hour, was killed by a musket ball, and his troops soon after surrendered at discretion. The enemy's loss on this occasion was 300 killed and wounded, 800 prisoners, and 1500 stand of arms. Our loss in killed was about twenty, among whom was Colonel Williams, one of our most active and enterprising officers; our number of wounded was very considerable.

BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

Morgan, pursued by Tarleton, having been accustomed to fight and to conquer, did not relish the eager and interrupting pursuit of his adversary; and sat down at the Cowpens to give rest and refreshment to his harassed troops, with a resolution no longer to avoid action, should his enemy persist

in it. Being apprised at the dawn of day of Tarleton's advance he instantly prepared for battle. This decision grew out of irritation of temper, which appears to have overruled the suggestions of his sound and discriminating judgment. The ground about the Cowpens is covered with open wood, admitting the operation of cavalry with facility, in which the enemy trebled Morgan.

Two light parties of militia, under Major M'Dowel, of North Carolina, and Major Cunningham, of Georgia, were advanced in front, with orders to fell the enemy as he approached; and, preserving a desultory well-aimed fire as they fell back to the front line, to range with it and renew the conflict. The main body of the militia composed this line, with General Pickens. at its head. At a suitable distance in the rear of the first line a second was stationed, composed of the continental infantry and two companies of Virginia militia, under Captains Triplett and Taite, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard. Washington's cavalry, reinforced with a company of mounted militia, armed with sabres, was held in reserve; convenient to support the infantry, and protect the horses of

the rifle militia, which were tied, agreeably to usage, in the rear.

The British lieutenant-colonel, urging forward, was at length gratified with the certainty of battle; and, being prone to presume on victory, he hurried the formation of his troops. The light and legion infantry, with the seventh regiment, composed the line of battle; in the centre of which was posted the artillery, consisting of two grasshoppers; and a troop of dragoons was placed on each flank. The battalion of the seventy-first regiment, under Major M'Arthur, with the remainder of the cavalry, formed the reserve. Tarleton placed himself with the line, having under him Major Newmarsh, who commanded the seventh regiment. The disposition was not completed when he directed the line to advance, and the reserve to wait further orders. The American light parties quickly yielded, fell back, and arrayed with Pickens. The enemy shouting, rushed forward upon the front line, which retained its station, and poured in a close fire but, continuing to advance with the bayonet on our militia, they retired, and gained with haste the second line. Here, with part of the corps, Pickens took post on Howard's right, and the rest fled to

their horses — probably with orders to remove them to a further distance. Tarleton pushed forward, and was received by his adversary with unshaken firmness. The contest became obstinate, and each party animated by the example of its leader, nobly contended for victory. Our line maintained itself so firmly, as to oblige the enemy to order up his reserve. The advance of M'Arthur reanimated the British line, which again moved forward; and, outstretching our front, endangered Howard's right. This officer instantly took measures to defend his flank, by directing his right company to change its front; but, mistaking this order, the company fell back; upon which the line began to retire, and General Morgan directed it to retreat to the cavalry. This manœuvre being performed with precision, our flank became relieved, and the new position was assumed with promptitude. Considering this retrograde movement the precursor of flight, the British line rushed on with impetuosity and disorder; but, as it drew near, Howard faced about, and gave it a close and murderous fire. Stunned by this unexpected shock, the most advanced of the enemy recoiled in confusion. Howard seized the happy moment, and

followed his advantage with the bayonet. This decisive step gave us the day. The reserve having been brought near the line, shared in the destruction of our fire, and presented no rallying point to the fugitives. A part of the enemy's cavalry, having gained our rear, fell on that portion of the militia who had retired to their horses. Washington struck at them with his dragoons, and drove them before him. Thus, by simultaneous efforts the infantry and cavalry of the enemy were routed. Morgan pressed home his success, and the pursuit became vigorous and general. The British cavalry having taken no part in the action, except the two troops attached to the line, were in force to cover the retreat. This, however, was not done. The zeal of Lieutenant-Colonel Washington in pursuit having carried him far before his squadron, Tarleton turned upon him with the troop of the seventeenth regiment of dragoons, seconded by many of his officers. The American lieutenant-colonel was first rescued from this critical contest by one of his sergeants, and afterward by a fortunate shot from his bugler's pistol. This check concluded resistance on the part of the British officer, who drew off with the remains of his cavalry, collected his

stragglers, and hastened to Lord Cornwallis. The baggage guard, learning the issue of the battle, moved instantly toward the British army. The remainder arrived with Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton on the morning following. In this decisive battle we lost about seventy men, of whom twelve only were killed. The British infantry, with the exception of the baggage guard, were nearly all killed or taken. One hundred, including ten officers, were killed; twenty-three officers and 500 privates were taken. The artillery, 800 muskets, two standards, thirty-five baggage wagons, and 100 dragoon horses, fell into our possession.

Congress manifested their sense of this important victory by a resolve, approving the conduct of the principal officers, and commemorative of their distinguished exertions. To General Morgan they presented a golden medal, to Brigadier Pickens a sword, and to Lieutenant-Colonels Howard and Washington, a silver medal, and to Captain Triplett, a sword.

SERGEANT MITCHELL.

The intrepidity of this excellent soldier, merits particular notice. There were no ensigns attached to the command, and when it was ascertained that a contest must ensue with Tarleton, the adjutant selected Mitchell to bear the colors, as he had always been distinguished for correctness of conduct, and was connected with a family of high respectability. In the progress of the battle, Tarleton led an attack on the centre of the line where Mitchell was posted, with his standard. The intrepid sergeant was cut down, and the staff of his colors broken. Grasping the part to which the colors were attached, he retained it firmly in his hands, while dragged to a distance of fifteen yards. The British dragoons now gathered round him, and would immediately have mangled him to death, but Captain Kinloch dismounted and protected him from their rage, declaring that so gallant a soldier, though an enemy should not perish.

Mitchell survived his wounds, though severe, removed, at the close of the war to Georgia, became, from his acknowledged merits, a Brigadier-General, and was, but a few years back, a hale and hearty man.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

In June, 1780, the twenty-eight gun ship Trumbull, commanded by Captain Nicholson, attacked the British ship Watt, of greatly superior strength, and was disabled, but not captured. She lost thirty-two in killed and wounded; the enemy lost ninety-two. In October, the sixteen-gun sloop Saratoga, Captain Young, captured a British ship and two brigs, but while convoying them into port, was overtaken by the seventy-four Intrepid, and the prizes were recaptured. The Saratoga escaped. On the 2d of April, 1781, the Alliance, Captain Barry, captured two Guernsey privateers; and soon after, she captured two British men-of-war, one of which was retaken on its way to America. In June, the

Confederacy, Captain Harding, was captured by two armed British vessels. In August, the Trumbull was captured by three British cruisers, off the Capes of the Delaware; and on the 6th of September, the Congress, Captain Geddes, captured the British ship Savage, after a desperate encounter. She was afterward recaptured.

DEFEAT OF MAJOR GAINES.

Marion's career of activity commenced with his command. Though always prudent, he yet learned that prudence in military life must always imply activity. The insecurity of the encampment, with a militia force, is always greater than that of battle. The Roman captains of celebrity were particularly aware of this truth. But the activity of Marion was necessarily straitened by the condition in which he found his men. They were wretchedly deficient in all the materials of service. His first effort to supply some of their wants, was in sacking the saw-mills. The saws were wrought and hammered

by rude blacksmiths into some resemblance to sabres, and thus provided, Marion set his men in motion, two days after taking the command. Crossing the Pedee at Port's Ferry, he advanced upon a large body of Tories commanded by Major Gainey, who held a position upon Britton's Neck. Gainey was considered by the British an excellent partisan officer, but he was caught napping. Marion moved with equal secrecy and celerity. After riding all night, he came upon the enemy at dawn in the morning. The discovery and the attack were one. The surprise was complete. A captain and several privates were slain, and the party dispersed. Marion did not lose a man, and had but two wounded. In this engagement, our representative, Major James, distinguished himself, by singling out Major Gainey for personal combat. But Gainey shrank from his more powerful assailant, and sought safety in flight. James pursued for a distance of half a mile. In the eagerness of the chase he did not perceive that he was alone and unsupported. It was enough that he was gaining upon his enemy, who was almost within reach of his sword, when the chase brought them suddenly upon a body of Tories who had rallied

upon the road. There was not a moment to be lost. Hesitation would have been fatal. But our gallant Major was not to be easily intimidated. With great coolness and presence of mind, waving his sword aloft, he cried out, "come on, boys! here they are!" and rushed headlong upon the group of enemies, as if perfectly assured of support. The *ruse* was successful. The Tories broke once more, and sought safety from their individual enemy in the recesses of Pedee swamp.

MARION AT NELSON'S FERRY.

On the 17th August, the day following the defeat of Gates,—of which event he was as yet wholly ignorant—he dispatched Colonel Peter Horry, with orders to take command of four companies, Bonneau's, Mitchell's, Benson's, and Lenud's, near Georgetown, on the Santee; to destroy all the boats and canoes on the river from the lower ferry to Lenud's—to break up and stop all communications with Charlestown, and to procure,

if possible, supplies of gunpowder, flints and bullets. "Twenty-five weight of gunpowder, ball or buckshot," is the language of his orders. This will show how scanty were the supplies which were to be procured of the material upon which everything depended. Marion frequently went into action with less than three rounds to a man—half of his men were sometimes lookers on because of the lack of arms and ammunition—waiting to see the fall of friends or enemies, in order to obtain the necessary means of taking part in the affair. Buckshot easily satisfied soldiers, who not unfrequently advanced to the combat with nothing but swan-shot in their fowling-pieces.

While Horry proceeded toward Georgetown, Marion marched to the upper Santee. On this march he was advised of the defeat of Gates; but, fearing its effect upon his men, without communicating it, he proceeded immediately toward Nelson's Ferry. This was a well known pass on the great route, the "war-path," from Charleston to Camden. Here his scouts advised him of the approach of a strong British guard, with a large body of prisoners taken from Gates. The guard had stopped at a house on the east side of the river. Informed of

all necessary particulars, Marion, a little before daylight, detached Colonel Hugh Horry, with sixteen men, to gain possession of the road, at the pass of Horse Creek, in the swamp, while the main body under himself was to attack the enemy's rear. The attempt was made at dawn, and was perfectly successful. A letter from Marion himself, to Colonel P. Horry, thus details the event:—
“On the 20th inst. I attacked a guard of the 63d and Prince of Wales' Regiment, with a number of Tories, at the Great Savannah, near Nelson's Ferry; killed and took twenty-two regulars, and two Tories prisoners, and retook 150 Continentals of the Maryland line, one wagon and a drum; one captain and a subaltern were also captured. Our loss is one killed, and Captain Benson is slightly wounded on the head.”

ADVENTURES OF MAJOR JAMES AND CAPTAIN WITHERSPOON.

Major James, who was equally bold and skillful, pressed forward fearlessly till he became aware of the proximity of the British. He was resolved to make sure of his intelligence. He placed himself in a thicket on their line of march, and by a bright moon, was readily enabled to form a very correct notion of their character and numbers. But as the rear-guard passed by, his courageous spirit prompted further performances. He was not content to carry to his general no other proofs of his vigilance but the tidings which he had obtained. His perfect knowledge of the ground, his confidence in the excellent character of his men, and the speed of their horses, moved him to greater daring; and, bursting from his hiding-place, with a terrible shout, he swooped down with his small party upon the startled stragglers in the rear of the Tory march, carrying off his prisoners in the twinkling of an

eye, without stopping to slay, and without suffering the loss of a man. Before the enemy could rally, and turn upon his path, the tread of the partisan's horse no longer sounded in his ears.

It was while Marion remained at White Marsh, that one of his captains, Gavin Witherspoon, whom he had sent out with four men, achieved one of those clever performances, that so frequently distinguished the men of Marion. He had taken refuge in Pedee Swamp from the pursuit of the enemy, and, while hiding, discovered one of the camps of the Tories who had been in pursuit of him. Witherspoon proposed to his four comrades to watch the enemy's camp, until the Tories were asleep. But his men timidly shrank from the performance, expressing their dread of superior numbers. Witherspoon undertook the adventure himself. Creeping up to the encampment, he found that they slept at the butt of a pine tree, which had been torn up by the roots. Their guns were piled against one of its branches at a little distance from them. These he first determined to secure, and, still creeping, with the skill and caution of an experienced scout, he succeeded in his object. The guns once in his possession, he aroused the

Tories by commanding their surrender. They were seven in number, unarmed, and knew nothing of the force of the assailant. His own more timid followers drew near in sufficient time to assist in securing the prisoners. There was another Wither-spoon with Marion, John, a brother of Gavin, and like him distinguished for great coolness, strength, and courage. Both of the brothers delighted in such adventures, and were always ready to engage in them,—the rashness of the attempt giving a sort of relish to the danger, which always sweetened it to the taste of our partisans.

BLACK MINGO.

Marion was advised of a large body of Tories at Black Mingo, fifteen miles distant, under the command of Captain John Coming Ball. Marion was in expectation, every moment, of additional troops, but he determined not to wait for them. He found his men in the proper mood for fight, and at such times small inequalities of force are not to be

regarded. He resolved to give the humor vent, and at once commenced his march for the enemy's encampment. He found the Tories strongly posted at Shepherd's Ferry, on the south side of the Black Mingo, on a deep navigable stream, the passage of which they commanded. There was but one other approach to them, about a mile above their position, through a boggy causeway, and over a bridge of planks. It was nearly midnight when Marion's troops reached this pass. While the horses were crossing the bridge, an alarm gun was heard from the Tory camp. Celerity now became as necessary to success as caution, and Marion ordered his men to follow him at full gallop. When they reached the main road, about 300 yards from the enemy, the whole force, with the exception of a small body acting as cavalry, dismounted. A body of picked men, under Captain Waties, was ordered down the road to attack Dollard's house, where the Tories had been posted. Two companies, under Colonel Hugh Horry, were sent to the right, and the cavalry to the left, to support the attack, Marion himself bringing up the reserve. It so happened, however, that the Tories had taken the alarm, and having withdrawn from the house, had

chosen a strong position in an old field near it. Here they encountered Horry's command, on the advance, with a fire equally severe and unexpected. The effect was that of a surprise upon the assailants. Horry's troops fell back in confusion, but were promptly rallied and brought to the charge. The battle was obstinate and bloody, but the appearance of the corps under Waties, suddenly, in the rear of the Tories, soon brought it to a close. Finding themselves between two fires, the enemy gave way in all directions, and fled for refuge to the neighboring swamp of Black Mingo. So warmly contested was this affair, that, though soon over, fully one third of the men brought into the field were put *hors de combat*. The loss of Marion was proportionably very considerable. Captain Logan was among his slain, and Captain Mouzon and Lieutenant Scott so severely wounded as to be unfit for future service. The force of the Tories was almost twice as great as that of the Whigs. They lost their commander, and left nearly half their number, killed and wounded, on the ground. But for the alarm given by the tread of Marion's horses, while crossing the neighboring bridge, the Tories would most probably have been surprised. At any

rate, the affair would have been settled without subjecting the brigade to the severe loss which it sustained. After this event Marion adopted the precaution, whenever about to cross a bridge by night, with an enemy near, to cover the planks with the blankets of his men. But he generally preferred fords, where they could possibly be had, to bridges.

DEFEAT OF COLONEL TYNES.

Colonel Tynes had brought with him from Charleston, large supplies of the materials of war and comfort—commodities of which the poor patriots stood grievously in need. They hungered at the tidings brought by the scouts, of new English muskets and bayonets, broad-swords and pistols, saddles and bridles, powder and ball, which the provident Colonel had procured from Charleston for fitting out the new levies. To strike at this gathering, prevent new levies, and procure the supplies which were designed for them, were

controlling objects to which all others were made to yield. The half-naked troops of the brigade found new motives to valor in the good things which the adventure promised. Tynes lay at Tarcote, in the forks of Black River, and, as Marion was advised, without exercising much military watchfulness. The head of his column was instantly turned in this direction. Crossing the lower ford of the northern branch of Black River, at Nelson's plantation, he came upon the camp of Tynes at midnight. A hurried, but satisfactory survey, revealed the position of the enemy. No preparation had been made for safety, no precautions taken against attack. Some of the Tories slept, others feasted, and others were at cards—none watched. Marion made his arrangements for the attack without obstacle or interruption. The surprise was complete,—the panic universal. A few were slain, some with the cards in their hands. Tynes, with two of his officers, and many of his men, were made prisoners, but the greater number fled. Few were slain, as scarcely any resistance was offered, and Tarcote Swamp was fortunately high to receive and shelter the fugitives, many of whom shortly made their appearance and took their places in the ranks of

the conqueror. Marion lost not a man. The anticipations of his people were gratified with the acquisitions of no small store of those supplies, arms and ammunition, of which they had previously stood in so much need.

CHAPTER VII.—1781

BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS.

On the 9th of September, 1781, General Greene, having assembled about 2000 men, proceeded to attack the British, who, under the command of Colonel Stewart, were posted at Eutaw Springs. The American forces were drawn up in two lines: the first, composed of Carolina militia, was commanded by Generals Marion and Pickens, and Colonel De Malmedy. The second, which consisted of Continental troops from North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, was commanded by General Sumpter, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Williams. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, with his legion, covered the right flank; and Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, with the state troops, covered the left. A corps de reserve was formed of the cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, and the Delaware troops, under Captain Kirkwood. As the

Americans came forward to the attack, they fell in with some advanced parties of the enemy at about two or three miles ahead of the main body. These being closely pursued, were driven back; and the action soon became general. The militia were at length forced to give way, but were bravely supported by the second line. In the hottest part of the engagement, General Greene ordered the Maryland and Virginia continentals to charge with trailed arms. This decided the fate of the day "Nothing," says Dr. Ramsey, "could surpass the intrepidity of both officers and men on this occasion. They rushed on, in good order, through a heavy cannonade, and a shower of musketry, with such unshaken resolution, that they bore down all before them." The British were broken, closely pursued, and upwards of 500 of them taken prisoners. They, however, made a fresh stand, in a favorable position, in impenetrable shrubs, and a picketed garden. Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, after having made every effort to dislodge them, was wounded and taken prisoner. Four six-pounders were then brought forward to play upon them, but they fell into their hands; and the endeavors to drive them from their station being found

impracticable, the Americans retired, leaving a strong picket on the field of battle. Their loss was about 500; that of the British upward of 1100.

General Greene was honored by Congress with a British standard, and a gold medal, emblematic of the engagement and its success, "for his wise, decisive, and magnanimous conduct in the action of Eutaw Springs, in which, with a force inferior in number to that of the enemy, he obtained a most signal victory."

In the evening of the succeeding day, Colonel Stewart abandoned his post, and retreated toward Charleston, leaving behind upward of seventy of his wounded, and a thousand stand of arms. He was pursued a considerable distance, but in vain.

The battle of Eutaw produced the most signal consequences in favor of America. The British, who had, for such a length of time, lorded it absolutely in South Carolina, were, shortly after that event, obliged to confine themselves to Charleston

BATTLE OF GUILFORD.

The battle of Guilford Court-House took place on the 15th of March, 1781. The American army consisted of 4491 men, of whom 2753 were militia of North Carolina and Virginia, 1060 from the first state, and 1693 from the last; the British of about 2400 men, chiefly troops grown veteran in victories. The American army was drawn up in three lines; the front composed of North Carolina militia, under the command of General Butler and General Eaton; the second of Virginia militia, commanded by General Stevens and General Lawson; the third and last of the Maryland and Virginia continentals, amounting to 1490 rank and file, commanded by General Huger and Colonel Williams. Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, with his cavalry, and a corps of Delaware light-infantry, and some riflemen under Colonel Lynch, covered the right flank. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, with his legion, and some riflemen under Colonel Campbell,

the left. After a brisk cannonade in front, the British advanced in three columns, the Hessians on the right, the Guards in the center, and Lieutenant-Colonel Webster's brigade on the left, and attacked the front line. This gave way when their adversaries were at the distance of 140 yards. Some of the North Carolina militia, who composed this line, fired once, but a great number ran away without firing or being fired upon. All exertions of their officers to rally them were ineffectual. The Virginia militia behaved much better; kept up their fire till they were ordered to retreat, and did great execution. General Stevens had posted forty riflemen at equal distances, twenty paces in the rear of his brigade, with orders to shoot every man who should leave his post. This gallant officer, though he received a wound through the thigh, did not quit the field. He had the address to prevent his brigade from receiving any bad impressions from the retreating North Carolinians, by giving out that they had orders to retire after discharging their pieces. To cherish this idea he ordered the militia under his command, to open their files to favor their passage. The continental troops were last engaged, and Huger fought with great spirit

Toward the close of the action, a charge was made on the British guards by the cavalry of Lieutenant-Colonel Washington and the Maryland troops, commanded by Colonel Gunby and Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, with such execution that the whole corps was nearly annihilated. After a severe conflict of an hour and a half, the discipline of veteran troops carried the point against numbers. General Green abandoned the field to his rival, still, however, showing a good face; he retreated no farther than over the Reedy Fork, a distance of three miles. The Americans lost four six-pounders which had been in possession of both armies in different stages of the action. This victory cost the British dear. Their killed and wounded exceeded 600 men. The Guards lost Colonel Stuart, with the Captains Schutz, Maynard and Goodriche, besides subalterns. Colonel Webster, an officer of distinguished reputation, died of his wounds, to the great injury of the service, and the universal regret of the royal army. Brigadier-Generals O'Hara and Howard, and Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, with several other officers, were wounded.

About 300 of the continentals and 100 of the Virginia militia were killed and wounded; among

the former was Major Anderson, of the Maryland line, a valuable officer, and the same who behaved so well in General Gates's defeat. Among the latter were General Huger and General Stevens. The early retreat of the North Carolinians saved them from much loss. Though the Americans had fewer killed and wounded than the British, yet their army sustained a greater diminution by the numerous fugitives from the militia, who no more rejoined the camp. Lord Cornwallis suffered so severely, that he was in no condition to improve the advantage he had gained. The British had only the name, the Americans all the good consequences of a victory. General Greene retreated, and Lord Cornwallis kept the field; but, notwithstanding, the British interest, in North Carolina, was ruined by this action. Three days after the battle Lord Cornwallis issued a proclamation, setting forth his complete victory, and calling on all loyal subjects to stand forth, and take an active part in restoring good order and government; and offering a pardon and protection to all rebels, murderers excepted, who would surrender themselves on or before the 20th of April. On the day on which this proclamation was issued, his lordship left his

hospital and seventy-five wounded men with the numerous loyalists in the vicinity of Guilford, and began a march toward the sea-coast, which had the appearance of a retreat. Thirteen days before the expiration of this act of grace, he had reached his shipping at Wilmington, all the upper country remaining in the power of General Greene's army.

SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

The autumn of 1780 found the British in possession of most of the southern states. Charleston had fallen, South Carolina had been overrun, Virginia was threatened; and the victorious Gates, advancing to the succor of the patriots, had been totally destroyed at Camden. But the savage policy adopted by Cornwallis to secure his conquest was ultimately the cause of his ruin. He issued a proclamation, sequestering the estates of all those, not included in the capitulation of Charleston, who were in the service or acting under the authority of Congress, and of all others who, by an open

avowal of liberal principles, or other notorious acts, should show a leaning to the colonial authorities. At this juncture Marion appeared; the militia flocked to his standard; and the success of the partisan war carried on by him and Sumpter raised the drooping spirits of the whigs. The appointment of Greene to the command of the southern army, and the brilliant affair at the Cowpens, still further exalted their hopes; so that even the check at Guilford Court-House failed to dishearten them. Indeed, the result of that battle was almost as unfavorable to the British as to the Americans. In a few days Greene was ready to renew the contest; but Cornwallis eluded his grasp, and reached Wilmington, in his way to Virginia, on the 7th of April, 1781. The American leader, finding it impossible to bring his enemy to battle, took the bold resolution of marching into South Carolina, and thus forcing Cornwallis to follow him or abandon his conquests. The British general, on receiving intelligence of this movement, hesitated, but finally determined to pursue his first design, and overrun Virginia. By this daring step he would place his army in a country not yet wasted by war, and where, consequently, supplies would be plentiful;

while, if he should succeed in reducing the colony, the subjugation of the other southern states would inevitably follow, no matter how fortunate Greene, in the mean time, might be.

For a time success followed every footstep of the foe. Cornwallis, advancing rapidly northward, had united himself to the British Generals Philips and Arnold, as early as the latter end of May; while La Fayette, who had been dispatched to succor Greene, but had been arrested by the enemy on the James River, was preserved from capture only by his energy and address. At length a junction was effected between him and Wayne, and subsequently a detachment led by Baron Steuben still further increased his force. Happily, at this crisis, Sir Henry Clinton, alarmed by Washington's preparations for the siege of New York, recalled a portion of the force of Cornwallis, and that general, now somewhat weakened, retired to Yorktown.

The whole of the French allies and 2000 of the continental line were detailed for the southern expedition, which Washington determined to lead in person: the march of the troops was concealed as long as possible, while a sufficient force was left to defend the Hudson; and so completely was Sir

Henry Clinton deceived, that the allied forces had reached the Delaware before he became aware of their intention to move southward.

The brave continentals traversed now, with far different feelings, the ground over which they had fled a few years before, ill-provisioned, poorly clothed, and marking their footsteps with blood. There was before them the prospect of reducing a formidable army, with but little expense of blood and treasure, and thus revenging their own wrongs and redeeming their country. They had already eluded Sir Henry Clinton, and a few days would probably enable them to surround Cornwallis. They marched on with high hopes, cheering their way with songs, and before the end of September arrived at Williamsburgh, in the immediate vicinity of the foe. Meantime, the French fleet, in pursuance of the concerted plan, had reached the Chesapeake, while Cornwallis, too late aware of the net in which he was involved, had been assiduously occupied in fortifying his position.

Having formed a junction with La Fayette, the allied army, commanded by Washington in person, moved down from Williamsburgh to Yorktown; and on the 30th of September occupied the outer

lines of Cornwallis, which that general had abandoned without a struggle. Two thousand men were detailed to the Gloucester side to blockade that post. The investment was now complete.

It was not, however, until the night of the 6th of October that the Americans broke ground, within 1600 yards of the enemy's lines, the intermediate time having been employed in bringing up the stores and heavy artillery. By daybreak the trenches were sufficiently advanced to cover the men. In less than four days a sufficient number of batteries and redoubts had been erected to silence the fire of the enemy. On the 10th, the day on which the British withdrew their cannon from the embrasures, the red-hot balls of the allied batteries set fire to an English frigate and three large transports lying in the harbor. On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened within 300 yards of the British lines. These new trenches were flanked by two redoubts in possession of the enemy, who, taking advantage of the circumstance, opened several new embrasures, and kept up an incessant and destructive fire. It became necessary to carry these batteries by storm; and the 14th was fixed for the purpose: one redoubt being

assigned to the Americans and the other to the French. A noble emulation fired the soldiers of the respective nations as they advanced across the plain. La Fayette led the continentals : the Baron de Viominel commanded his countrymen. The redoubt entrusted to the Americans was carried at the bayonet's point, the assailants rushing on with such impetuosity that the sappers had not time to remove the abattis and palisades. The French were equally courageous and successful, though, as their redoubt was defended by a larger force, the conquest was not so speedy, and their loss was greater.

Cornwallis was now reduced to extremities. His works were crumbling under the shot of the first parallel, and in another day the new trenches would open their fire at half the distance. In this emergency he resolved on a sortie, hoping thus to retard the completion of the batteries in the second parallel. The enterprise was, at first, successful, and the two batteries, which were now nearly completed, fell into the hands of the foe ; but the guards from the trenches immediately hastening to the assistance of their fellow soldiers, the enemy was dislodged and driven back into his works. The

same day the second parallel opened several of its batteries. It was hoped that, by morning, every gun might be brought to bear.

A capitulation was now the only resource. Accordingly, at ten the same forenoon, Cornwallis beat a parley, and proposed a cessation of hostilities for one day, in order to agree on terms for the surrender of Yorktown and Gloucester. Washington granted two hours for Cornwallis to prepare his proposals; and, that no time might be lost, sent in his own. The answer of the British general rendering it probable that but little difficulty would occur in adjusting the terms, Washington consented to the cessation of hostilities. On the 18th, the commissioners from the two armies met; but evening arrived before they could agree except on a rough draft of the terms of surrender. These, however, Washington caused to be copied, and sent them early next morning to Cornwallis, determined not to lose the slightest advantage by delay. He further informed the British general that a definitive answer was expected by eleven o'clock; and that, in case of a surrender, the garrison must march out by two in the afternoon. No resource being left, Cornwallis signed.

It was a proud day for the war-worn troops of America, when the richly appointed soldiery of Britain marched out with dejected faces from their works, and in profound silence stacked their arms on the plain, in presence of the conquerors. But no unmanly exultation was seen among the allies. With decent pity they gazed on the spectacle, reserving their congratulations for their private quarters. But there, the rejoicings were loud and fervent, and the gay Frenchman from the Loire joined in triumphal songs with the hardy sons of New England, or the more enthusiastic Virginian.

By the capitulation, more than 7000 prisoners, exclusive of seamen, fell into the hands of the allies. Among the captives were two generals, and thirty-one field officers. The army, artillery, arms, military chest, and public stores were surrendered to Washington; while the ships and seamen were assigned to Count de Grasse, the French admiral. In addition to those made prisoners at the capitulation, the loss of the garrison, during the siege, was 552. The allied army lost about 300. The whole force, including the militia, under Washington's command, was 16000. The siege occupied

eleven days to the opening of the treaty, and thirteen to the signing of the capitulation.

On the very day when the capitulation was signed at Yorktown, Sir Henry Clinton sailed from Sandy Hook with 7000 men to relieve Cornwallis; but on the 24th, when off the capes of Virginia, having received intelligence of the surrender, he altered his course for New York.

This brilliant result was achieved chiefly by the energy and wisdom of Washington. A delay of one week would have frustrated his plans, relieved Cornwallis, and protracted the war, perhaps, for years.

BATTLE OF HOBKIRK HILL.

Early in April, Greene arrived at a place called Hobkirk's Hill, about a mile from Rawdon's encampment at Camden. He established his headquarters there, but was soon after attacked by the British commander, and a desperate battle ensued. For a long time, the result was doubtful. Greene

anticipating victory, sent a detachment to cut off the expected retreat of Rawdon, but a regiment from Maryland becoming confused by a furious charge of the enemy, disconcerted the others, and soon the rout of the Americans became general. But Greene so far restored order that he retreated with deliberation, and succeeded in carrying off six English officers prisoners. He retired with his army to Rugely's Mills, where, after some days, Rawdon, who had received a reinforcement of 400 men, (whom Marion had endeavored in vain to intercept,) attempted to surprise him at night. Greene retreated to Saunder's Creek, where Rawdon made an ineffectual effort to dislodge him, and who, after burning the jail, mills, private houses, and some of his own stores, evacuated Camlen, and retreated south of the Santee River.

During the march of Greene to Hobkirk's Hill, he dispatched Colonel Lee with his legion to join General Marion on the Santee, for the purpose of operating against a chain of British forts established between the Santee and the Congaree, the most important of which was Fort Watson on Wright's Bluff. Marion and Lee, although provided with nothing but muskets and rifles, closely invested that

fort. After a resistance of eight days, the garrison was obliged to yield, and 114 men surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Several other British posts fell in rapid succession before the victorious Americans. Orangeburgh surrendered to Sumpter on the 11th of May; Fort Motte to Marion and Lee on the 12th; the post at Nelson's Ferry was evacuated on the 14th by the British; Fort Granby capitulated to Lee on the 15th; and on the 21st, a detachment of Lee's legion, under Captain Rudolph, reduced the fort at Silver Bluffs. Early in June, Lee and Pickens, having united their forces, penetrated into Georgia, and attacked Fort Cornwallis, at Augusta. The garrison, after a stout resistance, surrendered, and over 300 men became prisoners of war. The Americans lost during the siege about forty men. Marion, in the mean while, closely invested Georgetown, and the garrison, learning the downfall of the other posts in the vicinity, evacuated the town. The British were now confined to three posts, — Ninety-six, Eutaw Springs, and Charleston.

MARION AND THE BRITISH OFFICER.

It was while Marion was lying with his main force at the camp at Snow's Island, that two circumstances occurred which deserve mention, as equally serving to illustrate his own character, and the warfare of that time and region. One of these occurrences has long been a popular anecdote, and, as such, has been made the subject of a very charming picture, which has done something toward giving it a more extended circulation. The other is less generally known, but is not less deserving of the popular ear, as distinguishing, quite as much as the former, the purity, simplicity, and firmness of Marion's character. It appears that, desiring the exchange of prisoners, a young officer was dispatched from the British post at Georgetown to the swamp encampment of Marion, in order to effect this object. He was encountered by one of the scouting parties of the brigade, carefully blindfolded, and conducted, by intricate paths,

through the wild passes, and into the deep recesses of the island. Here, when his eyes were uncovered, he found himself surrounded by a motley multitude, which might well remind him of Robin Hood and his outlaws. The scene was unquestionably wonderfully picturesque and attractive, and our young officer seems to have been duly impressed by it. He was in the middle of one of those grand natural amphitheatres so common in our swamp forests, in which the massive pine, the gigantic cypress, and the stately and ever-green laurel, streaming with moss, and linking their opposite arms, inflexibly locked in the embrace of centuries, group together, with elaborate limbs and leaves, the chief and most grateful features of Gothic architecture. To these recesses, through the massed foliage of the forest, the sunlight came as sparingly, and with rays as mellow and subdued, as through the painted window of the old cathedral, falling upon aisle and chancel. Scattered around, were the forms of those hardy warriors with whom our young officer was yet destined, most probably, to meet in conflict, — strange or savage in costume or attitude — lithe and sinewy of frame — keen-eyed and wakeful at the least

alarm. Some slept, some joined in boyish sports, some, with foot in stirrup, stood ready for the signal to mount and march. The deadly rifle leaned against the tree, the sabre depended from its boughs. Steeds were browsing in the shade, with loosened bits, but saddled, ready at the first sound of the bugle to skirr through brake and thicket. Distant fires, dimly burning, sent up their faint white smokes, that, mingling with the thick forest tops, which they could not pierce, were scarce distinguishable from the long gray moss which made the old trees look like so many ancient patriarchs. But the most remarkable object in all this scene was Marion himself. Could it be that the person who stood before our visitor — “in stature of the smallest size, thin, as well as low” — was that of the redoubted chief, whose sleepless activity and patriotic zeal had carried terror to the gates of Charleston; had baffled the pursuit and defied the arms of the best British captains; had beaten the equal enemy, and laughed at the superior? Certainly, if he were, then never were the simple resources of intellect, as distinguishable from strength of limb, or powers of muscle, so wonderfully evident as in this particular instance.

The physical powers of Marion were those simply of endurance. His frame had an iron hardihood, derived from severe discipline and subdued desires and appetites, but lacked the necessary muscle and capacities of the mere soldier. It was as the general, the commander, the counselor, rather than as the simple leader of his men, that Marion takes rank, and is to be considered in the annals of war. He attempted no physical achievements, and seems to have placed very little reliance upon his personal prowess.

The British visitor was a young man who had never seen Marion. The great generals whom he was accustomed to see, were great of limb, portly, and huge of proportion. Such was Cornwallis, and others of the British army. Such, too, was the case among the Americans. The average weight of these opposing generals, during that war, is stated at more than 200 pounds. The successes of Marion must naturally have led our young Englishman to look for something in his stature even above this average, and verging on the gigantic. Vastness seems always the most necessary agent in provoking youthful wonder, and satisfying it. His astonishment, when he found they did meet,

was, in all probability, not of a kind to lessen the partisan in his estimation. That a frame so slight, and seemingly so feeble, coupled with so much gentleness, and so little pretension, should provoke a respect so general, and fears, on one side, so impressive, was well calculated to compel inquiry as to the true sources of this influence. Such an inquiry was in no way detrimental to a reputation founded, like Marion's, on the successful exercise of peculiar mental endowments. The young officer, as soon as his business was dispatched, prepared to depart, but Marion gently detained him, as he said, for dinner, which was in preparation. "The mild and dignified simplicity of Marion's manners had already produced their effects, and, to prolong so interesting an interview, the invitation was accepted." The entertainment was served up on pieces of bark, and consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the general ate heartily, requesting his guest to profit by his example, repeating the old adage, that 'hunger is the best sauce.' "But surely, general," said the officer, "this cannot be your ordinary fare." "Indeed, sir, it is," he replied, "and we are fortunate on this occasion, entertaining company, to have more than our usual

allowance." The story goes, that the young Briton was so greatly impressed with the occurrence, that, on his return to Georgetown, he retired from the service, declaring his conviction that men who could, with such content, endure the privations of such a life, were not to be subdued. His conclusion was strictly logical, and hence, indeed, the importance of such a warfare as that carried on by Marion, in which, if he obtained no great victories, he was yet never to be overcome.

CAPTURE OF FORT WATSON.

Having once resolved, Marion's movements were always rapid and energetic. On the 15th of April, only a day after the junction with Lee, he was before Fort Watson.

This was a stockade fort, raised on one of those remarkable elevations of an unknown antiquity which are usually recognized as Indian mounds. It stands near Scott's Lake on the Santee river, a few miles below the junction of the Congaree and

Wateree. The mound is forty feet in height, and remote from any other elevation, by which it might be commanded. The garrison at this post consisted of eighty regular troops and forty loyalists. It was commanded by Lieutenant McKay, a brave officer, of the regular service. To the summons of Marion he returned a manly defiance, and the place was regularly invested.

Besieged and besiegers were alike without artillery; with a single piece, the former might well have defied any force which Marion could bring against him. The place would have been impregnable to the Americans. As it was, its steep sides and strong palisades forbade any attempt to storm. To cut off the garrison from Scott's Lake, where it procured water, was the first step taken by the besiegers. But the besieged, by sinking a well within the stockade, below the level of the contiguous water, counteracted the attempt. For a moment, the assailants were at fault, and, without artillery, the prospect was sufficiently discouraging. But while doubting and hesitating, Colonel Maham, of the brigade, suggested a mode of overawing the garrison which was immediately adopted. At a short distance from the fort there grew a small

wood, a number of the trees of which were hewn down, and transported upon the shoulders of the men within a proper distance of the mound. Here, during the night all hands were actively employed in piling the wood thus brought, in massive and alternate layers, cross-wise, until the work had reached a sufficient elevation. At dawn, the garrison were confounded to find themselves, at wakening, under a shower of rifle bullets. Thus overlooked, the fort was no longer tenable; and a party of volunteers from the militia, headed by Ensign Baker, and another of Continentals, from the legion, led by Mr. Lee, a volunteer, ascended the mound with great intrepidity, and gained the abattis, which they proceeded to destroy. This movement brought the garrison to terms, and a capitulation immediately followed.

CAPTURE OF FORT MOTTE.

This post was the principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden, and sometimes of

those destined for Forts Granby and Ninety Six. A large new mansion-house belonging to Mrs. Motte, situated on a high and commanding hill, had been chosen for this establishment. It was surrounded with a deep trench, along the inner margin of which a strong and lofty parapet was raised. To this post had been assigned a sufficient garrison of 150 men. This force was increased by a small detachment of dragoons from Charleston, which had been thrown into it a few hours before the appearance of the Americans. The garrison was commanded by Captain McPherson, a firm and gallant officer.

Opposite to Fort Motte, to the north, stood another hill, where Mrs. Motte, who had been expelled from her dwelling, resided in an old farmhouse. On this, Lee took position with his corps; Marion's men occupied the eastern declivity of the same ridge on which stood the fort.

The place was very soon invested. The six-pounder with which Greene had furnished Marion, was mounted on a battery raised in the quarter which he occupied, for the purpose of raking the northern face of the enemy's parapet. McPherson was in the possession of a wall-piece, but he had

not been able to adapt it for use before the investment took place. It does not seem to have been used during even the siege. His chief hopes lay in being relieved by a detachment from Camden, not doubting its arrival before his assailant could push his preparations to maturity. The works of the latter advanced rapidly, and the place was summoned on the 20th of May. The reply declared the determination of the besieged to try the strength and patience of the besiegers. These had now every motive for perseverance. They were advised of the approach of Rawdon, with all his force, to the relief of the fort. That stern commander, finding Camden was no longer tenable against the increasing forces of the Americans, and unable to maintain his several posts with his diminished strength, was aiming to contract his scattered bodies into narrower limits. Having made a second, but unsatisfactory demonstration upon Greene, he destroyed his unnecessary baggage, and, leaving Camden in flames, he once more abandoned it to the Americans. Greene advised Marion of his retreat, and urged him to expedition. On the next night he reached the country opposite Fort Motte, and his numerous fires on the highest grounds on his

route, encouraged the garrison with hopes of success, which were not to be realized.

What was to be done, was to be done quickly, on the part of the besiegers. The process of battering by cannon would be too slow. Some shorter mode was to be adopted, to anticipate the approach of Rawdon. The ready thought of our partisan suggested this process. It was known that the large mansion of Mrs. Motte occupied the greater part of the area of the fort; but a few yards of ground within the works remained uncovered by it. To burn the house by fire would compel the surrender of the garrison.

The necessity was very reluctantly communicated to the widow by whom the property was owned. But she was one of those glorious dames of the Revolution, to whom the nation is so largely indebted for the glory of that event. She had received the American officers with a hospitality which made them almost shrink from suggesting their purposes; but as soon as they were made known, she put them perfectly at ease upon the subject. With something more than cheerfulness — with pride — that any sacrifice on her part should contribute to the success of her countrymen, in so dear

an object, she herself produced a bow, with all the necessary apparatus, which had been brought from India, and which she had preserved. By the arrows from this bow the fire was to be communicated to her dwelling.

Every thing being in readiness, the lines were manned and an additional force stationed at the batteries, lest the enemy, in the moment of desperation, might prefer risking an assault, rather than endure the mortification of a surrender. A flag was again sent to McPherson, but the sight of Rawdon's fires on the other side of the river encouraged him with the belief that he might still resist successfully.

The bow was put into the hands of Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade. It was noon when the attempt was made. The scorching rays of the noonday sun had prepared the roof for the conflagration. Balls of blazing rosin and brimstone were attached to the arrows, and three several shafts were sent by the vigorous arm of the militiaman against the roof. They took effect, in three different quarters, and the shingles were soon in a blaze. McPherson immediately ordered a party to the roof, but this had been prepared for, and the

fire of the six-pounder soon drove the soldiers down. The flames began to rage, the besiegers were on the alert, guarding every passage, and, no longer hopeful of Rawdon, McPherson hung out the white flag imploring mercy. The gentle nature of Marion readily yielded to his prayer, though, as Lee tells us, "policy commanded death."

LA FAYETTE IN VIRGINIA.

Early in the summer of 1781, all eyes were turned toward Virginia; and La Fayette, in proud consciousness of the interest he was exciting, the more resolutely determined to triumph. No excitement can be traced in any of his letters during this period. He seems coolly to have extricated himself from his various difficulties as fast as they arose, and as calmly to have narrated them. Witness the following, addressed to General Greene, dated at his camp, June 3d:

"Lord Cornwallis had at first a project to cross above Richmond, but desisted from it and landed

at Westover. He then proposed to turn our left flank, but before it was executed we moved by the left to the forks of Chiccahomony. The enemy advanced twelve miles, and we retreated in the same proportion. They crossed Chiccahomony and advanced on the road to Fredericksburg, while we marched in a parallel with them, keeping the upper part of the country. Our position at Mattaponi church would have much exposed the enemy's flank on their way to Fredericksburgh, but they stopped at Cook's ford on the North Anna River, where they are for the present. General Wayne having announced to me his departure on the 23d, I expected, before this time, to have made a junction with him. We have moved back some distance and are cautious not to indulge Lord Cornwallis with an action with our present force.

It was not long before Cornwallis, with great chagrin saw that the "boy" was successfully eluding his grasp. The distance between them daily increased, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the British General to overtake his foe. With a rapidity only equaled by his caution, La Fayette had passed the Pamunkey before the British army had reached the Chiccahomony, and Cornwallis

after marching some distance up the northern side of Northanora, found that the Marquis would make his junction with Wayne in spite of him, and gave over the heat of his pursuit while he turned his attention to other objects which were more attainable. La Fayette, however, did not relax his vigilance. A close watch of his adversary enabled him to foresee, and thereby frustrate, some of his most important plans. Cornwallis found himself harassed and frequently outwitted, exceedingly to his mortification. He dispatched Tarleton to capture the Assembly of Virginia, which was then in session at Charlotteville; but before Tarleton could get there, La Fayette had contrived to forward the information, and when the British arrived, — *the birds had flown*.

General Wayne, with the Pennsylvania line, consisting of about 800 men, at length joined him. Though this addition left the force of La Fayette still feeble, in comparison with that of Cornwallis, it was yet sufficient to determine him upon a new course of action. The pursued would become the pursuer.

Cornwallis established himself at Williamsburg, and La Fayette about twenty miles above, with

the Chiccahomony between himself and his adversary. Neither party, however, remained in this position long. Sir Henry Clinton suspecting that a combined attempt was about to be made by the allied forces against New York, and deeming himself too weak to resist it, ordered Cornwallis to send him a detachment of the troops under his command in Virginia. After complying with this requisition, Cornwallis thought himself not strong enough to remain at Williamsburg, and resolved to retire to Portsmouth. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, he marched from Williamsburg, and determining to cross the river at James' City Island, he encamped that day favorably for the passage. But before he was ready to move, his foe was near him. La Fayette left his camp on the 5th, crossed the Chiccahomony the same day, and pushed his best troops within eight miles of the British camp. He learned that Cornwallis was expecting to pass the river, and he at once formed the design of attacking his rear after the main body should have gone over to Jamestown. Cornwallis, however, suspected this. He knew that the ardor of La Fayette would not allow such an opportunity to escape him, and as soon as he found that the Marquis

was so near, he resolved to make one more trial of stratagem upon him. He took every measure to encourage his advance, but instead of passing the river, he waited an attack. At the same time he took measures to induce the belief, that he had crossed with the main body of his army. His light parties were all drawn in, his troops were held compact, and made to cover as little ground as possible, and his piquets, which lay close to the encampment, were ordered to yield at the first attack, and exhibit an appearance of disorder and alarm. To add to the deception, the intelligence was spread, that the greater part of the British had reached the island, and a few troops were stationed there, with orders to make such demonstrations as would corroborate this news.

La Fayette was fully deceived. The plans of Cornwallis were so complete, and were carried out so accurately, that he could not perceive the snare. Every thing looked as he had anticipated; after personally reconnoitering the scene, and receiving all the intelligence he could meet, La Fayette, on the 6th of July, began his attack. A few riflemen were detached to harass the outposts of the enemy. while he advanced at the head of the continental

troops to support the onset. Every thing was conducted precisely as Cornwallis had planned. His piquets fell back in disorder, and thus drew on the Americans, emboldened by their success, in a rapid pursuit. The main body of Cornwallis' army was concealed by woods, and General Wayne, who was first in advance, soon discovered it moving out in order of battle against him. Retreat was impossible, and that brave officer, with a boldness almost without parallel, rode gallantly forward, with his 800 men, and made a furious attack upon the British line. The action was kept up with spirit for some time, while the British army was winding its fold, like a serpent around the little band. La Fayette soon came up, and saw at a glance the crisis. The plan of Cornwallis was evident in a moment, and perceiving that Wayne was outflanked right and left, and fast becoming surrounded, he ordered his retreat. A line of light infantry was drawn up about half a mile in his rear, and by a skillful movement Wayne was enabled to join these without serious loss. Here they remained for some hours, but the British army did not pursue. Cornwallis, who greatly overrated La Fayette's numbers, judged that his retreat was a stratagem to draw

him into an ambuscade, and accordingly did not improve the advantage he had gained. The loss of La Fayette in this action was 118 men, most of whom belonged to General Wayne's detachment. The conduct of this latter officer during the day was worthy of all praise. "It is enough," says La Fayette, "for the glory of General Wayne, and the officers and men he commanded, to have attacked the whole British army, with a reconnoitering party only, close to their encampment, and, by this severe skirmish, hastened their retreat over the river.

CHAPTER VIII. 1784—1804.

WAYNE'S VICTORY AT THE MIAMI RAPIDS.

On the 20th of August, 1794, the army of General Wayne was put in motion, a battalion of mounted volunteers, commanded by Major Price, forming the advance. This corps was attacked, after marching nearly five miles, and received so hot a fire from the enemy, who were concealed in the high grass and woods, as to compel it to fall back. The army was immediately formed by General Wayne in two lines, in a close thick wood, while the savages were drawn up in three lines, near enough to support each other, at right angles with the river. "I soon discovered," says the General, in his account of the engagement, written to General Knox, "from the weight of the fire, and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and endeavoring to turn our left flank. I gave

orders for the second line to advance, and directed Major-General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route. At the same time, I ordered the front line to advance with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet; and when up, to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, so as not to give time to load again. I also ordered Captain Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy, next the river, and which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act in. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge of the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from their coverts in so short a time, that, although every exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd, and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, yet but a part of each could get up in season to participate in the action,—the enemy being driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half

their numbers. From every account, the enemy amounted to 2000 combatants; the troops actually engaged against them were short of 900. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed, with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the British garrison, as you will observe by the inclosed correspondence between Major Campbell, the commandant, and myself."

The correspondence referred to was sufficiently pungent in its tone; and the British commander having taken occasion to give notice to General Wayne "that his army, or individuals belonging to it, should not approach within reach of his cannon, without expecting the consequences attending it," the answer he received was, the immediate destruction by fire of every thing of any value within view of the fort, and up to the very muzzles of the guns. The fort was carefully reconnoitred within pistol-shot, and it is easy to perceive, that nothing would have gratified the feelings of the successful soldier more than an act of hostility on the part of the British commandant which

would have justified him in carrying the works by storm.

This victory was followed by the treaty of Greenville, the result of which was a long peace with the Indians.

CAPTURE OF L'INSURGENTE.

On the 9th of February, 1799, Commodore Truxton, in the *Constellation*, came in sight of a large ship, and immediately gave chase. The stranger hoisted American colors; but, unable to answer the *Constellation's* private signals, she ran up the French ensign, and fired a challenge. For the first time since the Revolution, one of our national vessels was in sight of an enemy. We had fought and triumphed on land; now we were to meet the powers of the old world upon sea. Every man was eager to engage; and, as the gallant ship moved down upon the enemy, her speed seemed too small to meet the anxious longing of her crew. They were not disappointed. The *Insurgente* waited

calmly for her opponent; and, when the latter opened her fire, returned it with spirit. The silence was broken; the eager antagonists had their wish; and one loud cannonade roared across the solitary waters, rocking the surface of ocean like an earthquake, and heaving the ships to and fro with mighty energy. Nearer and nearer they drew to each other, and louder and fiercer the conflict grew, until nothing was heard but the roar of heavy ordnance, and nothing seen except a thick black pall, shooting forth columns of flame. Volleys of heavy shot were poured into the American foretop-mast, until it reeled and swung backward under the terrible blows. The young midshipman who commanded it, (David Porter,) called again and again to his superior for leave to lower the sail and relieve the pressure; but his voice was lost in the uproar of battle. Feeling that the mast must fall, unless this were done, he assumed the responsibility, and thus saved the ship from a serious misfortune. Her broadsides now raked the enemy from stem to stern, crashing masts, sails, and rigging, and strewing the deck with dead and dying. The Constellation then glided from the shroud of smoke, sailed round to her opponent's rear, and was on

the point of raking her again, when the latter struck her colors.

The *Insurgente* was one of the fastest sailers in the French navy, and was under the command of Captain Barreault. She carried forty French twelve-pounders, and 409 men. Her loss was twenty-nine killed, and forty-one wounded. The *Constellation* had thirty-eight guns, (English calibre,) 300 and nine men, and had three of her crew wounded.

An incident subsequent to the battle deserves mention. The first lieutenant of the *Constellation*, Mr. Rodgers, with Midshipman Porter and eleven men, were placed on board the prize to superintend the removal of prisoners. While engaged in this duty, the wind rose almost to a hurricane, night set in, and 173 of the crew still remained on board. So strong was the action of the waves, that the ships were often widely separated, and then driven with fearful violence almost to a collision. At length, notwithstanding every exertion, the prize was driven completely out of sight.

At this opportunity, so unexpectedly offered, the prisoners began to exhibit unequivocal signs of revolt. To the handful who watched them this

movement would have been fatal; but the intrepid Rodgers showed himself equal to the emergency. Ordering all the prisoners to the hold, he secured the fire-arms, and placed a sentinel at each hatch-way, with positive orders to shoot every man who should attempt to mount the deck. In this unenviable situation he remained three days, watching his prisoners with sleepless vigilance, and exhorting his men never to surrender their prize. At the end of the time he arrived safely in St. Kitt's, where the Constellation was already anchored.

THE CONSTELLATION AND VENGEANCE.

The battle between the Constellation and Vengeance (February 2d, 1800,) is one of the most indubitable proofs in history of the American naval superiority, both in maneuvering and action. The French frigate had been descried on the previous day, when Commodore Truxtun hoisted English colors. These, however, were disregarded, and a chase commenced, which continued all night, and

through the following day. At eight in the evening, Truxtun was about speaking his opponent, when the latter suddenly commenced firing. Flight and pursuit were now abandoned, and each commander prepared for a violent struggle. The night was dark; and the sullen dashings of the waters seemed in unison with the terrible storm that was soon to hurry man into conflict with his fellow man.

At a few minutes past eight, the Constellation poured a heavy broadside into her antagonist, which was answered by a wide sheet of flame, followed by another and another, until the pitchy gloom was lighted up by the incessant volcanic glare. Side by side those two ships sat upon the waters, flinging out their crashing hail, and rolling with terrific violence upon the heaving ocean. Minutes and hours rolled on; the night grew deeper and blacker, and the wind howled and shrieked along the heavens. But man heeded not the elements. Far over the ocean was that red dismal glare beheld; and the distant mariner started from his dreaming berth, and bent forward to catch the faint lingering of that wild revel. At intervals each crew heard the shouts of opposing officers and the cheers of battle

The same voice that had rung out against the Insurgente was driving the Americans to battle; while, as though in stern mockery, the French commander poured his thrilling appeals to his sailors. That night battle was a scene terrible and sublime.

At one o'clock, the French vessel drew from the combat, and spread sail. Sure of victory, Truxtun ordered a chase, but at that moment received the disheartening intelligence, that every shroud had been shot from the main-mast, which was supported only by its wood. But, anxious to risk everything in order to secure the prize, he ordered his men to secure it long enough to come up with the enemy. But no exertion could obviate the calamity, and the mast went by the board, in a few minutes after the enemy had retired.

In this long-disputed action the Constellation lost fourteen men killed, and twenty-five wounded, eleven of whom subsequently died. Her whole crew was 310 souls. The armament, of the Vengeance was twenty-eight eighteens, sixteen twelves, and eight forty-two pound carronades. Her crew was between four and five hundred men, and her loss fifty killed and 110 wounded. When arriving

in Curacoa, she was in a sinking condition; and there can be little doubt, that had the action recommenced, her capture would have been inevitable.

BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA.

The successful attack on the Philadelphia (February 16, 1804,) laid the foundation of Decatur's fame. The plan of the assault was not more admirable than the chivalric daring with which it was executed, or the little loss that attended it. Its influence on both belligerents was incalculable, and gave a new complexion to all the subsequent operations of the war.

The Siren and Intrepid had sailed on the 3d, under orders to burn the Philadelphia. Stormy weather attended them until the 15th; a calm succeeded; and Decatur, with about eighty men, made his reconnoissances for attack. These were continued until the afternoon of the following day, when the ship became visible. She remained in the

same condition as when grounded, except that her lower rigging was standing, and her guns were loaded and shotted. Near her lay two corsairs, a few gun-boats, and two galleys.

As the twilight declined, and the shades of evening gathered round, the *Intrepid*, slowly winding amid rocks and shoals, approached her intended object. The deep blue sky, purified by the late storm, was reflected from the tranquil water, as from a mirror; while the young moon, like a crescent gem, hung fair and beautiful over the peaceful scene. Gradually, as evening deepened, the wind died away, until scarcely a breath swept across the waters, and the *Intrepid* lay as immovable as though founded on a rock. Then a ripple would dim the bright surface, a slight breeze sweep on the vessel, and silently it would continue its swan-like course. How great the contrast of sleeping nature, with the feelings of that crew. On the deck stood their leader, every muscle rigid with expectation, and his restless eye piercing through the surrounding night. At his feet lay his men in concealment, panting with expectation of the approaching struggle. Not a sound broke the oppressive silence — it was a pause stern and terrible.

Suddenly a voice came ringing over the sea. They were hailed by the Moorish crew. A conversation took place, which was maintained under an assumed character on the part of the Americans, until the wind suddenly shifted and brought their vessel within complete range of the frigate's guns. Their situation was now perilous—a single broadside would have sent the *Intrepid* to the bottom. Fortunately, no suspicion had as yet been excited, and the Turks even sent a boat to the assistance of the supposed unfortunate stranger. In a few moments the *Intrepid* was alongside of her prey. Instantly Decatur sprang to the side of the vessel. "Board!" he shouted to his crew, and the astonished Turks beheld their deck swarming with armed troops. Decatur's foot slipped in springing, so that Mr. Charles Morris had the honor of being first on the quarter-deck. In a moment his commander and Mr. Laws were at his side, while heads and bodies appeared coming over the rail, and through the ports in all directions.

Never was surprise more complete. The enemy hurried in disordered crowds from place to place, some crying for quarter, others climbing the shrouds, and others leaping overboard. In ten minutes the

enemy were swept away, and the gallant Decatur had undisputed possession of his prize.

And now a shade of sorrow dimmed the victor's joys. That proud vessel, whose deck he had often paced, in company with his nation's defenders, and for which he had faced such danger, must, before morning, be given to the flames. It would have been happiness to bring her from the sands, and once more restore her to her sister fleet; but this was impossible.

The combustibles were now ordered from the *Intrepid*, and in a few minutes the flames were sweeping and hissing along her sides. The greedy element licked up the spars and rigging, like chaff, and bursting sheets of fire drove the victors to their ketch. The flames burst from the port-holes, glanced like lightning along the sides, and flashed in the faces of the adventurers. The ketch became jammed against the frigate, and all her ammunition was in danger of igniting. The crew, however, extricated themselves by their swords, and soon escaped from their dangerous position. Then they paused, turned one exulting gaze toward the burning vessel, and poured their feelings in one wild shout of victory. That sound had not yet subsided,

when the land batteries, the corsairs and galleys, burst forth in one simultaneous roar. Showers of balls and shot came whistling around the men, plunging and splashing among the waters, and throwing the spray in all directions. But, elated by success, the crew hastened not, heeded not. That spectacle was terrible to sublimity. The *Philadelphia* was in one wide blaze. Sheets of flame flashed along her rolling hull, danced among her rigging, and, collecting along the masts, fell down with sullen report toward the water. The waves seemed like melted brass. All Tripoli was in uproar. Thousands of people were standing in fearful anxiety, gazing upon the conflagration; volumes of smoke were unfolding heavily along the heavens; batteries were roaring on all sides; ships passing to and fro; within a few miles all nature appeared convulsed. Yet the little craft bore on, till the balls ceased to whistle near them, and they were free from danger. Then, for the first time, each man thought of what he had accomplished, and gazed in astonishment at his fellows. Steadily the *Intrepid* bore on, until she met the boats of the *Siren*, sent to cover her retreat. In a few moments one of these returned to the *Siren*,

bringing a man dressed in a sailor's jacket. He sprang over the gangway—it was a messenger of victory, *Décatur* himself.

BOMBARDMENT OF TRIPOLI.

In order to have a correct idea of the terrible scene attending the bombardment of Tripoli, it will be necessary to take a view of the respective forces of the combatants. The fleet of Commodore Preble consisted of one frigate, the *Constitution*, three brigs, three schooners, six gun-boats, and two bombard-ketches; carrying in all, 164 guns and 1060 men. The castle and batteries of the enemy mounted 115 guns, of which forty-five were heavy brass battering-cannon. Beside these, there were nineteen gun-boats, each carrying a heavy twenty-four-pounder and two howitzers; two schooners of eight guns each, a brig of ten, and two galleys, each of four guns. The regular garrison and crews numbered 3000 men, and they were assisted by 20,000 Arabs.

On the afternoon of the 3d of August, 1804, signal was given for a general attack upon the town. It was commenced by bombs and heavy shot. In a moment, 200 cannon opened upon the American fleet, and Tripoli seemed shrouded in fire. The smoke from the ships meeting that on shore, formed one black canopy, under which the fierce combatants hurled forth their volleys of blasting flame. Through this darkness bombs were passing and repassing, scattering red-hot fragments in all directions, and sweeping every thing before them as they struck at the desired object. The water ploughed and boiled with the incessant plunges, and the strong-built houses of Tripoli tottered as though in an earthquake.

While the main forces were conducting the bombardment, Captain Decatur, with his three gun boats, attacked nine of the enemy's. A few moments, and these little squadrons were rocking with their own cannonadings. These died away as the boats neared each other, and then succeeded the clash of bayonets and the ringing of sabers. Decatur seized a boat, and boarded her with but fifteen men. Five Turks rushed at him with their cimeters. The moment was big with importance.

On his life hung the conduct and fate of his men. But, with the rapidity of thought, he parried every blow, and drove back his antagonists unharmed. The captain, a powerful Turk, rushed at him and severed his blade; but Decatur closed with him, and both came to the deck. Although the American was under his antagonist, he managed to draw his pistol, with which he shot the Turk dead. Part of his crew then rushed to his assistance, and soon cleared the boat. With eight men he then advanced against another of the fleet, and carried it after a desperate encounter. The obstinacy of the enemy in these conflicts made the slaughter immense. The two prizes had thirty-three officers and men killed, and nineteen out of twenty-seven prisoners wounded.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Trippe boarded one of the enemy's large boats, with only a midshipman, Jonathan Henry, and nine men. At the moment of boarding, his boat fell away, and thus eleven men were left to wrestle with thirty-six. The battle was fearful, but short. Fourteen of the enemy were killed, seven badly wounded, and the rest taken prisoners. Lieutenant Trippe received eleven saber wounds, and fell while wrestling with his enemy.

The lieutenant succeeded in getting his opponent's sword, with which he killed him.

In this manner the battle raged for more than two hours, the batteries working within pistol-shot, and every gun in uninterrupted blast. At half-past four Commodore Preble gave signal to the smaller vessels to withdraw; and soon after the whole fleet were retiring from the town, under cover of a fire from the Constitution.

The smallness of the American loss in this fierce cannonade must ever remain a matter of astonishment. But one man was killed—Lieutenant Decatur, brother of the captain. One man had his arm shattered, and several others were wounded. The Constitution was considerably injured, and the other vessels suffered in their rigging.

Vastly different was the effect upon the enemy. Of one hundred and three men on board the captured boats, only thirty were fit for duty. Three other boats were sunk with their entire crews, and the decks of the remaining vessels were swept of numbers. The town itself was considerably damaged, and the inhabitants thrown into the greatest consternation. Many fled into the interior; and, of the thousands who swarmed the house-tops, to

witness the commencement of the battle, not one was left ten minutes after it had begun.

On the 7th of August, the second bombardment of Tripoli commenced. The ships opened their fire at half-past two, and continued three hours. Forty-eight shells, and five hundred twenty-pound round shot were thrown into the town, one battery silenced, and several boats injured. The Americans lost a prize boat, which blew up, together with twenty-four killed and four wounded. The bashaw being still determined to pursue his aggressions against the Americans, a third assault was determined upon. At two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, the work of death recommenced. The moon was shining with uncommon brightness, and all nature lay as though exhausted with the heat of the preceding day. The white buildings of the town, mellowed by the flood of light, seemed still and solitary as the regions of Arabian fairy land. Far away in the distance the palm trees drooped their graceful tops, and further still the mountains of Barbary seemed, Atlas-like, to be supporting the heavens. As the ships glided slowly into station, they seemed strange and unnatural — intruders into the sacred repose of so lovely a spectacle.

But this hushed tranquillity, this peaceful repose of nature, was destined to a rude awakening. A single bomb burst faintly on the silence, swept across the starry arch, and dropped into the town. Another followed; and then one tremendous roar burst along the startled fleet, lashing the waters into maddening surges, and stunning the air for miles around. Ranks of liquid fire blazed in every direction, and hundreds of flashing shot rushed through the void, toward the devoted town. Then a pause; and then the terrible answer, crashing and plunging in and around the vessels, and throwing fountains of spray over the decks and rigging. Again the ships hurled forth their defiance, the batteries replying until intermission failed, and one uninterrupted uproar shook land and sea. The hours rolled dreadfully on; but that death-work seemed endless; and the sun had begun careering in the east before the mad passions of man had ceased to struggle.

This bombardment having been productive of little effect, a combined attack upon the town and bashaw's castle was soon after, August 28th, made. The gun-boats and smaller vessels anchored within, among the rocks of the harbor. Thirteen of the

enemy's boats engaged eight of the Americans', when the constitution sailed by, ordered the latter to retire, and delivered a fire which sunk a Tripolitan boat, drove two others on the rocks, and obliged the remainder to retire. The frigate then commenced a fierce attack upon the town and castle continuing it for three-quarters of an hour, with considerable effect. The castle and two batteries were silenced, many houses destroyed, and some men killed. A boat of the Americans was sunk, a few men killed, and several badly wounded.

On the 3d of September, the fifth and last bombardment of Tripoli took place. The action commenced a little after three P. M., and soon became general. In about half an hour, the battle became divided; a part of the fleet bombarding the town, and the remainder engaging the enemy's squadron. Taught by former experience, each party seemed to rely principally on maneuvering, during which many of the vessels were so much injured as to be unfit for sailing. Yet, although the shipping suffered so materially, not a man of the Americans was injured. The action closed at half-past four

LOSS OF THE INTREPID.

The name of this vessel is associated with some of the most daring deeds of modern warfare ; her fate was in strange keeping with her reputation.

On the evening of September 4th, she was dispatched by Commodore Preble as a fire-ship, to explode among the enemy's cruisers. It was commanded by Captain Somers, and his second, Lieutenant Wadsworth, with ten other men. A deep mist had brooded over the water, and the stars were seen dim, as though half extinguished. A gloom hung over the American seamen ; for those bold comrades whom they were sending forth were to return no more, unless they could escape unperceived from the enemy. The captain had declared his intention of exploding the vessel in case of being boarded by the Tripolitans ; and now those who knew his worth — who had stood by his side in danger as in prosperity — yearned over him with the honest sympathy of sailors. Pale with repressed anxiety, the commodore gave them his

parting instructions, and the ketch swept forward through the water toward its object.

The manner in which the fire-ship was prepared for her dreadful work, is thus described by Mr. Cooper, in his *Naval History* :

“ A small room or magazine had been planked up in the hold of the ketch, just forward of her principal mast. Communicating with this magazine was a trunk or tube, that led aft to another room filled with combustibles. In the planked room, or magazine, were placed 100 barrels of gunpowder, in bulk ; and on the deck immediately above the powder, were laid fifteen thirteen and a half inch shells, and 100 nine-inch shells, with a large quantity of shot, pieces of kentledge, and fragments of iron of different sorts. A train was laid in the trunk or tube, and fuses were attached in the proper manner. In addition to this arrangement, the other small room mentioned was filled with splinters and light wood ; which, besides firing the train, were to keep the enemy from boarding, as the flames would be apt to induce them to apprehend an immediate explosion.

And now the fearful voyage commenced. Slowly the canvas of the devoted craft receded into the

distance, until she seemed like some shadowy spirit, struggling and writhing with the darkness. Hearts that had swelled to the rigidity of iron, grew chilly and palpitating as the eye hung on the lessening folds; and a strange restlessness, a solitary pang for the horrors of war, crossed each bosom. Decatur himself, who moved among the mighty as the mightiest, stood like a statue upon the deck, his eye peering through the darkness, and his noble form thrilling with intense feeling. Not a sound was heard; nature seemed suspended. More and more faint the sails become, until only by turns are they revealed through the darkness. Sometimes a blast of wind strikes the water, heaves the vessel on its bosom, and displays her to the sight; then she suddenly sinks, and all is black. Now the spectators strain and lean from their stations, and pray for one more glance; but still all is blackness.

Suddenly every man started. A report cracked along the strung nerves; a thick light gleamed through the night; the enemy had opened their guns. Anxiety changed to agony. One ball would hurl the ketch and her crew into mangled atoms; and how was such a catastrophe avoidable?

Battery after battery opened, glaring through the blackness, lashing the surges into fury with their iron showers, and filling the spectators with feelings unutterable. Now and then, by the help of one volcanic flash, the fearless sail would appear, careering in the jaws of death, like some white spirit of destruction. Time seemed standing still. Yet deeper, louder, more thrilling, the uproar swelled, until earth, sea, air—all nature—seemed battling in convulsions. Tripoli had never witnessed a night like that.

Suddenly a column of massive fire, to which the united efforts of every battery seemed like the mockery of tapers, swept up to heaven, tossing the boiling ocean like a ball, and lighting the coast for leagues. Then a report, as if the elements were crashing with each other; and every vessel shook like a leaf in autumn. After the first stunning blow, men gazed on each other in consternation; the nerves shrunk and quivered, through fear of a repetition. There was no inquiry; each knew—each felt—the truth. Darkness, three-fold dense, succeeded; every gun hushed, and stillness fell like a mountain on every heart. Oh, the racking of that moment! The roar of cannon—

the struggling of battle—would have been wild, sweet music, to the tortured system. A world of horror was crowded into every moment, and man ceased for a while to breathe.

The Intrepid was but a name. The crew! where were they? After the first shock had subsided, the sailors leaped over the sides of the vessels, held up their lanterns, and placed their ears to the water to catch the dash of oars. How fearful was the pause! None could resign hope—that crew could not be lost—they must meet once more with their comrades, and narrate the thrilling tale. Imagination swallowed up judgment; and “I hear them—they are coming,” often warmed each bosom with joy. Then there was silence, and the watch was again renewed. Hope again died—time rolled on—the whole truth was being told. Their oars were never again heard. How that vessel exploded none ever knew; the awful sublimity of her fate was not to be lessened by a disclosure of its cause.

Not a single gun was fired after the explosion; both parties seemed bewildered; and, for a few days, operations against the city were suspended.

EXPEDITION OF GENERAL EATON.

In the African expedition, the Americans were not confined to naval operations. We have elsewhere remarked that the Tripolitan war was conducted with a chivalry, and display of personal daring, rarely equaled in modern warfare. Its conclusion was the romantic expedition of General Eaton; an appropriate closing for deeds of such remarkable intrepidity.

Jussuf Carawalli, the Bashaw of Tripoli, during hostilities with the United States, was indebted for his eminence to a successful usurpation. Hamet, his elder brother, and the rightful heir, had fled from the dangers of his own country, and, after wandering in the desert for a long while, joined himself to the Egyptian Mamelukes. Among these he was sought and found by Mr. Eaton, American envoy to Tunis, who, having obtained consent of government, determined to reinstate him. The pro-

posal was favored by the viceroy of Egypt, who permitted Hamet to pass from that kingdom, notwithstanding his connection with the Mamelukes, with whom the government was at war.

In company with the deposed prince, and a small party of adventurers from all nations, Mr. Eaton (under the title of General,) commenced his march toward Tripoli. They crossed the desert of Barca from Alexandria, and in April, 1805, arrived before Derne. Having received arms and supplies from part of the fleet under Captain Hull, they attacked this place on the 27th, at two P. M. The adventurers advanced rapidly to the attack, and were received with spirit and firmness. An incessant roll of musketry was kept up for more than an hour, when Lieutenant O'Bannan and Mr. Mann stormed the principal work, hauling down the Tripolitan ensign, and, for the first time, hoisting that of our country on a fortress of the Old World. The whole town surrendered immediately after. Fourteen of the assailants were killed or wounded, Eaton among the latter. They numbered 1200, and their opponents 3000.

General Eaton was prevented from following up

his victory by an attack on Tripoli, through want of supplies; and, soon after, a permanent treaty between the two nations put an end to his spirited enterprise.

CHAPTER IX.—1812.

CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE.

The disasters of the Americans in the land campaign of 1812 were compensated by several brilliant victories. The first remarkable naval victory was that of the frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull, over the frigate *Guerriere*, Captain Dacres. The action took place on the 19th of August, 1812.

At half past three, P. M., Captain Hull made his antagonist to be a frigate, and continued chase till he was within about three miles, when he cleared for action; the chase backed her main-top-sail and waited for him to come down. As soon as the *Constitution* was ready, Hull bore down to bring the enemy to close action immediately; but, on his coming within gun-shot, the *Guerriere* gave a broadside and filled away and wore, giving a broadside on the other tack, but without effect, her shot falling short. She then continued wearing and maneuvering for about three-quarters of an hour, to

get a raking position; but, finding she could not, she bore up and ran under her topsails and jib, with the wind on the quarter. During this time, the Constitution not having fired a single broadside, the impatience of the officers and men to engage was excessive. Nothing but the most rigid discipline could have restrained them. Hull, however, was preparing to decide the contest in a summary method of his own. He now made sail to bring the Constitution up with her antagonist, and at five minutes before six, P. M., being alongside within half pistol-shot, he commenced a heavy fire from all his guns, *double-shotted with round and grape*, and so well directed and so well kept up was the fire, that in sixteen minutes the mizzen-mast of the Guerriere went by the board, and her main-yard in the slings, and the hull, rigging, and sails were completely torn to pieces. The fire was kept up for fifteen minutes longer, when the main and foremast went, taking with them every spar except the bowsprit, and leaving the Guerriere a complete wreck. On seeing this, Hull ordered the firing to cease, having brought his enemy, in thirty minutes after he was fairly alongside, to such a condition that a few more broadsides must have carried her down.

The prize being so shattered that she was not worth bringing into port, after removing the prisoners to the Constitution, she was set on fire and blown up. In the action, the Constitution lost seven killed and seven wounded; the Guerriere, fifteen killed, sixty-two wounded, including the captain and several officers, and twenty-four missing.

The news of this victory was received in the United States with the greatest joy and exultation. All parties united in celebrating it, and the citizens and public authorities vied with each other in bestowing marks of approbation upon Captain Hull and his gallant officers and crew.

THE WASP AND FROLIC.

Later achievements of our navy, on a large scale, have not been sufficient to efface the recollection of the brilliant action of the United States sloop-of-war Wasp, under the command of Captain Jones, and the British sloop-of-war Frolic.

He sailed from the port of Philadelphia on the

13th of October, 1812, with a gallant set of officers, and a high-spirited and confident crew. On the 16th of the same month the *Wasp* encountered a heavy gale, during which she lost her jib-boom and two valuable seamen. On the following night, being a bright moonlight, a seaman on the look-out discovered five strange sail, steering eastward.

Notwithstanding the apparent disparity of force, Captain Jones determined to hazard an attack; and, as the weather was boisterous, and the swell of the sea unusually high, he ordered down the topgallant yards, closely reefed the topsails, and prepared for action. The convoy sailed ahead and lay to, five or six miles distant, while the sloop-of-war, with Spanish colors flying, remained under easy sail, the *Wasp* coming down to windward on her larboard side, within pistol-shot, displaying the American ensign, and pennant. Upon the enemy's being hailed, he hauled down the Spanish flag, hoisted the British ensign, and opened a broadside of cannon and musketry. The fire was promptly returned by the *Wasp*, the vessels gradually neared each other, and each maintained the combat with great animation, the English vessel firing with most rapidity, but, as the result proved, with no grea

precision. In a few minutes after the commencement of the action, the maintop-mast of the Wasp was shot away, and falling on the top-sail yard, across the larboard fore and foretopsail braces, caused the head yards to be unmanageable during the continuance of the action. In two or three minutes more the gaff and mizzen topgallant sail were shot away. Each vessel continued in the position in which the action commenced, and maintained a close and spirited fire. Captain Jones directed his officers not to fire except when the vessel rolled downward, so that the shot was either poured into the enemy's deck, or below it, while the English fired as soon as they had loaded, without regard to the position of their vessel, and thus their balls were either thrown away, or passed through the rigging. The Wasp now passed ahead of the enemy, raked her, and resumed her original position. It was now obvious that the Wasp had greatly the advantage in the combat, and Captain Jones thought the contest might be speedily decided by boarding, but hesitated because the roughness of the sea might endanger the safety of both vessels if brought in contact. As, however, the braces and rigging of the Wasp were so injured by the shot

of the enemy that he was fearful his masts, being unsupported, would go by the board, and that the enemy might escape; he therefore determined at all hazards to board, and thus decide the contest. With this determination he wore ship, and ran athwart the enemy's bow, so that the jib-boom came in between the main and mizzen rigging of the Wasp. The enemy was now in a position so inviting for a raking broadside, that one was promptly ordered. So closely in contact were the contending vessels, that while loading, the rammers of the Wasp struck against the sides of the opposing vessel, so that two of the guns of the former entered through the bow ports of the latter, and swept the whole length of the deck. At this juncture a sprightly and gallant seaman, named Jack Lang, who had once been impressed on board a British man-of-war, jumped on a gun with his cutlas, and was about to leap on board the enemy, when Captain Jones ordered him back, wishing to give a closing broadside before boarding. His impetuosity, however, could not be restrained; and observing the ardor of the crew generally, Lieutenant Biddle and Booth gallantly led them on, but to their great surprise, when they reached the

enemy's deck, not a single uninjured individual was found on deck except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers. The deck was covered with the dying and dead, and was slippery with blood. When Lieutenant Biddle reached the quarter-deck, the commander and two other officers threw down their swords, and made an inclination of their bodies, thus affording evidence that they had surrendered.

DEFENSE OF FORT HARRISON.

On the 19th of June, 1812, a declaration of war was formally declared against Great Britain by the United States Congress, and sanctioned by the President. Captain Taylor had, but a few weeks before, been placed in command of Fort Harrison, a rude and weak stockade, garrisoned by only fifty soldiers, most of whom, like himself, were worn down and disabled by their long and severe service. Almost in the very midst of an enemy's country, surrounded on all sides by a sleepless and savage

fee, and kept constantly on the alert, night and day, for weeks together, it is not to be wondered at that Taylor and his men should have nearly sunk under the fatigue and labor they had so long endured. While in this wretched state, with scarcely a dozen men fit for service, he was attacked on the night of the 5th of September, 1812, after an ineffectual attempt to get possession of the fort by stratagem, by a force of 450 Indians. But Captain Taylor had taken his measures with too much prudence to be captured either by stratagem or force, as weak as were his defences, and few his men.

The attack was commenced about eleven o'clock at night, amidst the excitement and confusion occasioned by the burning of the lower block-house, which contained the property of the contractor, and which they had previously fired. The Indians, confident of victory, had completely surrounded the little garrison, and commenced firing upon it from all sides, simultaneously with the firing of the block-house. But Captain Taylor was undismayed, either by the overwhelming number of his enemy and their murderous fire, or the more dangerous element of destruction they had called to their aid. He calmly gave his orders to have the fire

extinguished, but for a long time all efforts were fruitless. The fire communicated to the roof, in spite of every effort to check it. The scene at this time is represented as truly appalling. The raging of the fire, the yelling and howling of several hundred Indians, and the cries of women and children who had taken shelter there, together with the unceasing discharge of guns, must have been enough to appal the stoutest heart. Yet we find this stripling captain, only twenty-two years of age, boldly meeting them all, and giving his orders for suppressing the fire, and repelling the attack of his 400 savage foes, with as much coolness as the oldest veteran. By his great presence of mind, and his well-directed efforts, the flames were at length arrested, and the fire finally subdued. Having extinguished the fire, and erected a temporary breastwork, the fire of the enemy was returned with redoubled vigor during the whole night, and with such success, that at six o'clock in the morning, the enemy gave up the contest in despair, and withdrew their forces. In this gallant defense, Captain Taylor only lost two men killed, and two wounded.

CAPTURE OF THE MACEDONIAN.

Shortly after the declaration of war against Great Britain, in 1812, the frigate *United States* sailed upon a cruise, under the command of Commodore Decatur, and on the 25th of October, 1812, in latitude 29° N., longitude $29^{\circ} 30'$ W., fell in with his Britannic Majesty's ship, the *Macedonian*, commanded by Captain Carden. She was a frigate of the largest class, mounting forty-nine carriage guns, and reputed one of the swiftest sailers in the British navy. When this frigate first hove in sight, and while orders were given on board the *United States* to prepare for action, Lieutenant Allen mounted aloft; and, after watching her closely for some time, at length discovered the English pennant. He descended to his comrades, who were impatiently awaiting him below, and jocosely pronounced the frigate a lawful prize. The enemy having the advantage of the wind, fought at his own distance, and the contest was kept up for one hour and fifty

minutes. The United States poured such an incessant fire, that the shouts from the crew of the Macedonian were distinctly heard, who, from that cause, apprehended her to be in flames. Her colors were, nevertheless, hauled down shortly afterward. In the engagement she lost her mizzen-mast, fore and maintop-mast, and main-yard. She was likewise much damaged in her hull. Thirty-six were killed and forty-eight wounded. On board the United States, five only were killed, and seven wounded. The American frigate received so little damage in this engagement, that she would still have continued her cruise, had it not been necessary for her to accompany her prize into port, on account of the crippled state of the British frigate. Any comments on this splendid action — an action so glorious to the arms of our countrymen — would surely now be needless.

CAPTURE OF THE ADAMS AND CALEDONIA

In July, 1812, Colonel Winfield Scott received the commission of lieutenant-colonel in the 2d artillery, (Izard's regiment,) and arrived on the Niagara frontier, with the companies of Towson and Barker. He took post at Black Rock, to protect the navy-yard there established.

Lieutenant Elliott of the navy had planned an enterprise against two British armed brigs, then lying at anchor under the guns of Fort Erie. For this purpose, he applied, on the 8th of October, 1812, to Colonel Scott, for assistance in officers and men. Captain Towson, and a portion of his company were dispatched to the aid of Elliott. The attack was successful. On the morning of the 9th, both vessels were carried in the most gallant manner. The Adams was taken by Captain Elliott in person, assisted by Lieutenant Isaac Roach; and the Caledonia by the gallant Captain Towson. In dropping down the Niagara River, the

Adams became unmanageable, through the occurrence of a calm, and drifted into the British channel. She got around on Squaw island, directly under the guns of the enemy's batteries, where it was impossible to get her off. Captain Elliott, therefore, having previously secured the prisoners, abandoned her under a heavy fire from the British shore. Then ensued an interesting and exciting scene, the British endeavoring to retake the abandoned brig, and Colonel Scott to prevent them. The enemy sent off boats, and Scott resisted them, in which effort he was successful. The brig was recaptured, and held until she was subsequently burned, by order of General Smythe, who had then arrived.

As for the *Caledonia* she was preserved by the extraordinary efforts of Captain (now General) Towson, and afterward did good service in the memorable and glorious victory won on Lake Erie, by the gallant Perry.

BATTLE OF QUEENSTON.

Early in the month of October, 1812, there were near 1500 regular troops at Buffalo and Fort Niagara, under the command of General Smythe; and General Stephen Van Rensselaer, of the New York militia, the commander of the united force, known as the Army of the Center, had concentrated about 2500 men at Lewiston. Nothing was talked of but the invasion and conquest of Canada. The successful enterprise under Elliott infused new zeal into the breasts of the really patriotic, but raw and un-disciplined militia; and all that was then required to have terminated the campaign, and perhaps the war, by a bold and successful stroke in the upper province, was the presence of resolute and energetic general officers.

The arrangements for storming the heights of Queenston were completed on the 12th of October, and late in the evening of that day Lieutenant-Colonel Scott hastened to Lewiston, through mud

and rain, and sleet, and entreated General Van Rensselaer to permit him to serve as a volunteer with the attacking force. He instantly returned to Schlosser, where his men were posted, ordered them under arms, and just before daylight arrived at Lewiston, bringing with him two pieces of artillery. The troops under Van Rensselaer and Chrystie had already passed the river, — though not with much regularity, on account of the deficiency of boats, — under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries; and they were now warmly engaged on the opposite bank. Colonel Van Rensselaer and Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie were both known to be severely wounded, and Scott was finally ordered to cross over and take the command.

Leaving his train in battery on the American shore, under the command of Captains Towson and Barker, who opened an effective fire on the enemy, Scott crossed the stream, about eight o'clock in the morning, when he found that the British force, consisting of two flank companies of the 49th, and a body of militia, had been driven from their position; that Captain Wool had stormed the heights south of the town, with three companies of the 13th infantry, and carried the enemy's batteries;

and that the British commander, General Brock, had been killed in an unsuccessful charge, which he had gallantly headed in person.

Although the American detachments, which had made a lodgment on the Canada shore, remained for several hours unmolested, it was not doubted that the enemy would rally again before night. Scott arranged his men, therefore, so as both to cover the ferry, in order that he might be reinforced if necessary, and to repel an attack.

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, small parties of the enemy were seen hovering along the slopes of the hills, and, shortly after, the action was fiercely renewed by the rallied militia and grenadiers, and about 400 Indians, under Norton, who had heard the previous firing and had hurried down from Chippewa. With a mixed command of regulars and militia, not far from 350 strong, Scott boldly encountered the enemy. A sharp conflict ensued for a few moments, and the assailants were then driven back, and put to flight, by a forward movement of the bayonet.

The protection of the ferry rendered a pursuit impossible. Scott therefore re-formed his line, in readiness for another attack. He had just returned

to the rear, to direct his men how to unspike a captured cannon, when the enemy rallied again, and forced in the advanced picket. The main line too, had commenced a retreat ere he could reach them. Instantly springing to the front, by great exertions, in which he was ably seconded by General Wadsworth, and Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie, he brought the retreating line to the right about. His earnest enthusiasm produced a sudden revulsion of feeling, and the enemy were soon a second time repulsed.

Meanwhile, General Sheaffe, who commanded the troops at Fort George, had hastily collected all his disposable forces, and the provincial militia in the neighborhood, and was rapidly approaching the scene of action. About four o'clock, his column, numbering rather more than 800 men, emerged into open view just below the village of Queenston. He advanced with much caution, though fully aware that the Americans were greatly inferior to his own force in point of numbers, especially when he had effected a junction with the light troops and Indians. Leaving Queenston on his left, he took a wide circuit through the woods, gained the heights, and opened the action anew, with a rapid

fire of musketry and artillery. For half an hour, the little band headed by the dauntless and heroic Scott, manfully held their ground, and breasted the volleys that met them on every side. All that bravery and skill could do, was nobly performed, — but performed in vain!

Scott fearlessly exposed his person to the enemy's bullets. His tall form, six feet and five inches in height, was the most conspicuous object on the field. He was arrayed in full uniform, and was entreated again and again to cover up or change some parts of his dress. "No, no!" said he, smiling; "I will die in my robes!" Others were constantly falling around him, but he escaped unharmed. — After the action, when he had surrendered himself a prisoner of war, an Indian warrior came up to him, and surveying him attentively, said — "You are not born to be shot; so many times — holding up all the fingers of both hands — so many times did I fire at you!"

GENERAL SCOTT AND THE INDIAN CHIEFS.

After the battle of Queenston, the prisoners were escorted to the village now called Niagara, at the mouth of the river, where the officers were lodged in an inn, and placed under guard. The sentinel had received orders to suffer no prisoner to pass out, but not otherwise to restrain their motions. In a little while a message came that some one wished to speak with the "tall American." Scott passed through several doors into the entry. He was surprised to find in his visitors the same two Indians, hideously painted as in battle, who had sprung upon him while he was bearing the flag of truce. The elder, tall and strong, was the distinguished chief known by the name of Captain Jacobs. The other was a young man of fine figure, and only inferior in muscular development. In broken English, and by gestures, the prisoner was questioned as to his shot-marks: the Indians severally holding up their fingers to indicate the times

their rifles had been leveled at him. Jacobs grew warm and seized Scott by the arm to turn him round to see his back. Indignant at this manual liberty, the American threw the savage from him, exclaiming, "Off, villain! You fired like a squaw." "We kill you now!" was the angry reply, loosening from their girdles at the same instant knives and tomahawks. There was no call for help; none could have arrived in time; and flight would have been, in the opinion of such soldiers as Scott, dastardly. In a corner of the entry, under the staircase, stood the swords of the American officers which, according to the custom of war, they had been desired to lay aside on their arrival. A long sabre, in a heavy steel scabbard, as readily drawn as grasped, lay on the outside of the stack. A spring swiftly to the rear, and another back upon the foe, brought the American, with blade hung in air, to an attitude of defiance. A second lost — a quiver — or an error of the eye, would have ended this story, and left no further room to the biographer of the "tall American." Of one of his assailants Scott was absolutely sure; but that he would fall by the hands of the other before the sword could be again poised, seemed equally certain. He

had the advantage of position — standing on the defensive, in a narrow entry, just within the foot of the staircase. It was a pass that could not be turned. The savages were held without, in the wider space, near the front door, but maneuvering like tigers to close upon their prey. The parties were thus terribly grouped, when a British officer, entering from the street, and seeing what impended, cried, "*The guard!*" and at the same moment seized Jacobs by the arm, and put a pistol to the head of his companion. Scott held his blade ready to descend in aid of his gallant deliverer, now turned upon by his foes. The sentinels obeyed the call they had heard, and came in, with bayonets forward. The Indians were marched off, muttering imprecations on all white men, and all the laws of war. The younger of these Indian chiefs was the son of the celebrated Brant, of the Revolutionary war, whose life has recently been given to the public by the late Colonel Wm. L. Stone. The officer who so opportunely entered, on a visit of courtesy, was Captain Coffin, then in the staff of General Sheaffe, and now of high rank in the British army. This adventure he frequently narrated, both in New York and on the other side of the Atlantic.

CAPTURE OF THE JAVA.

Long before the commencement of the last war with Great Britain, Commodore Bainbridge had established the highest character for bravery and ability as a naval commander.

On the 29th of December, 1812, in latitude $13^{\circ} 6'$ S., and about ten leagues from the coast of Brazil, the Constitution fell in with an enemy's frigate, the Java, bound for the East Indies, with a number of supernumerary officers and seamen for the Bombay station. The commodore, finding the frigate fairly within his reach, prepared with alacrity for action. The stranger showed English colors, and bore down with the intention of raking the Constitution. Bainbridge avoided this, and the enemy having hauled down colors, and left flying a jack only, the commodore gave orders to fire ahead of the enemy to make him show full colors. This was returned with a full broadside, and a general action commenced, both ships striving to rake and to avoid being raked.

Soon after the commencement of the action, Bainbridge received a ball in the hip; and a few minutes later a shot carried away the wheel, and drove a small bolt with violence into his thigh. These injuries did not induce him to sit down, and he continued on deck, giving orders until eleven o'clock at night. The action lasted an hour and fifty-five minutes, when the enemy struck her flag, and the American commodore sent Lieutenant Parker to take possession. The Java was commanded by Captain Lambert, a distinguished officer, who was mortally wounded, and died a few days after the battle. The enemy's loss was not less than sixty killed and 100 wounded. The Constitution lost nine killed and twenty-five wounded. The two vessels presented a striking contrast in appearance, at the close of the action; the Constitution "actually coming out of the battle as she had gone into it, with royal-yards across, and every spar, from the highest to the lowest, in its place," though some of them were considerably injured; while the Java lay upon the water an unmanageable wreck, with every spar shot away, and but a few stumps left standing. Bainbridge displayed great kindness in the treatment of his prisoners;

and, having destroyed his prize, he landed his captives at St. Salvador, on parole of honor not to engage in hostilities against the United States until exchanged

CHAPTER X.—1813

CAPTURE OF THE PEACOCK.

The following account of this celebrated action is extracted from Captain Lawrence's official dispatch to the secretary of the navy, dated March 19th, 1813:

After cruising off the coast of Surinam, from the 5th to the 22d of February, without meeting a vessel, I stood for Demarara, with an intention, should I not be fortunate on that station, to run through the West Indies, on my way to the United States. But, on the morning of the 24th, I discovered a brig to leeward, to which I gave chase; ran into quarter less four, and, not having a pilot, was obliged to haul off—the fort at the entrance of Demarara river at this time bearing south-west, distance about two and a half leagues. Previously to giving up the chase, I discovered a vessel at anchor without the bar, with English colors flying, apparently a brig-of-war. In beating round

Corobano bank, in order to get at her, at half-past three, P. M., I discovered another sail on my weather quarter, edging down for us. At twenty minutes past four she hoisted English colors, at which time we discovered her to be a large man-of-war brig, beat to quarters, and cleared ship for action; kept close by the wind, in order, if possible, to get the weather-gage. At ten minutes past five, finding I could weather the enemy, I hoisted American colors and tacked. At twenty minutes past five, in passing each other, exchanged broadsides within half pistol-shot.

Observing the enemy in the act of wearing, I bore up, received his starboard broadside, ran him close on board on the starboard quarter, and kept up such a heavy and well-directed fire, that in less than fifteen minutes he surrendered, being literally cut to pieces, and hoisted an ensign, union down, from his fore rigging, as a signal of distress. Shortly after, his main-mast went by the board, dispatched Lieutenant Shubrick on board, who soon returned with her first lieutenant, who reported her to be his Britannic majesty's late brig Peacock, commanded by Captain William Peake, who fell in the latter part of the action: that a number of her crew

were killed and wounded, and that she was sinking fast, having then six feet of water in her hold; dispatched the boats immediately for the wounded, and brought both vessels to anchor. Such shot-holes as could be got at were then plugged, her guns thrown overboard, and every possible exertion used to keep her afloat, until the prisoners could be removed, by pumping and bailing, but without effect, and she unfortunately sunk in five and a half fathoms water, carrying down thirteen of her crew and three of my brave fellows, viz.: John Hart, Joseph Williams, and Hannibal Boyc

DEATH OF GENERAL PIKE.

Keeping up their system of petty incursions on the border towns, on the morning of the 22d of February, 1813, the British crossed over in considerable force, and succeeded in capturing Ogdensburg, on the St. Lawrence. Captain Forsythe, the American commander at that place, with a force less than half that of the British, effected

his retreat to Black Lake, in a masterly manner.

The ice having disappeared from Lake Ontario about the middle of April, the look-out boat Growler sailed from Sackett's Harbor on the 19th, to reconnoiter the lake, and immediately preparations were made for an embarkation of troops for the invasion of Canada. The troops, to the number of 1700, under the command of General Dearborn, were embarked by the 23d; but the weather proving stormy the fleet did not sail until the 25th.

On the morning of the 27th they arrived off York, the capital of Upper Canada; and, the fleet having taken a position to the south and westward of the principal fort, and as near the shore as possible, the debarkation of the troops commenced about eight, and was completed about ten in the forenoon.

The riflemen under Forsythe first landed, under a heavy fire from the enemy, who had collected all their force at this point, consisting of 700 regulars and militia, and 100 Indians, commanded by General Sheaffe in person. The contest was sharp and severe for about half an hour, when, about 700 or 800 of the Americans having landed, commanded by General Pike, and the remainder of the troops

pushing for the shore, the enemy retreated to their works, leaving a number of killed and wounded on the field.

Pike having formed the troops on the ground originally intended for their landing, advanced to the batteries, which now opened their fire, which was returned from the schooners, that had beat up to a position within 600 yards of the principal fort. The troops were led in the most gallant manner by General Pike, who carried two redoubts, and was approaching the principal work, when the enemy, having previously laid a train, blew up his magazine, by which a great number of the troops were killed and wounded, and, among the former, the ever-to-be-lamented General Pike. When the fall of Pike was made known to General Dearborn, he landed and took the command of the troops.

As soon as the magazine was blown up, the British set fire to their naval stores and a ship on the stocks; and then the regulars, with Sheaffe at their head, made a precipitate retreat from the town. By two in the afternoon, the American flag was substituted for the British, and by four the troops were in peaceable possession of York, a capitulation having been agreed on with the militia

commanding officer, by which the town stores, and nearly 300 militia were surrendered.

The total American loss on this occasion was 264 killed and wounded.

The British acknowledged a loss of 156, killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing. This loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners, however, must only include the regulars, as 300 militia were surrendered in the town.

CAPTAIN HOLMES' EXPEDITION.

Early in the spring of 1813, a small force, consisting of about 180 rangers and mounted infantry under Captain Holmes, was dispatched by Lieutenant-Colonel Butler, the commander at Detroit, against Delaware, a British post on the river Thames. This detachment had set out with artillery, but the state of the country presenting invincible obstacles in its transportation, it was left behind. By this means, and by sending back the sick to Detroit, Holmes' little force was diminished to about 160 men. 16

On the 3d of March, intelligence was received that a body of the enemy, nearly double his force, was descending the Thames, one-half of whom were regulars, and the remainder militia and Indians. Holmes immediately retreated a few miles, and took an excellent position on the western bank of a creek, which ran through a deep and wide ravine. Captain Gill was left, with a few rangers, to cover the rear, and watch the motions of the enemy; but hardly had the main body encamped before they were joined by the rangers, who had been driven in after exchanging a few shots with the British advanced corps, in a vain attempt to reconnoiter their forces.

The attack was commenced simultaneously on every front, the militia and Indians attacking the north, west, and south, with savage yells and bugles sounding, and the regulars charging from the ravine on the east. The latter bravely approached to within twenty paces of the American line, against the most destructive fire. But the front section being shot to pieces, those who followed much thinned and wounded, and many of the officers cut down, they were forced to abandon the charge, and take cover in the woods in diffused order, within

from fifteen to thirty paces of their antagonists. The charge of the British regulars thus repulsed, they had recourse to their ammunition, and the firing increased on both sides with great vivacity. The American regulars, being uncovered, were ordered to kneel, that the brow of the heights might assist in screening them from the view of the enemy. But the enemy's cover also proved insufficient, a common-sized tree being unable to protect even one man from the extended line of Americans, much less the squads that often stood and breathed their last together.

On the other three sides the firing was also sustained with much coolness, and with considerable loss to the foe. The troops on those sides being protected by logs hastily thrown together, and the enemy not charging, both the rifle and the musket were aimed at leisure, with that deadly certainty which distinguishes the American backwoodsman. Unable to sustain so unequal a contest, therefore, and favored by the shades of twilight, the British commenced a general retreat, after an hour's close and gallant conflict.

CAPTURE OF THE PENGUIN.

On the morning of the 23d of March, 1813, while the Hornet sloop-of-war, of eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Biddle, was preparing to anchor off the island of Tristan d'Acunha, a sail hove in sight, steering northward, with a fine breeze, and disappeared in a few minutes behind a projecting point of land. The Hornet immediately made sail, and on clearing the point, discovered the same vessel, bearing down before the wind, when Captain Biddle shortened sail and hove to for her to come up with him. When the stranger got near he began also to shorten sail, and took in his steering-sails very clumsily, for the purpose, as it afterward appeared, of practicing a deception. At forty minutes past one, the engagement commenced by a broadside from the Hornet. The action was sustained with great spirit for fifteen minutes, when the enemy approached, with the apparent intention of boarding; but finding the Hornet prepared to receive

him, he desisted from the attempt, and in a few minutes surrendered. The prize proved to be the British brig-of-war Penguin, of nineteen guns and 132 men, forty-two of whom were killed or wounded. So heavy and well-directed had been the fire of the Hornet, that it was found necessary to scuttle the Penguin, after removing the prisoners. The Hornet received no material injury; one man only of her crew was killed, and eleven wounded.

BATTLE OF TOHOPECA.

Not far from five miles below Emuckfaw, is the great bend of the Tallapoosa, called by the Indians, Tohopeca, or Horse Shoe. At this place, the warriors from the hostile towns of Oakfuskie, Oakehoya, Enfaulee, New Yonca, the Hillabees and Fish Ponds, had concentrated their forces, near 1000 strong, for a last desperate struggle. Across the narrow neck of land, or isthmus, by which the peninsula formed by the crooked river was entered, they had erected a breastwork of logs, from five

to eight feet high, with double port-holes, arranged with no little skill and ingenuity. Within the inclosure, there were about 100 acres of land; the center was high ground, covered with brush and fallen timber; and on the river bottom, at the lower extremity of the peninsula, was the Indian village.

On the night of the 26th of March, 1813, General Jackson encamped within six miles of the Horse Shoe, and early on the following morning, General Coffee was detached, with mounted men and most of the friendly Indians, under instructions to cross the river at a ford two miles below Tohopeca, and take possession of the high grounds on the opposite bank, so as to cut off all chance of escape in that quarter.

The firing on the American side was mainly confined to the artillery, though a rifle or musket was occasionally discharged, whenever the dark warriors incautiously exposed their persons. For nearly two hours, the cannonade was kept up, with spirit and activity, though without producing any sensible impression. Meantime the friendly Indians had advanced to the left bank of the river, while General Coffee remained on the high ground with the rest of his troops. Some of the Cherokees now

discovered that the enemy's canoes, which were drawn up on the shore, near their village, had been left unguarded. They instantly plunged into the stream, swam across, and, in a few moments, returned with a number of the canoes. Means being thus provided for passing over, the Cherokees, headed by their chief, Richard Brown, and Colonel Morgan, and Captain Russell's company of spies, crossed to the village, set it on fire, and attacked the enemy in the rear.

Surrounded though they were, the hostile Indians fought with the utmost bravery and desperation. Every avenue by which they might have fled was occupied by the American troops, and their habitations were in flames; still they refused to surrender, and successfully resisted every attempt of the spies and Cherokees to dislodge them. The soldiers with General Jackson, clamored loudly to be led to the assault, but he hesitated to give the order, till he became convinced that the party in the rear were not strong enough to overcome the opposition they encountered. The command to storm the works was then received with shouts and acclamations. General Doherty's brigade, and the 39th infantry, under Colonel Williams, promptly advanced

to the attack. The result of the contest long remain in doubt. A fierce struggle was maintained for a short time, through the port-holes muzzle to muzzle; the action being so close, as remarked in the dispatch of the commanding general, that "many of the enemy's balls were welded to the American bayonets." Major Montgomery of the 39th infantry, was the first to spring upon the breastwork, but was shot dead among his comrades, who were rushing forward to sustain him. A smothered cry for vengeance rolled along the line, — and the whole column dashed over the feeble barrier, like the avalanche, crushing and bearing down every thing before it.

The Indians, fighting with the fury of despair, met the shock with clubbed muskets, and rifles, with the gleaming knife and tomahawk. Some few attempted to escape by swimming the river, but were shot down in their flight, by the spies and mounted men under General Coffee. Most of them, however, fought and died where they stood — behind the ramparts which they were unable to defend. The conflict — nay, we may call it, without reproach to the victors, the butchery — was continued for hours. None asked for quarter. The Tallapoosa

ran red with the blood of the savages, and the dead were piled in mangled heaps upon its banks

Driven from the breastwork, a considerable number of the enemy took refuge among the brush and fallen timber on the high ground in the center of the peninsula. General Jackson sent them an interpreter, to offer terms of capitulation, but they fired on and wounded him. The cannon were brought to bear on their position, and a partially successful charge was made, yet they were not dislodged. Finally, the brush was set on fire. The flames spread with rapidity, snapping and crackling as they caught the dry bark and leaves, and licking up every thing in their way, like some huge, greedy monster. The Indians were now forced from their concealment; and all who attempted to fly, or offered resistance, were shot down. Night at length put an end to the carnage, and, under cover of the darkness, a few of the survivors of that fatal field escaped into the adjoining forests.

Five hundred and fifty-seven dead bodies of the enemy were found within the peninsula; and there were over 300 taken prisoners, nearly all women and children. The total loss of the Red Sticks, in killed alone, must have been near 800; as a number of

the dead were thrown into the river previous to the final rout, by their surviving friends, or shot by General Coffee's men while attempting to make their escape. Among the slain were three prophets, one of whom, by the name of Monohoe, was struck by a grape-shot in his mouth, out of which had issued the lies which had lured his nation to their ruin.

General Jackson lost fifty-five men killed and 146 wounded. Twenty-three of the killed, and forty-seven of the wounded, were friendly Creeks and Cherokees.

CRUISE OF THE ESSEX.

Among those by whom the enterprise of the American navy was chiefly evinced, was Captain Porter, whose cruise on the Pacific terminated about this time. As early as the month of October, 1812, he sailed from the Delaware in the frigate Essex. He doubled Cape Horn, amidst tremendous storms, about the middle of February, 1813, and on the

15th of March put into the port of Valparaiso, and, having obtained the necessary supplies, proceeded on his cruise, along the coast of Chili, and thence to the Gallipagos islands. In the vicinity of these isles the Essex cruised for upward of six months, during which she totally destroyed that valuable part of the enemy's commerce which was carried on in those seas. The whole of the British vessels at that time in the Pacific, to the number of twelve, carrying in all 107 guns, and 302 men, were captured. Their value was estimated at \$2,500,000. He converted one of them into a vessel of war, mounting twenty guns, which he named the Essex Junior, and sailed for Valparaiso.

The intelligence of Captain Porter's exploits had at length occasioned a force of the enemy to be sent in pursuit of him. Soon after his arrival at Valparaiso, the Phoebe, a British frigate of thirty-eight guns, and a sloop-of-war appeared off the port, having been fitted out expressly to meet the Essex. They entered the harbor to obtain provisions, and, having effected this, again stood out and cruised off the port for about six weeks. Their united force was much greater than that of Captain Porter, the Essex Junior being of but little utility in action

At length, on the 28th March, the Essex made an attempt to get to sea, with a favorable wind. The enemy's vessels were close to the shore and Captain Porter expected to be able to pass to windward of them. Unfortunately, however, in rounding the point, the American vessel was struck by a squall, which carried away her maintop-mast. Thus crippled, escape to sea was impossible; and as it was equally difficult to reach the harbor, Captain Porter ran into a small bay, and anchored within pistol-shot of the shore. In this situation it was to have been expected that the ordinary rules of warfare, which forbid an attack upon an enemy lying within a neutral territory, would have been observed. It was, nevertheless, soon perceived that Captain Hillyar, the English commander, was determined to avail himself of the opportunity offered, without regard to the rights of sovereignty of the local government. The Essex was prepared for action with all possible dispatch; but before a spring could be put upon her cable to enable her to bring her broadside to bear, the attack was commenced. The British commander, desirous of capturing the Essex with as little loss to himself as possible, placed his frigate, the *Phœbe*, under her stern,

while the Cherub took a position on her bows. The latter, soon finding the fire of the Essex too warm, bore up, and ran also under her stern, where both ships kept up a heavy and raking fire. Captain Porter continued the action for a considerable time, with three long twelve-pounders, being all the guns which he found it possible to bring to bear on the enemy, when, finding his crew falling fast around him, he cut his cable, and ran down on the enemy, with the intention of laying the Phœbe on board. For a short time a close and sanguinary action ensued; but the superior equipment of the British frigate enabling her to choose her distance, she edged off, and continued so heavy a fire from her long guns, that Captain Porter determined to run his ship ashore. He was, however, disappointed in this hope by the wind setting off the land; and after an unequal and hopeless contest of three hours, was compelled to give the painful order to strike the colors.

DEFENSE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

Captain Croghan commanded, a short time, Fort Defiance, on the Miami of the lakes; but after the defeat of General Winchester, he was ordered to Fort Meigs, upon which the enemy designed an attack. Here General Harrison commanded in person. Every disposition, both for attack and defense, was made by the conflicting parties. The siege began on the 28th of April, and on the 9th of May following, the besiegers commenced their retreat, covered with disgrace. Here Croghan particularly signalized himself with his corps, by several handsome and brilliant charges on the enemy. For his conduct on this occasion, he received the particular notice of the commanding general; and was shortly after advanced to a majority, and was stationed with his battalion at Upper Sandusky. From this he was ordered to Fort Stephenson, twenty miles above the mouth of Sandusky river.

On the 1st of August, General Proctor made his

appearance before the fort. His troops consisted of 500 regulars, and about 700 Indians of the most ferocious kind. There were but 133 effective men in the garrison, and the works covered one acre of ground. The pickets were about ten feet high, surrounded by a ditch, with a block-house at each angle of the fort, one of which contained a six-pounder. This was the exact state of the post at the time the enemy appeared. The first movement made by the enemy was to make such a disposition of his forces as to prevent the escape of the garrison, if they should be disposed to attempt it. He then sent Colonel Elliott with a flag to demand the surrender of the fort. He was met by Ensign Shipp. The British officer observed that General Proctor had a number of cannon, a large body of regular troops, and so many Indians, whom it was impossible to control, that if the fort was taken, as it must be, the whole of the garrison would be massacred. Shipp answered, that it was the determination of Major Croghan, his officers and men, to defend the garrison or be buried in it, and that they might do their best. Colonel Elliott addressed Mr. Shipp again — “You are a fine young man — I pity your situation — for God’s sake surrender,

and prevent the dreadful slaughter that must follow resistance." Shipp turned from him with indignation, and was immediately taken hold of by an Indian, who attempted to wrest his sword from him. Major Croghan, observing what passed, called to Shipp to come into the fort, which was instantly obeyed, and the action commenced. The firing began from the gun-boats in the rear, and was kept up during the night.

At an early hour the next morning, three six-pounders, which had been planted during the night within 250 yards of the pickets, began to play upon the fort, but with little effect. About four P. M., all the enemy's guns were concentrated against the north-western angle of the fort, for the purpose of making a breach. To counteract the effect of their fire, Major Croghan caused that point to be strengthened by means of bags of flour, sand, and other materials, in such a manner that the picketing sustained little or no injury. But the enemy, supposing their fire had sufficiently shattered the pickets, advanced, to the number of 500, to storm the place, at the same time making two feints on different points.

The column which advanced against the north

western angle was so completely enveloped in smoke, as not to be discovered until it had approached within eighteen or twenty paces of the lines, but the men being all at their posts, and ready to receive it, commenced so heavy and galling a fire as to throw the column into confusion; but being quickly rallied, Lieutenant-Colonel Short, the leader of the column, exclaimed, "Come on, my brave fellows, we will give these Yankee rascals no quarter," and immediately leaped into the ditch, followed by his troops. As soon as the ditch was entirely filled by the assailants, Major Croghan ordered the six pounder, which had been masked in the block-house, to be fired. It had been loaded with a double charge of musket balls and slugs. The piece completely raked the ditch, from end to end. The first fire leveled the one half in death; the second or third either killed or wounded every one except eleven, who were covered by the dead bodies. At the same time, the fire of small arms was so incessant and destructive, that it was in vain the British officers exerted themselves to lead on the balance of the column; it retired in disorder under a shower of shot, and sought safety in an adjoining wood. The loss of the enemy in killed

was about 150, besides a considerable number of their allies. The Americans had but one killed and seven slightly wounded. Early in the morning of the 3d, the enemy retreated down the river, after having abandoned considerable baggage.

CAPTURE OF THE EPERVIER.

On the 29th of April, 1813, the sloop-of-war Peacock, of eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Warrington, fell in with, and after an action of forty-two minutes, captured the British brig-of-war Epervier, of a like number of guns, and 128 men, of whom eight were killed and fifteen wounded. The Peacock was deprived of the use of her foresail and foretop-sail in the early part of the action; but received no other injury, two men only being slightly wounded. The prize had on board \$120,000 in specie, which was transferred to the Peacock, and both vessels arrived in safety in the United States.

DEFENSE OF SACKETT'S HARBOR.

On the evening of the 27th of May, the British fleet from Kingston was discovered bearing in the direction of Sackett's Harbor, by the small vessels under Lieutenant Chauncey, who had been sent out to reconnoiter. The alarm guns were instantly fired, and a messenger was also dispatched to General Brown with the information. After issuing orders for the militia to assemble, he repaired to the post of danger. The delay experienced by the enemy in the attempt, but partially successful, to capture a number of boats coming from Oswego with troops, fortunately gave time to collect some 500 or 600 men : but not more than 1000 could be assembled in all, including the invalids. At the request of Lieutenant-Colonel Backus, who had been but a short time at the station, and was unacquainted with the localities, General Brown took command of the united force. In the afternoon of the 28th, the hostile fleet, which consisted of four ships, one

brig, two schooners, two gun-boats, and thirty-three flat-bottomed boats, containing 1000 picked troops, under Sir George Prevost and Commodore Sir James Yeo, appeared in the offing. Under the orders of General Brown, a breastwork was hastily, but skillfully thrown up, at the only point where a landing could be readily effected,—the primeval forests sweeping away, for miles on miles, in rear of the town, and on either side of the opening leading down to the margin of the lake. The militia, and the Albany volunteers, under Colonel Mills, who had recently arrived, were posted behind the breastwork with a field-piece. The regular troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Backus, were stationed in a second line, in rear, and near the barracks and public buildings. Lieutenant Fanning, with his artillerists, occupied Fort Tompkins, at the barracks; and Lieutenant Chauncey and his men were ordered to defend the stores at Navy Point.

During the night of the 28th, General Brown was constantly on the alert. His men slept on their arms, while he and his officers reconnoitered the shores of the lake. All was quiet, however, save the mournful sighing of the breeze among the dark pines and hemlocks, the tall oaks and maples

in the neighboring forests, and the constant dashing of the tiny waves on the pebbly beach, till the early dawn on the following morning. The British were then descried pushing rapidly toward the landing in their small boats. As they approached, the American militia appeared cheerful and animated, and betrayed no symptoms of fear; on the contrary, they seemed anxious to participate in the conflict.

The orders of General Brown were, to permit the enemy to come within pistol-shot, and then, taking deliberate aim, to open on them vigorously with the field-piece and musketry. The first fire was well-directed, and very destructive; the shot tearing and crashing through the sides of the boats, knocking off the gunwales, splintering the bowls of the oars, and killing and wounding several officers and men. The British were thrown into confusion; their advance was checked; and a few more rounds would undoubtedly have terminated the engagement. But after firing the second round, the militia, for the first time in action, were seized with sudden panic, and, in spite of the efforts of their officers, retreated in disorder. Colonel Mills lost his life in the vain attempt to prevent the retreat. General Brown succeeded in rallying about ninety

men belonging to the company of Captain McNitt whom he formed in line with the regulars, who maintained their position with spirit and bravery.

Meanwhile Sir George Prevost had disembarked his troops on the beach, and commenced his march toward the village. But the enemy now encountered the most desperate opposition from the little band of Americans who remained firm, encouraged by the presence of General Brown, and the heroic example of the brave but unfortunate Backus, who fell mortally wounded during the attack. Though compelled to give way before superior numbers, they disputed every inch of ground, and finally took possession of the barrack buildings. Here, partially sheltered, they poured their gallant volleys on the enemy; at the same time, Lieutenant Fanning, though severely wounded, directed the fire of his gun with remarkable precision and effect.

The British having made repeated efforts to dislodge the Americans, without success, General Brown exhorted his men to continue the defense of the position to the last extremity, while he made another effort to rally the militia to their assistance. He then hastened to overtake the fugitives. Having collected a large number of them together, he

earnestly addressed them, rebuking both officers and men for their lack of courage, with such force and eloquence, that many of them shed tears when he alluded to the brave conduct of the regulars and volunteers, who, though strangers to the soil, were more prompt to defend it, than they, its owners and occupants. He now ordered them to form and follow him, declaring that he would punish the first act of disobedience with instant death. Although his orders were obeyed without reluctance, he was afraid to rely upon their firmness in an open attack.

Being unwilling, therefore, to meet the enemy with the troops whom he had just rallied, General Brown determined to effect by stratagem what he was fearful he could not otherwise accomplish. Directing the militia to pass through the edge of the forest, in sight of the field of battle, as if affecting to conceal the movement, he marched them by a circuitous route toward the place of landing. The British, suspecting an attempt to turn their flank and capture their boats, became alarmed, and made a precipitate retreat, leaving behind them all their killed, a number of their wounded, and thirty-five prisoners.

CAPTURE OF THE REINDEER.

About the first of May, the sloop-of-war Wasp of eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Blakely, sailed from Portsmouth on her first cruise. After capturing seven merchantmen, she encountered, on the 28th of June, the British brig-of-war Reindeer, of nineteen guns and 118 men. After a series of maneuvers on the part of the latter, by which a close action was for a long time prevented, a warm engagement commenced, which was continued with great spirit on both sides for upward of two hours, during which the enemy several times attempted to board, but were as often repulsed. The crew of the Wasp now boarded with great ardor, and in a few minutes resistance ceased and the British flag was hauled down. Owing to the proximity of the two vessels and the smoothness of the sea, the loss on both sides was severe. That of the Americans was five killed and twenty-one wounded; while the British lost twenty-five killed, including Captain

Manners, and forty-two wounded. The Reindeer was so much injured that it was found necessary to set her on fire.

Captain Blakely, continuing his cruise, about the 1st of September discovered a fleet of merchantmen under convoy of a seventy-four gun-ship. One of them was taken, and after removing her cargo, was set on fire. On the same evening he fell in with and captured the British sloop-of-war Avon, of twenty guns. The appearance of a British squadron compelled him to abandon his prize, which sunk soon after the removal of her crew.

The damage sustained in this action being soon repaired, Captain Blakely continued his cruise, and on the 23d of September, captured the British brig Atlantic, which he sent into the United States. From this period no tidings ever reached the republic of this gallant ship. Whether she foundered in darkness or tempest, or perished in a conflict with an enemy, has never been ascertained.

ENTERPRISE AND BOXER.

On the 1st of September, the *Enterprise*, Captain Burroughs, sailed from Portsmouth on a cruise. On the 5th, early in the morning, they espied a brig in shore, getting under way. They reconnoitered her for a while to ascertain her character, of which they were soon informed by her hoisting three British ensigns, and firing a shot as a challenge. The *Enterprise* then hauled upon a wind, stood out of the bay, and prepared for action. A calm for some time delayed the encounter; it was succeeded by a breeze from the southwest, which gave our vessel the weather-gage. After maneuvering for a while to the windward, in order to try her sailing with the enemy, and to ascertain his force, the *Enterprise*, about three, P. M., shortened sail, hoisted three ensigns, fired a gun, tacked and ran down with an intention to bring him to close quarters. When within half pistol-shot, the enemy gave three cheers, and commenced the action with

his starboard broadside. The cheers and the broadside were returned on our part, and the action became general. In about five minutes after the battle had commenced, the gallant Burrough received a musket-ball in his body and fell; he, however, refused to be carried below, but continued on deck through the action. The active command was then taken by Lieutenant McCall, who conducted himself with great skill and coolness. The enemy was out-maneuvered and cut up; his main top-mast and topsail-yard shot away; a position gained on his starboard bow, and a raking fire kept up, until his guns were silenced and he cried for quarter, saying that as his colors were nailed to the mast he could not haul them down. The prize proved to be his Britannic majesty's brig Boxer, of fourteen guns. The number of her crew is a matter of conjecture and dispute.

We turn gladly from such an idle discussion to notice the last moments of the worthy Burroughs. There needs no elaborate pencil to impart pathos and grandeur to the death of a brave man. The simple anecdotes, given in simple terms by his surviving comrades, present more striking pictures than could be wrought up by the most refined

attempts of art. "At twenty minutes past three P. M.," says one account, "our brave commander fell, and while lying on the deck, refusing to be carried below, raised his head and requested that *the flag might never be struck.*" In this situation he remained during the rest of the engagement, regardless of bodily pain; regardless of the life-blood fast ebbing from his wound; watching with anxious eye the vicissitudes of battle; cheering his men by his voice, but animating them still more by his glorious example. When the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to him, we are told that he clasped his hands and exclaimed, "I am satisfied, I die contented." He now permitted himself to be carried below, and the necessary attentions were paid to save his life, or alleviate his sufferings. His wound, however, was beyond the power of surgery, and he breathed his last within a few hours after the victory.

COMMODORE PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

Perry took charge of the flotilla of gun-boats stationed in the harbor of New York, early in 1812, with the rank of master-commandant. Here he remained about a year, disciplining his crews. As war had begun its ravages between Great Britain and the United States, he sought a more active sphere; and, at his own request, he was transferred to the service on the lakes.

In pursuance of this disposition of his services, he repaired with a reinforcement of seamen to Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, to act under Commodore Chauncey. The transportation of the seamen from the sea-board to the harbor, from its novelty to the sons of Neptune, afforded them the highest amusement, particularly as it was a "*land-cruise*" in the depth of winter.

After remaining at Sackett's Harbor some time, Commodore Chauncey dispatched Perry to take

charge of the squadron then fitted and fitting out on Lake Erie, and to hasten their equipments. At this time, the British fleet on that lake was commanded by Captain Barclay, an officer of high standing, rank, and skill, who had seen much service, and whose force was of superior strength to the American squadron.

Perry pursued his object unmolested by the enemy, who was continually hovering about the harbor. Having equipped and manned his vessels, he buoyed them over the bar, on which was only five feet of water, at the harbor's mouth of the port of Erie, on the 4th of August, 1813. The enemy were peaceable spectators of the scene. The next day he sailed in pursuit of them, and returned to port on the 8th, without accomplishing his object.

Nothing of moment happened until the morning of the 10th of September. The American squadron was then lying at anchor at Put-in-Bay, and consisted of brigs Lawrence, Commodore Perry, twenty guns; Niagara, Captain Elliot, twenty guns; Caledonia, Purser McGrath, three guns; schooners Ariel, Lieutenant Packet, four guns; Scorpion, Sailing-Master Champlain, two guns; Somers, Almy.

two guns, and two swivels; Tigress, Lieutenant Conklin, one gun; Porcupine, Midshipman G. Senat, one gun; sloop Trippe, Lieutenant Smith, one gun; in all, forty-four guns.

At sunrise they discovered the enemy, and immediately got under way and stood for him, with a light wind at southwest. The British force consisted of ship Detroit, nineteen guns, one on pivot and two howitzers; Queen Charlotte, seventeen guns, one on pivot; schooner Lady Prevost, thirteen guns, one on pivot; brig Hunter, ten guns; sloop Little Belt, three guns; schooner Chippeway, one gun, two swivels; in all, sixty-three guns.

At ten A. M., the wind hauled to the southeast, and brought our squadron to windward. Commodore Perry then hoisted his union jack, having for a motto the dying words of the valiant Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" It was received with repeated cheerings by the officers and crews. And now, having formed his line, he bore for the enemy; who likewise cleared for action, and hauled up his courses. As the hostile squadrons approached each other, suddenly a bugle was sounded on board the enemy's ship Detroit, and loud huzzas immediately burst forth from all their crews.

As soon as the *Lawrence* came within the reach of the enemy's long guns, they opened a heavy fire upon her, which, from the shortness of her guns, she was unable to return. Perry, without waiting for his schooners, kept on his course, which induced the enemy to suppose it was his intention to board. In a few minutes, having gained a nearer position, he opened his fire. The length of the enemy's guns, however, gave them greatly the advantage, and the *Lawrence* was excessively cut up, without being able to do any great damage in return. Their shot pierced her sides in all directions, killing the men on the berth-deck and in the steerage, where they had been taken down to be dressed. One shot had nearly produced a fatal explosion; passing through the light room, it knocked the snuff of the candle into the magazine; fortunately the gunner happened to see it, and had the presence of mind to extinguish it immediately, with his hand.

Their heaviest fire was directed at the *Lawrence*, and Perry, finding the hazards of his situation, made sail, and directed the other vessels to follow, for the purpose of closing with the foe. The tremendous fire however, to which he was exposed,

soon cut away every brace and bowline, and the *Lawrence* became unmanageable.

Even in this disastrous plight, she sustained the action for upward of two hours, within canister distance, though for a great part of the time the *Lawrence* could not get more than three guns to bear upon her antagonist. It was admirable to behold the perfect order and regularity that prevailed among her valiant and devoted crew, throughout this scene of horror. No trepidation, no confusion occurred, even for an instant; as fast as the men were wounded, they were carried below, and others stepped into their places; the dead remained where they fell, until after the action. At this juncture, the fortune of the battle trembled on a point, and the enemy believed the day their own. The *Lawrence* was reduced to a mere wreck; her decks were streaming with blood, and covered with mangled limbs, and the bodies of the slain; her guns were dismounted, and the commodore and his officers helped to work the last gun that was capable of being used.

Finding the *Lawrence* was incapable of further service, he gave his vessel in charge to Lieutenant Yarnall, who had already distinguished himself by

his bravery, and hauled down his union, bearing the motto of Lawrence, and taking it under his arm ordered it to be put on board the Niagara, which was then in close engagement. In leaving the Lawrence, he gave his pilot choice, either to remain on board or accompany him; the pilot replied, "He'd stick by him to the last," and jumped into the boat. Perry went off from the ship standing up in the stern of the boat, until the crew absolutely pulled him down among them. Broad-sides were leveled at him, and small arms discharged by the enemy, two of whose vessels were within musket-shot, and a third one nearer. The balls struck around him and flew over his head in every direction; but the same special Providence that seems to have watched over the youthful hero throughout this desperate battle, conducted him safely through a shower of shot, and his shipmates beheld with transport his flag hoisted at the mast-head of the Niagara. No sooner was he on board, than Captain Elliot volunteered to put off in a small boat, and bring into action the schooners which had been kept astern by light winds; the offer was accepted, and Elliot left the Niagara to put it in execution.

Commodore Perry now made signal for close action, and the small vessels got out their sweeps and made all sail. Finding that the Niagara was but little injured, he determined, if possible, to break the enemy's line. He accordingly bore up and passed ahead of the two ships and brig, giving them a raking fire from his starboard guns, and also to a large schooner and sloop from his larboard side, about half pistol-shot distance. Having passed the whole squadron, he luffed up and laid his ship alongside the British commodore. The smaller vessels, under the command of Captain Elliot, having in the meantime got within grape and canister distance, and keeping up a well-directed fire, the whole of the enemy struck, excepting two small vessels, which attempted to escape, but were afterward taken.

BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

Previous to the battle of the Thames, Commodore Perry's victory had opened the way for the

passage of the American army into Canada, and on the 3d of October, General Harrison left Sandwich in pursuit of Proctor with about 140 regulars, Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment, and the Kentucky volunteers, under the venerable Governor Shelby, amounting, in the whole, to near 3050 men. Harrison was accompanied by Commodore Perry, who volunteered as his aid-de-camp.

The army reached the river Thames, which falls into Lake St. Clair, twenty-five miles above Detroit, the same evening, and next morning crossed by a bridge, which Proctor had neglected to destroy.

Next morning, about eight miles above their encampment, the army arrived at the third unfordable branch of the Thames, where they found that the bridge over its mouth, as well as one a mile above, had been taken up by the Indians. Here several hundred of the Indians attempted to dispute the passage of the troops, but the fire from two six-pounders soon drove them off; and in about two hours after, the bridge was repaired, and the troops crossed just in time to extinguish a house that had been set on fire, containing a considerable number of muskets, which were fortunately saved. At the first farm above the bridge was found

one of the enemy's vessels on fire, and here intelligence was received that they were but a few miles ahead.

The army halted for the night about four miles above the bridge, where they found two other vessels, and a large distillery, filled with ordnance and other valuable stores to an immense amount, in flames. It was impossible to extinguish the fire; but two mounted twenty-four-pounders were taken, and a large quantity of ball and shells of various sizes. Early on the morning of the 5th, the troops were again put in motion, and in the afternoon the officer commanding the advance sent to inform General Harrison that his progress was stopped by the enemy, who were formed across the line of march.

Between the two armies the road passed through an uncleared beech forest, pretty clear of underwood, near the banks of a river, parallel to which, at the distance of 200 or 300 yards, extended a swamp several miles in length. Across this strip of land the British were drawn up, their left resting on the river, supported by artillery; their right on the swamp, covered by the Indians.

The army moved on in order but a short distance,

when the mounted men received the fire of the British line, and were instantly ordered to charge. The horses in the front of the column recoiled from the fire; but on receiving a second fire, the column got into motion, and immediately, at full speed, broke through the enemy with irresistible force. In one minute the contest was over in front. The British officers, seeing no hope of reducing their disordered ranks to order, the mounted infantry wheeling upon them and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered. Only three of the Americans were wounded in this charge.

Upon the American left, however, the contest with the Indians was more severe. Colonel Johnson who commanded on that flank of his regiment, received a most galling fire from them, which was returned with great effect. The Indians still further to the left advanced and fell in with the front line of infantry, and for a moment made an impression upon it. Governor Shelby, however, who was stationed near this point, brought up a regiment to its support. The enemy now received a severe fire in front, and a part of the mounted men having gained their rear, they immediately retreated with precipitation.

Of the British troops, twelve were killed and twenty-two wounded in this action, and 601 regulars taken prisoners. General Proctor escaped by the fleetness of his horses, escorted by forty dragoons, and a number of mounted Indians. The Indians suffered the greatest loss. Thirty-three were found dead on the ground, besides numbers who were killed in the retreat. On the day of the action six pieces of brass artillery were taken, and two twenty-four-pounders the day before. Of the brass peices, three were trophies of the Revolutionary war that were taken at Saratoga and York, and surrendered by General Hull. The number of arms captured by the Americans, or destroyed by the enemy, must have exceeded 5000; most of them had been taken by the British at Detroit, and the river Raisin, and the Miami. The loss of the Americans was seven killed and twenty-two wounded, five of whom afterward died.

The death of Tecumseh, which took place in this action, has been attributed to Colonel Johnson.

CHAPTER XI.—1814.

BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA.

During the night of the 2^d of July, 1814, General Brown embarked his troops, but little more than 3000 strong, at Black Rock; and early in the morning of the 3^d, General Scott landed below the fort with his brigade, and a battalion of artillery under Major Hindman, and General Ripley, with his brigade, above. The commanding general followed with the volunteer forces,—and a party of Indians were sent round through the woods in rear of the enemy's position. The fort was soon invested, and a battery of heavy guns planted in a position that completely commanded its defenses. Without awaiting the threatened assault, after firing a few guns, the garrison surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

The main body of the British troops in the immediate vicinity of the river, amounting to over 3000 men, under Major General Riall, occupied an

intrenched camp at Chippewa, about two miles above the Falls. Leaving a small garrison in Fort Erie, General Brown advanced, on the day after its reduction, against the position of General Riall. The brigade of General Scott, which, with Captain Towson's battery, formed the advance, had a running fight, for sixteen miles, with the 100th regiment, commanded by the Marquis of Tweedale, and finally drove it across the Chippewa Creek. In the evening, the whole army encamped on the south bank of Street's Creek, the bridge over which had been destroyed by the Marquis, within two miles of the enemy's works. Between this stream and the Chippewa, lay the broad plain on which the sanguinary engagement of the following day took place. On the east were the waters of the Niagara, speeding along in their arrowy flight, to the cataract beyond; and on the west was a dense forest of oaks, and beeches, and maples, extending for several miles into the interior.

At an early hour on the morning of the 5th of July, the British light troops, consisting of Canadian militia and Indians, who were posted in the woods on the left, commenced making attacks on the American pickets placed on that flank, and

small parties of the enemy occasionally appeared in the open plain in front.

General Brown was anxious to bring on an engagement with the enemy, and, in order to effect this object, or, if that were found impossible, to put an end to the annoying fire of their skirmishers, he directed General Porter to fetch a circuit through the forest with the volunteers and Indians, and cut off their retreat; and the advanced parties were ordered to fall back before the fire of their opponents, and thus favor the movement. About four o'clock in the afternoon, General Porter encountered the light companies of the Royal Scots and the 100th regiment, in the woods, and drove them back upon the Chippewa, where they met the whole British column, under General Riall, who had anticipated the intentions of General Brown, and was now rapidly approaching with the hope of finding the Americans unprepared for his reception.

The commanding general had accompanied the volunteers, but, on hearing the roar of the artillery, and discovering the clouds of dust rising in the vicinity of Chippewa bridge, he returned to camp, and ordered General Scott to advance forthwith, with the first brigade and Towson's battery, and

engage the enemy on the open plain, while he brought up the second brigade, under general Ripley, to act at whatever point it might be needed. The order was executed with all possible speed. The troops under General Scott dashed across the creek, and through the clumps of bushes fringing its bank, under a galling fire of musketry and artillery, and were soon enveloped in the wreaths of sulphurous smoke rising over the battle field; their shouts and cheers, borne merrily on the breeze, and the deep-toned thunder of their artillery, and their sharp rattling volleys, announcing the spirit and eagerness with which they entered into the contest. Meanwhile the British light troops had rallied, and compelled the volunteers of General Porter, in turn, to give way. The left flank of Scott's brigade, therefore, became much exposed; and the 21st infantry, forming part of General Ripley's brigade, which had been held in reserve, was detached to gain the rear of the enemy's right flank. The greatest exertions were made to reach their position in time, but in vain; for such was the impetuosity of the attack made by General Scott, that the battle was fought and the victory won, before they had time to participate in the conflict.

After the retreat of the volunteers, the 25th infantry, commanded by Major Jesup, on the extreme left of Scott's brigade, in the forest, was warmly pressed in front and in flank, being exposed to a withering tempest of musket balls that was fast thinning their ranks; but, at this critical period, their brave leader gave his well-known order,—“Support arms—forward, march!”—Men who could advance without faltering in such fearful peril were not to be resisted. Having gained a more favorable position, they returned the fire of the enemy, with interest, and in a few minutes compelled them to seek safety in flight.

In the other part of the field, equal zeal and gallantry were displayed. The strife was bloody and fiercely contested on both sides, but of short duration. A warm fire was kept up for about an hour, when the enemy's artillery was silenced; but their infantry were now ordered to move forward with charged bayonets. As they advanced, a raking fire was poured upon them from Towson's guns, which Scott had posted in the road to Chipewa, and this was followed, almost instantly, by a destructive volley from the 9th and 11th infantry, thrown forward on their outer flanks, and that

tremendous charge which scattered the pride of the English soldiery like chaff before the wind. The enemy's whole line now wavered and broke, and they were hotly pursued to their intrenchments. Here the advance of the victors was checked by the batteries which opened their fire. General Brown had already hastened forward with the reserve, and joined in the pursuit. He at once decided to force the British position, which was well fortified, having a heavy battery on one flank, and a strong block-house on the other. The ordnance was brought up for the purpose, but, as the hour was late, and the men burning with thirst, and wearied with the fatigues of the day, upon consulting with his officers, it was concluded to retire to camp rather than hazard what had been gained by an attack which might terminate in a disastrous repulse.

The number of troops actually engaged in this battle, on the side of the British, was not far from 2100; the American force was about 1900. The loss of the enemy, according to the official report of the action, was 138 killed, and 365 wounded and missing. Of the Americans there were sixty killed, and 267 wounded and missing.

BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE

On the 24th of July, 1814, General Brown recrossed the Chippewa Creek, and encamped. About noon on the 25th, while his men were busily engaged in making preparations for the march, he was informed that the British appeared in considerable force on Queenston heights; that four of their vessels had arrived during the previous night at the mouth of the Niagara; and that a number of boats were moving up the stream.

The troops were instantly ordered under arms, and in twenty minutes General Scott was on the road to Queenston with his brigade, Towson's artillery, and a troop of dragoons. About two miles from the American camp, and within a short distance of the Falls, he learned that the enemy were in force in his front, separated from view only by a narrow piece of wood. Having dispatched Assistant Adjutant General Jones, to General Brown, with the intelligence, he held on his

march, and in a short time discovered the British army, treble his own force in numbers, strongly posted on Lundy's Lane, which led up from the Falls to Beaver Dams. Regardless of the great disparity between the two armies, General Scott promptly made his dispositions for battle, fully determined to maintain his ground till the reserve came up.

The Americans deployed in line on the left of the Queenston road. Major Jesup was thrown forward on the right with his regiment, and Captain Towson was posted on the left opposite the enemy's artillery. All were elated with their recent victory, and animated by the best spirit. Undismayed by the terrible fire which they encountered, they advanced firmly and steadily against the closely serried columns of the enemy.

General Scott and his men held their ground manfully, till the arrival of General Brown, who had hurried forward with his suite, in advance of the brigades of General Ripley and Porter, as soon as the firing was heard. Meanwhile the 11th and 22d infantry, under Colonel Brady and Major McNeil, both of whom were severely wounded, having expended their ammunition, were withdrawn from

action, and the whole brunt of the battle in front, was sustained by the 9th infantry, commanded by Major Leavenworth. With unswerving courage this regiment resisted every effort of the enemy, though with the loss of half their number, until their opponents suspended the attack. General Riall was deceived by the obstinacy of their resistance, and as it was impossible to distinguish objects with any precision, he supposed the entire American army was engaged, and was therefore content to wait for General Drummond to come up with the reinforcements.

For a few moments the roar of battle was hushed, and the silence was only broken by the unceasing murmur of the cataract, and the groans of the wounded and the dying. During the temporary suspension of the fire, General Ripley, with his brigade and the remainder of the artillery under Major Hindman, and the volunteers under General Porter, arrived upon the ground. With these fresh troops General Brown formed a new alignment, to cover the exhausted command of General Scott, who fell back behind their comrades. The respite was of brief duration, and the action was soon renewed with increased warmth. Wider and wider

reverberated the deep echoes of the artillery; higher and higher rose the sharp, continued roll of musketry; loud was the Briton's cheer, and louder yet the answering shout of defiance.

Captain Towson had failed to make any impression on the enemy's battery, though his guns were skillfully and actively directed; and on the renewal of the engagement, under the advice of Major McRee, the senior engineer officer, General Brown determined to carry the eminence on which it was posted, at the point of the bayonet. The execution of this enterprise was intrusted to Colonel Miller with the 21st infantry. The reply of the gallant colonel, when he received the order to advance, from General Ripley, is memorable in history.—
“*I will try, sir!*” said the intrepid soldier. The trial was made,—nor made in vain. Supported by the 23d infantry under Major McFarland, while the 1st infantry, under Colonel Nicholas, which had joined the army that day, was left to receive the enemy's fire in front, Colonel Miller moved up the hill through a raging flood of missiles. The 1st staggered under the tremendous fire to which it was exposed, the 23d faltered, but the brave 21st, following their heroic leader, rushed up the height

with accelerated speed. On reaching the summit they paused an instant, and then rushed forward with shouts and cheers. The British troops had fought bravely, for they were anxious to wipe out the discredit of their late defeat. The cannoniers were transfixed at their posts, and for a few seconds there was a fierce contest fought hand to hand, over the loaded guns. But the daring onset of the Americans was not to be resisted; the discipline of the British soldiery gave way before it; their artillery was captured, and their routed columns, sullen and discontented, retired slowly down the hill.

Meanwhile Major Jesup had turned the enemy's left with the 25th infantry, and, favored by the darkness, had cautiously advanced in their rear. A detachment from his command, under Captain Ketchum, succeeded in reaching the place where Generals Drummond and Riall were stationed with their suites. The former made his escape, but the latter was taken prisoner with his staff. A large number of prisoners, in addition, were captured by Major Jesup, and he then moved to the left to attack the enemy in rear. Coming upon a body of their troops posted in the Queenston road, about

the time of the capture of the battery, his men delivered their fire, as galling as it was unexpected, and instantly dashed over the fence that separated them. The enemy broke and fled, and, as the 1st and 23d infantry had been already rallied by the animated efforts of General Ripley, the whole British line was now forced.

General Brown was prompt to improve the advantage he had gained, as the British officers were heard encouraging their men for a desperate effort to recover their cannon. While they were engaged in re-forming their broken masses under the hill, he advanced his line, placing the captured guns in his rear; General Porter being on the extreme left with his volunteers, General Ripley's brigade occupying the center, and Major Hindman being stationed in the interval between the second brigade and the 25th infantry, which was posted on the right of the line. The first brigade, under General Scott, was held in reserve.

A gloomy and ominous silence prevailed for a short time, and it was then interrupted by the lively strains of martial music, as the British columns were again ordered to advance. General Drummond had given his men but a few moments

to recover from the effects of their repulse. With great daring and intrepidity they marched up the height, at double quick time, presenting an extended line outflanking the Americans on both extremes. Within twenty yards of the crest of the eminence, they poured forth their volleys, and prepared to rush forward with their bayonets. In an instant the American line was one blaze of fire. The enemy staggered ; another volley, followed rapidly by another, and still another, caused them to break and retire down the hill in confusion, despite the exertions of their officers to inspire them with confidence.

Another half hour passed in suspense, and again the measured tread of the advancing columns was heard, as they rose the hill. The Americans reserved their fire till it could be most effective, and when the enemy came within range, the artillery of Major Hindman once more pealed forth its brazen notes, and, as they pressed nearer and nearer, the rattling musketry was added to the din. But the constant shower of shot and ball poured upon them soon checked their advance. For nearly half an hour they strove in vain to overcome the firmness of the American troops. The contest was

warm and animated; and, during its continuance, General Scott, who had consolidated his brigade into one battalion, under Major Leavenworth, made two effective charges on the left and right of the British line, in the latter of which he received two severe wounds, that soon after obliged him to quit the field. General Brown was always where his presence was needed — in the front of the battle.

Heedless of the exposure of his person, he was ever ready to utter words of encouragement where symptoms of hesitation were manifested; to commend every act of noble daring; and to arouse his men to further exertions. His efforts were well seconded by the chivalric bearing and the dauntless intrepidity of Scott and Ripley and Porter. Unable to make head against the stern and unyielding resistance of the American soldiers, General Drummond was a second time forced to draw off his men.

The contest was not yet ended. Additional reinforcements had joined the enemy, and, after the lapse of another hour, their hesitating columns were encouraged to make one more effort for the victory. Regardless of the havoc made in their ranks, the British troops advanced boldly under a withering

fire. This time they gained the summit of the hill, never pausing after they had delivered their fire, and closed with their antagonists. The battle was now at its height. The beams of the rising moon struggled vainly to penetrate the murky pall that overhung the field of combat, but the darkness was illuminated by the constant flashing of musketry and artillery. Two lines of armed men, merged with each other, were seen surging to and fro. The earth shook beneath their feet. Foot to foot, and breast to breast, they fought. Locked in the death struggle, the Briton and the American fell together. The green sward was soaked with blood; it collected in pools in the ridges made by the ploughing shot; and ran down in rivulets to mingle its crimson dyes with the limpid waters of the Niagara.

General Brown had previously received a severe wound from a musket ball which passed through his right thigh, and as he now moved to the left of the American line, to encourage the volunteers to remain firm, he was struck violently upon his left side by a missile of some description. The blow nearly unhorsed him, and on meeting Colonel Wood, he expressed his doubts as to his ability to keep the saddle. "Never mind, my dear

general," was the reply, "you are gaining the greatest victory that was ever gained by your nation!" Cheered by these words, which indicated the spirit prevailing among his officers and men, General Brown remained on his horse, giving his orders with wonted firmness and promptitude. The American troops were sorely pressed, but they were more than a match for their opponents. In vain was every effort of the latter. The artillery on both sides was taken and retaken during the struggle, but the British were finally forced to yield the ground, leaving their guns in the hands of the Americans.

At midnight the contest terminated. The British made no further effort to regain the position, but shrunk silently away in the darkness. Faint from excessive pain and loss of blood, General Brown was now assisted from the field by his staff. General Scott being also disabled, the command was assumed by General Ripley, under whose directions he wounded were collected, and orders were then issued for a return to camp. The artillery horses being all killed, and there being no drag-ropes at hand, General Ripley very reluctantly left the captured guns on the ground, having rolled the

smaller pieces down the hill. This circumstance was seized with avidity by the British officers to give color to their claim that they had defeated the American army, and it has frequently served a similar purpose in the works of British writers. A few considerations will show how utterly unfounded was this claim. The Americans attacked their opponents in a position of their own selection. This position they seized, and held against three daring and desperate efforts to regain it. It was yielded, but yielded voluntarily; and being without the means to remove the guns, General Ripley left them on the field, and returned to the American camp unmolested. The enemy remained nearer the battle-ground, as their tents and baggage were directly in rear of their line; and when they discovered, on the following morning, that the guns had been abandoned, they took possession of them without difficulty, there being no one to oppose them.

SORTIE OF FORT ERIE.

On the 3d of August, 1814, General Drummond invested Fort Erie. The infantry of the besieging force was divided into three brigades, each containing 1200 or 1500 men, one of which was stationed alternately in the works in front of the fort, for the protection of the artillerists, and the other two occupied the main camp about two miles in the rear. The circumvallation consisted of two lines of intrenchments supported by block-houses, in advance of which the enemy had constructed their batteries. It was General Brown's intention "to storm the batteries, destroy the cannon, and roughly handle the brigade on duty, before those in reserve could be brought up." The project was well conceived and admirably executed.

At noon, on the 17th of September, the troops intended to make the sortie were paraded under arms. The sallying force was divided into two columns; the left, commanded by General Porter, and

Colonel Gibson, the Pennsylvania volunteers under Colonel Woods, the New York volunteers under General Davis, and the 1st and 23d infantry under Major Brooks, were ordered to move cautiously upon the enemy's right, by a circuitous road previously opened through the woods; and the right, commanded by General Miller, and consisting of the first brigade, was directed to enter a ravine between the fort and the British lines, and advance rapidly upon the enemy's works as soon as General Porter became engaged. General Ripley remained in reserve with the 21st infantry, between the new bastions of the fort; his command, and that of General Miller, being both out of view of the enemy.

The day was dark and lowering. A thick mist rested upon the lake and river, and floated lazily along their banks. The clouds overhead were surcharged with moisture, and sent down copious showers of rain. Favored by those circumstances, the American columns gained their position unperceived. General Porter advanced with such celerity and caution, that his men sprang upon the enemy's pickets before they were aware of his presence. As soon as the rapid volleys of General

Porter were heard, General Brown ordered General Miller to advance, the head of his column being directed toward the interval between batteries 2 and 3. Dashing forward at full speed, General Miller reached the enemy's line and pierced their intrenchments. The British were taken by surprise, yet they fought bravely and well. The contest was close and animated, but brief. Within thirty minutes after the first gun was fired, batteries 2 and 3 were in possession of the American troops, who swept every thing before them with the bayonet. Battery number 1 was then abandoned by the enemy, and the Americans, without loss of time, commenced the work of demolition. The British guns were spiked or otherwise destroyed, their breast-works leveled, and the magazine of battery number 3 was blown up.

General Ripley had now brought up the reserve, and was making preparations for a demonstration on the enemy's camp, when he was disabled by a severe wound. The object of the sortie having been accomplished, in the destruction, by a force of regulars and volunteers, only 2000 strong, of the labors of 4000 men for a period of near fifty days, General Miller ordered his men to fall back to the

ravine, and General Brown then directed all the corps to return to camp with their prisoners, which was done in good order. In this affair the Americans had eighty-three men killed, 216 wounded, and there were 216 missing. Three hundred and eighty-five of the enemy were taken prisoners, and there were between 400 and 500 killed and wounded.

This daring sortie put an end to the leaguer. During the night of the 21st of September, General Drummond broke up his camp, and retreated to his intrenchments behind the Chippewa.

ASSAULT ON FORT ERIE.

The preparations of General Drummond for the assault were completed soon after nightfall on the 14th of August, 1814. It was arranged that the projected assault should be made early on the following morning, in three columns, — that on the right designed to attack the left of the American works, consisting of 1300 men, being placed under

the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer ; that on the left, of about the same number, under Colonel Scott, and the central column, composed of 800 select troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond.

It had been rainy throughout the day, and the rolling thunders of the tempest mingled with the loud roar of cannon, and the noise of exploding bombs. When the night set in, the rain continued to fall ; heavy masses of clouds swept athwart the sky, curtaining the scene with a dark and gloomy pall ; and the fires of the enemy's camp could scarcely be discerned, glimmering feebly through the obscure haze. The breast-works of Fort Erie sheltered many an anxious bosom, but the fire of a noble courage, that knew not how to falter, sparkled in every eye, and beamed on every countenance.

Midnight came,—and yet there were no indications of an attack. Another, and another hour passed by in silence. Ere the next half hour was told, a low, faint sound was heard, like the rustling of the wind among the leaves of the forest. *It approached nearer and nearer,—and the eager listeners soon caught the measured tread of the approaching columns, enveloped in thick darkness,

but hurrying onward with rapidity to the assault. The column led by Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer was the first to reach the works. The enemy advanced steadily and quickly, — one portion approaching the battery at the southwestern angle, with scaling ladders; and the other advancing against the line between it and the lake, with the design of terminating the contest, in an instant, by the decisive shock of the bayonet. They were allowed to approach within good range, when the American musketry and artillery opened suddenly upon them.

The effect was terrific. The enemy were mowed down in platoons, and scores were swept away at every discharge. They hesitated for a moment, — another blast burst from the American batteries, — and they recoiled in terror and alarm. They were soon rallied however, and again led to the attack; but they were again repulsed with fearful slaughter.

On the other flank the enemy were equally unsuccessful. The column under Colonel Scott became entangled in the rocks near the river, on the right of the intrenched camp, and were delayed for a short time; but when they discovered their error, and regained their line of march, they pushed on more rapidly than before. The sleepless vigilance

of the besieged could not be taken by surprise. The assailing column were heard distinctly behind the ramparts as they approached, and when within fifty yards of the American lines, they encountered an appalling fire that forced them to halt. To advance further was impossible. The batteries before them presented a constant blaze of fire, and the air was full of bursting balls and missiles. In the mean time, the central column, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, had advanced boldly against the fort in front. A rapid and well-directed fire was turned upon them by Captain Williams, but, unappalled by the carnage, they succeeded in applying their ladders to the walls of the salient bastion.

Their commander and a number of his officers were cut down; their loss was dreadfully severe; they were unable to continue the advance, and a retreat was ordered. They commenced retiring slowly, but the movement terminated in a disorderly flight.

Drummond's column, however, had achieved a slight advantage, yet it was brief as it was unimportant. The first attempt to carry the bastion entirely failed; a second, and a third effort was made, with similar results. But the British commander

lacked not in brutal courage, though sadly deficient in the more ennobling qualities of the gallant soldier. Under cover of the intense darkness, just before the break of day, he led a portion of his men silently along the ditch, applied his ladders at a point where he was not expected, and mounted the parapet. With a daring intrepidity worthy of a better cause, he led his men forward to the charge, shrieking out in the tones of baffled rage and hate — “No quarter! — give the Yankees no quarter!” This dastard order was faithfully obeyed.

A fierce and maddening contest took place for the possession of the bastion. Major Hindman and his artillerists, with their supporting force, bravely stood their ground. Their efforts proved unavailing. Captain Williams, and a number of the men, were killed or mortally wounded, and his lieutenants, Watmough and Macdonough, were also severely wounded. The latter disdained to yield till he was completely disabled, and then asked for quarter. This was refused, — when, rallying his remaining strength, he snatched a handspike, and, with the madness of despairing humanity, strove to beat off his assailants. As he held them at bay, the infuriated Drummond rushed forward,

and shot him down with his own hand. But this coward act received a fearful retribution. The next instant an avenging bullet found its way to the heart of the British leader, and he fell beside his victim.

Notwithstanding the fall of their commander, the men who had effected a lodgment in the bastion successfully resisted every attempt to dislodge them till daylight. General Gaines then ordered up larger reinforcements, and the enemy began speedily to fall back. They were now at the mercy of the American soldiers, who had not forgotten the savage cry which had been the death-knell of many a brave spirit. Expecting no favor, as none was merited, they had commenced tumbling pell-mell over the parapet into the ditch, when a strong reserve was descried rapidly coming up under Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker. An enfilading fire from Captain Douglass' battery upon the approaching column, and a few rapid and effective discharges from the guns of Captains Biddle and Fanning, checked their advance. Between 300 and 400 of the enemy advanced to within a short distance of the bastion; but, at this moment, and while the Americans, under the orders of General Gaines,

were preparing for a vigorous rush upon the remnant of Drummond's column, an explosion took place carrying away the whole platform. The loss of the enemy by the explosion was small in comparison with what they had previously sustained, but it served to add to their confusion, and to increase their anxiety to escape beyond the reach of the American guns. No effort was made to pursue the assault further, and a general retreat of the enemy now took place, as tumultuous and disorderly, as their advance had been brave and imposing.

BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG.

From the evening of the 6th of September, 1814, till the morning of the 11th, Sir George Prevost was zealously engaged in planting his batteries, before Plattsburg, both open and masked, and bringing up his heavy artillery. During all this time he refrained from offensive operations, though there were constant skirmishes between advanced corps of the two armies, at the bridges and fords,

The reason alledged for the delay on his part, was the want of his battering train, that came up very slowly ; but the absence of the fleet under Captain Downie, which had not yet arrived,—and without which, as appeared in the sequel, he dared not make an attempt on the American position,—was, probably, the main consideration that influenced him.

In the mean time, a lively and effective cannonade was directed upon the enemy's lines from the American forts,—the sullen thunder of their artillery echoing for many a mile through the sweeping forests whose rich foliage enameled the borders of Lake Champlain. The repeated assaults of the enemy at the different crossings of the river were repelled with ease and alacrity ; and on one occasion, Captain M'Glassin, of the 15th infantry, gallantly crossed the river in the night, with fifty men ; attacked a working party 150 strong, constructing a battery opposite Fort Brown ; defeated both them and their support, also 150 in number, killing seven of the enemy ; and completely demolished the work. The regular troops, besides performing regular tours of duty at the bridge and fords, labored incessantly, in strengthening the fortifications.

On the night of the 10th of September, General Macomb was apprised of the intention of the enemy to make an attack the next day; and, by his orders, the roads and passes leading to the south of his position, as he suspected they designed to turn it, were covered with felled trees, and strewed with leaves, so as to deceive them, and a new road was opened leading toward Salmon river.

At the earliest dawn of day, before the welkin began to glow with the purple light of morning, a general movement was reported, by the advanced parties, to be making in the enemy's camp; and when objects could be distinguished from the main line, all their different corps were observed under arms. Shortly afterward, the British fleet rounded Cumberland head.

Sir George Prevost only waited to give his men their breakfast, when the attack was ordered on the land. Showers of bombs, shrapnels, balls, and rockets, were hurled across the river; and immediately after the bombardment commenced, the enemy advanced to force a passage across the stream, and assault the American works, in three columns—one approaching the bridge in the village, another the upper bridge. and the third a ford about three

miles above the forts—all of which were provided with scaling ladders. The attack was vigorously met by the American artillerists; fire answered fire; and the ringing shot and shout resounded far and wide.

The two columns of the enemy which attempted to pass the bridges, were gallantly driven back by the regulars; the remaining column was led astray in the woods—the artifices of the American commander being entirely successful—and after spending a long time in marching and countermarching to no purpose, wearied and worn with fatigue, they arrived in sight of the American works, only to hear the glad shouts of victory at the brilliant success of the brave Macdonough. A further advance was no longer to be thought of; the recall was sounded; the scaling ladders were thrown down, and a hasty retreat was made. The volunteers and militia stationed in this quarter, pressed warmly upon them, and succeeded in cutting off an entire company of the 76th foot, not a single man of whom escaped. The cannonade was kept up till sunset, when the enemy's batteries were all silenced by the effective fire from the American forts

BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The assaults on Plattsburgh and on the American fleet by the British were simultaneously made by land and water, on the 11th of September. At eight o'clock in the morning, the British fleet was seen approaching; and, in an hour, the action became general. It is thus described by Macdonough, in his official letter:

“At nine,” he says, “the enemy anchored in a line ahead, at about 300 yards distant from my line; his ship opposed to the *Saratoga*; his brig to the *Eagle*, Captain Robert Henley; his galleys — thirteen in number — to the schooner, sloop and a division of our galleys; one of his sloops assisting their ship and brig; the other assisting their galleys; our remaining galleys were with the *Saratoga* and *Eagle*.

“In this situation, the whole force on both sides became engaged; the *Saratoga* suffering much from the heavy fire of the *Confiance*. I could perceive, at the same time, however, that our fire was very

destructive to her. The Ticonderoga, Lieutenant commandant Cassin, gallantly sustained her full share of the action. At half past ten, the Eagle not being able to bring her guns to bear, cut her cable, and anchored in a more eligible position, between my ship and the Ticonderoga, where she very much annoyed the enemy, but, unfortunately, leaving me much exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's brig.

"Our guns on the starboard side being nearly all dismantled or unmanageable, a stern anchor was let go, the bower cable cut, and the ship winded, with a fresh broadside on the enemy's ship, which soon after surrendered. Our broadside was then sprung to bear on the sloop, which surrendered about fifteen minutes afterward. The sloop which was opposed to the Eagle, had struck some time before, and drifted down the line. The sloop that was with their galleys had also struck. Our galleys were about obeying with alacrity the signal to follow them, when all the vessels were reported to me to be in a sinking state. It then became necessary to annul the signal to the galleys, and order their men to the pumps. I could only look at the enemy's galleys going off in a shattered

condition, for there was not a mast in either squadron that could stand to make sail on. The lower rigging being nearly shot away, hung down as though it had just been placed over the mast-heads.

“The *Saratoga* had fifty-five round shot in her hull; the *Confiance*, 105. The enemy’s shot passed principally over our heads, as there were not twenty whole hammocks in the nettings, at the close of the action, which lasted without intermission two hours and twenty minutes.

DEFENSE OF BALTIMORE.

The success of General Ross at Washington induced him to undertake the capture of Baltimore. He boasted that he would make the city his winter-quarters, and with the force which he commanded he could march where he pleased in Maryland.

The Americans were not unprepared for an attack in this quarter. A force of militia from Maryland and the neighboring states, together with the regular troops who had recently been engaged at

Washington, amounting in all to 15000 men, had been assembled for the defense of the city. The command of these troops was given to General Smith, of the Maryland militia, assisted by General Winder.

On the 11th of September, a British squadron of fifty sail, with 6000 men, entered the mouth of the Patapsco, and on the morning of the 12th commenced landing at North Point, fourteen miles below the city. General Stricker was detached with 3500 militia to oppose their advance. General Ross, having preceded the main body of his army with a small reconnoitering party, was shot through the breast by a rifleman, fell into the arms of his aid-de-camp, and died in a few minutes. The command devolved on Colonel Brook, who led on the attack, which was commenced by a discharge of rockets from the British, and was succeeded by grape, canister, and small arms on both sides. After maintaining his position for an hour and a half against a great superiority of numbers, General Stricker was at length obliged to retire to Worthington Mills, half a mile in advance of the main body.

On the night of the 12th, the British bivouacked

in advance of the battle ground, and on the 13th commenced their march toward the city. When within two miles of the American lines they halted to await the result of the attack on Fort McHenry. This fortress defends the narrow passage from the Patapsco into Baltimore harbor, two miles below the city, and its command had been intrusted to Major Armistead, with 100 men. Fort Covington, on the right of Fort McHenry, was commanded by Lieutenant Newcomb. On the 12th, a British squadron of sixteen ships drew up in line of battle within two miles and a half of the forts, and at sunrise on the 13th, commenced an attack on them with bombs and rockets. Twelve hundred men were detached to storm the works on the succeeding night, and the battle raged with great fury till the morning of the 14th, when the assailants, being completely foiled, were compelled to retire, and the squadron sailed down the river. Their example was speedily followed by the army, who had sanguinely anticipated the capture and plunder of Baltimore

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Positive intelligence was received in New Orleans, on the 9th of December, 1814, that the British fleet had been descried standing off the Chandeleur islands; and Lieutenant Thomas Ap Catesby Jones was immediately dispatched by Commodore Patterson, with a flotilla of five gun-boats, and 182 men, to watch the motions of the enemy. On the 12th instant, they were discovered in such force, off Cat Island, at the eastern extremity of Lake Borgne, that Lieutenant Jones judged it safer to retire up the lake and guard the passes leading toward the city.

All the arrangements of General Jackson for the defense of New Orleans were made with consummate skill. The batteries commanding the passes from Lake Borgne into Lake Pontchartrain were well manned; the colored battalion, under Major Lacoste, with the Feliciana dragoons, were ordered to take post on the Chef Menteur, to cover the

Gentilly road ; Major Planche's battalion, with Lieutenant Wagner's company of light artillery, were stationed at fort St. John, on the bayou of that name ; the Tennessee cavalry and infantry, under Generals Coffee and Carroll, remained about four miles above the city ; the regular troops, and the remainder of the state militia, occupied the city, and the fortifications on the river below ; and the schooner Caroline and brig Louisiana were moored in the stream.

On the 22d of December General Keane, whose whole command about 4500 in number, with their heavy cannon and stores, proceeded, in their small boats, up the bayou, and, at four o'clock in the morning of the 23d, arrived opposite the opening of Villere's canal, which connected with the Mississippi. They halted at this point for a few hours, and then continued up the canal. Early in the afternoon of the same day, they gained the bank of the river unmolested, and established themselves on the plantation of General Villere, Colonel La Ronde, and Major Lacoste, about eight miles below the city.

General Jackson did not wait to be attacked. Within an hour after receiving the information that

the enemy had effected a landing, he put his troops in motion. Anticipating that the city might be simultaneously threatened by way of the Chef Menteur, General Carroll was left posted on the Gentilly road, with his command and the city militia; and the remainder of the troops, under General Jackson in person, consisting of General Coffee's brigade, Major Hind's dragoons, a detachment of artillery and marines, under Colonel Mc Rea, parts of the 7th and 44th infantry, the battalions of Majors Plauche and Daquin, and two six-pounder guns in charge of Lieutenant Spotts, moved down the left bank of the river, to attack the enemy who had landed below. The schooner *Caroline*, Captain Henley, with Commodore Patterson on board, and the brig *Louisiana*, Lieutenant Thompson, also dropped down the river. It was understood that the signal of attack would be the fire of the *Caroline*, when she had arrived opposite the position of the British troops.

At six o'clock in the evening of the 23d, the different corps composing the main column, in all not far from 2000 men, effected a junction at the canal Rodriguez, within sight of the watch fires of the enemy, which were discovered gleaming dimly

in the distance. The night was prematurely dark owing to the dense fog rising from the river. This circumstance, however, favored the movement, as it was thereby concealed from the enemy; and the very best spirit pervaded the whole command. The troops were now formed for the attack;—the artillery and marines, and the regular infantry, on the right; the battalions of Plauche and Daquin, both under Colonel Ross, in the center; and the brigade of General Coffee, dismounted, on the left. General Coffee was directed to turn the enemy's right, and attack them in the rear; while the rest of the column advanced against them in front.

At half-past seven o'clock, the long looked-for signal was given by the Caroline. The first intimation received by the enemy, of the approach of the Americans, was the raking broadside of the schooner, which completely swept their encampment. Before they had fairly recovered from their astonishment, General Jackson fell upon them like a thunderbolt.

Though taken by surprise, General Keane ordered his fires to be extinguished, and finally succeeded in forming his men to beat off the attack. Before order was entirely restored, General Coffee had forced his way into the enemy's camp, and Gen

eral Jackson was moving upon them in front with equal daring and impetuosity.

Notwithstanding the intense darkness, the American soldiers were kept to their duty, and displayed the most praiseworthy gallantry. The enemy were driven from their position, and several successive charges were made, with great success. At length, it was discovered that the troops were falling into confusion, on account of the thick mist which shrouded every thing around, and General Jackson thought it best to call off his men. During the remainder of the night they lay on the field of battle, and in the morning fell back to the canal Rodriguez, about two miles nearer the city, where the swamp and the Mississippi approached within a few hundred yards of each other.

It was at first designed by the British commander, to commence regular approaches against the formidable line of intrenchments occupied by the American troops. On the 28th of December, a brisk cannonade was opened from a battery planted near the levee, within half a mile of the river. Showers of Congreve rockets were also thrown, which, although a new implement of warfare, failed to excite either fear or astonishment in

the opposing ranks. The firing was kept up for several hours without producing any sensible effect; and the attack was then relinquished. During the night of the 31st, heavy batteries were constructed on the plain, directly in front of the American position; and the advent of the new year was welcomed by a tremendous burst of artillery, accompanied by incessant flights of rockets, which was continued till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the batteries were effectually silenced by the American guns. The casualties on these two occasions were, — on the side of the Americans, eighteen killed and thirty-one wounded; and, on the side of the enemy, forty-eight killed, and eighty-two wounded.

These repeated efforts having proved of no avail, General Packenham decided to carry the works by a *coup de main*. For a number of days all his men were employed in deepening Villere's canal, for the passage of the boats, by which a detachment could be thrown across the river to attack the fortifications on the right bank. On the 6th instant, General Lambert joined the main body of the enemy, already on shore, with his division; and the whole command was thus increased to upward of 12000

men. Every thing being in readiness for the contemplated assault, on the evening of the 7th instant, it was directed to take place at dawn of day on the following morning.

On the 4th of January, the anxiously-expected reinforcements from Kentucky, under Generals Thomas and Adair, 2500 strong, reached New Orleans. They were poorly furnished with arms, however, and, like most of the other troops, were nearly destitute of clothing. The city was ransacked in search of weapons, but a scanty supply could be obtained; and the other deficiency was partially remedied, by the patriotic exertions of Mr. Girod, the mayor, and the ladies of New Orleans.

General Jackson now made a final disposition of his troops. Governor Claiborne was posted on the Gentilly road, with a portion of the Louisiana militia; another portion, under General Morgan, was stationed on the right bank of the river, and the battery on that shore was manned by the sailors and marines under Commodore Patterson. General Morgan was further reinforced, on the night of the 7th of January, when it was ascertained that the enemy were opening a passage into the river, by a detachment of the Kentucky troops. On the left

bank, General Jackson was posted with his main column, consisting of about 3500 men. There were eight distinct batteries along the line, mounting, in all, twelve guns and two howitzers. On the right, were the 7th and 44th infantry, between which were the battalions of Majors Plauche, Lacoste, and Daquin; in the center was General Carroll's command, supported by that of General Adair; and, on the extreme left, were the Tennessee rifles under General Coffee. The remainder of the Kentucky troops, under General Thomas, remained in the rear.

The brave troops whom General Jackson had gathered around him, calmly awaited the approach of the enemy, behind the breast-work of cotton bags which their sagacious commander had provided, not as a shelter for cowardice, but as a protection against the onset of a superior force. Night after night they slept upon their arms; the soldiers of Coffee lying far out in the swamp, on heaps of logs and brush, half benumbed with the cold, and covered with the moist ooze of the morass; yet all indifferent to the inclemency of the weather, to hardship and suffering.

The wintry dawn was just breaking, and the cold

silvery sheen of the early morning was rapidly spreading over the plains of Chalmette, on the memorable 8th of January, 1815, when the dark masses of the British assaulting columns were discerned from the American lines, as they emerged from the thick vail of mist which intercepted the view of their encampment, and rapidly pressed forward to the storm. At the same time, their batteries, planted on the previous night, within 800 yards of the intrenchments, commenced an active fire, which soon deepened into a continuous roar, that shook the whole valley, and started the inhabitants of the city from their slumbers.

Simultaneously with the movement on the left bank of the river, Colonel Thornton crossed the stream with 500 picked men, ascended the levee, and, by a sudden charge, turned the position, and made himself master of the battery, which formed the strong point of the line. General Morgan was at the head of a much superior force, but finding himself unable to maintain his ground, he fell back toward the city, followed slowly by the British troops.

Upon the other shore, the most desperate and unflinching valor failed to achieve the least sub-

stantial success. The main attack, on this bank of the river, was made in two columns, sixty or seventy deep; that on the right, between 8000 and 9000 strong, led by General Gibbs, moving upon the center of Jackson's position; and the left, about 1200 in number, General Keane, advancing along the levee road. The British troops moved forward slowly and steadily, many of them carrying scaling ladders and fascines.

Three hearty cheers rose from the American lines when the enemy came within range. Every piece was instantly put in requisition. A well-sustained rolling fire welcomed the assailants as they approached. Still, the regularity of their array was unbroken. Torrents of grape and round shot, hissing hot, swept through the solid columns, rending them asunder like ropes of sand. Yet they pressed on undaunted, through the driving storm of missiles poured upon them from the different batteries, whose converging fires smote them more and more heavily at every step of their advance, and strewed the plain with the dying and the dead.

Meantime the American infantry and riflemen had remained at their posts, with their hands clenched about the locks of their pieces, attentively

watching the movements of the enemy. General Jackson himself occasionally rode along the lines, to cheer and animate his men. It was, indeed, a critical period for his own fame, for the martial reputation of his country. His chivalric courage, his proud and lofty self-reliance, rose with the emergency. His eagle eye blazed with an almost unearthly light, and the shrill notes of his trumpet voice rang high above the roar of battle.

Making their way through the heaps of their comrades, who lay weltering in their gore, pale, distorted, and stiffening in death, the British soldiers advanced within reach of the American rifle and musket. In an instant, a vivid stream of fire rolled down from the whole line of intrenchments. The way was now blocked by a glistening wall of flame. The bravest shrank back aghast. Stout-hearted men, who had never faltered amid the scene of carnage whose crimson waves dyed the ramparts of Badajoz, trembled like the aspen. The American fire was never for a moment interrupted, — the western riflemen making their mark at every discharge, and the men in the rear constantly loading and exchanging pieces with their companions in front. At the head of the glacis, the right column

of the assailants staggered and halted. General Packenham and Gibbs dashed forward, eager to retrieve the fortunes of the day ere all was lost.

In vain was every effort to turn the tide of battle. Both officers fell mortally wounded, while hundreds were swept down around them, as the grass before the mower. Some few pressed on, — on and on, — to sure destruction!

On the left, the advances of General Keane's column, led by Colonel Rennie, gained the redoubt in front of the line of intrenchments; but it was only to find a soldier's grave. A murderous fire was at once directed upon them from the main fortification, and every man who had entered the work, including the gallant officer who headed the attack, was cut down. General Keane made an ineffectual effort to rally the troops for another onset, and was borne from the field severely wounded. The command now devolved on General Lambert, who promptly led up the reserve; but on discovering the dreadful havoc which had been made in the shattered and terrified column before him, he gave the signal to retire.

At mid-day the battle was ended; the bright sun looked down on that red waste, everywhere marred

by the ploughing shot, and dotted all over with huge piles of festering corruption; and the cool breeze that murmured among the acacia and orange groves, was loaded with scents of slaughter, with the steam of the battle-field. The appalling fire from the American lines was most terrible in its effects. The British lost 293 killed, 1267 wounded, and there were 484 taken prisoners. The American loss was trifling in comparison; there were but thirteen killed, thirty-nine wounded, and nineteen missing, on both sides of the river, during the day.

COLONEL CLINCH AND THE INDIANS.

As soon as the war of 1812 was ended, the Indians in Florida, instigated by Edward Nichols and James Woodbine, formerly officers in the British service, again took up the hatchet against their white neighbors. These two men, in order the more completely to effect their purpose, established a fort on the Apalachicola river, to which they

encouraged the disaffected Indians and runaway negroes to flee as to a place of safety. At this place, naturally strong by its position, they mounted twelve pieces of artillery, and in July, 1816, their garrison amounted to 400 negroes and Indians, who were well supplied with provisions and all the munitions of war.

To dislodge this band of outlaws, Colonel Clinch was dispatched with a small number of regulars and some Indians under the command of their chief, McIntosh, and in the beginning of July he laid siege to the fort on the land side. Two schooners had been sent from New Orleans to supply Clinch with provisions and munitions of war. Having obtained the permission of the Governor of Pensacola, these vessels proceeded up the Apalachicola, under the convoy of two gun-boats, each mounting one twelve-pounder, and carrying twenty-five men. Col. Clinch deemed this small force insufficient to attack the fort on the river side and accordingly cautioned the commander against any offensive operations. But, when near the fort, a watering party of seven men were attacked by an ambuscade of negroes; five were killed, one escaped, and the other was taken prisoner, tortured, and murdered.

The commander of the gun-boats immediately warped up sufficiently near to the fort, and commenced a fire on it with hot shot, one of which entered the magazine and blew up the fort. By this accident the fort was completely destroyed; 270 of the enemy were killed, and most of the remainder wounded. An immense quantity of arms and munitions of war, designed for supplying the Indians and negroes with the means of annoying the frontier settlers, fell into the hands of the conquerors.

BATTLE OF OKEE-CHO-BEE.

General Taylor, then colonel, in his official dispatch, after mentioning the preliminary arrangements, proceeds to describe the battle as follows. It took place on the 25th of December, 1837.

“These arrangements being made, I moved under their guidance for the camp of the Mickasukies. Between two and three P. M., we reached a very dense cypress swamp, through which we were

compelled to pass, and in which our guide informed us we might be attacked. After making the necessary dispositions for battle, it was ascertained that there was no enemy to oppose us. The army crossed over and encamped for the night, it being late. During the passage of the rear, Captain Parks, who was in advance with a few friendly Indians, fell in with two of the enemy's spies between two and three miles from our camp, one on horseback, the other on foot, and succeeded in capturing the latter. He was an active young warrior, armed with an excellent rifle, fifty balls in his pouch, and an adequate proportion of powder. This Indian confirmed the information which had been previously received from the other Indians, and, in addition, stated that a large body of Seminoles, headed by John Cohua, Co-a-coo-chee, and, no doubt, Alligator, with other chiefs, were encamped five or six miles from us, near the Mickasukies, with a cypress swamp and dense hammock between them and the latter.

“The army moved forward at daylight the next morning, and after marching five or six miles, reached the camp of the Seminoles on the border of another cypress swamp, which must have

contained several hundred, and bore evident traces of having been abandoned in a great hurry, as the fires were still burning, and quantities of beef lying on the ground unconsumed.

“Here the troops were again disposed in order of battle, but we found no enemy to oppose us; and the command was crossed over about 11 A. M., when we entered a large prairie in our front, on which 200 or 300 head of cattle were grazing, and a number of Indian ponies. Here another young Indian warrior was captured, armed and equipped as the former. He pointed out a dense hammock on our right, about a mile distant, in which he said the hostiles were situated, and waiting to give us battle.

“At this place the final disposition was made to attack them, which was in two lines, the volunteers under Gentry, and Morgan’s spies, to form the first line in extended order, who were instructed to enter the hammock, and in the event of being attacked and hard pressed, were to fall back in rear of the regular troops, out of reach of the enemy’s fire. The second was composed of the 4th and 6th infantry, who were instructed to sustain the volunteers, the 1st infantry being held in reserve.

“Moving on in the direction of the hammock, after proceeding about a quarter of a mile, we reached the swamp which separated us from the enemy, three-quarters of a mile in breadth, being totally impassable for horses, and nearly so for foot, covered with a thick growth of saw-grass, five feet high, and about knee deep in mud and water, which extended to the left as far as the eye could reach; and to the right, to a part of the swamp and hammock we had just crossed through, ran a deep creek. At the edge of the swamp the men were dismounted, and the horses and baggage left under a suitable guard. Captain Allen was detached with two companies of mounted infantry to examine the swamp and hammock to the right, and in case he should not find the enemy in that direction, was to return to the baggage, and in the event of his hearing a heavy firing, to join me immediately

“After making these arrangements, I crossed the swamp in the order stated. On reaching the borders of the hammock, the volunteers and spies received a heavy fire from the enemy, which was returned by them for a short time, when their gallant commander, Colonel Gentry, fell, mortally wounded. They mostly broke; and instead of

forming in rear of the regulars, as had been directed, they retired across the swamp to their baggage and horses; nor could they again be brought into action as a body, although efforts were made repeatedly by my staff to induce them to do so.

“The enemy, however, were promptly checked and driven back by the 4th and 6th infantry, which in truth, might be said to be a moving battery. The weight of the enemy’s fire was principally concentrated on five companies of the 6th infantry, which not only stood firm, but continued to advance until their gallant commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, and his adjutant, Lieutenant Center, were killed, and every officer, with one exception, as well as most of the non-commissioned officers, including the sergeant-major and four of the orderly sergeants, killed and wounded of those companies when that portion of the regiment retired to a short distance and were again formed, one of these companies having but four members left untouched.

“Lieutenant-Colonel Foster, with six companies, amounting in all to 160 men, gained the hammock in good order, where he was joined by Captain Noel with the two remaining companies of the 6th

infantry, and Captain Gentry's volunteers, with a few additional men, continued to drive the enemy for a considerable time, and by a change of front, separated his line and continued to drive him until he reached the great lake, Okee-cho-bee, which was in the rear of the enemy's position, and on which their encampment extended for more than a mile. As soon as I was informed that Captain Allen was advancing, I ordered the 1st infantry to move to the left, gain the enemy's right flank, and turn it, which order was executed in the promptest manner possible, and as soon as that regiment got in position, the enemy gave one fire and retreated, being pursued by the 1st, 4th, and 6th, and some of the volunteers who had joined them, until near night, and until those troops were nearly exhausted, and the enemy driven in all directions.

"The action was a severe one, and continued from half past twelve until three, P. M., a part of the time very close and severe. We suffered much, having twenty-six killed, and 112 wounded, among whom are some of our most valuable officers. The hostiles probably suffered, all things considered, equally with ourselves, they having left ten dead on the ground, besides, doubtless, carrying off more, as is customary with them when practicable

CHAPTER XII.—1846

BATTLE OF PALO ALTO

As soon as General Taylor was satisfied by the signal guns from Fort Brown, that it had been attacked and was in danger, he made prompt preparations for opening his communication between it and Point Isabel, and for relieving its gallant defenders from their perilous situation. Accordingly, on the evening of the 7th of May, he left Point Isabel with a force of about 2100 men, and a train of 250 wagons, loaded with provisions and military stores, determined to give the enemy battle, however numerous he might be. That night his army encamped about seven miles from Point Isabel, and resumed its march early in the morning of the 8th. About twelve o'clock, his advanced guard reported that the Mexican forces were drawn up in large numbers to dispute his progress. Another report immediately followed, however, informing him that they had withdrawn their advance,

and were retreating toward Fort Brown. His wagon trains and troops were therefore again put in motion, and progressed until the country opened into a broad prairie, bounded by Palo Alto, a thick grove of dwarfish trees. On both the right and left of the American army were ponds of fresh water, and beyond them, chapparal. Upon this prairie the enemy were again drawn up, prepared for battle. On the extreme right was drawn up a division of Mexican cavalry, with their long, sharp pointed lances glittering in the sun, and their pennants gayly waving in the breeze. Next, were posted their artillery and their heavy bodies of infantry, the whole forming a solid column of over a mile in length, with artillery, infantry, and cavalry, alternately arranged, and presenting a most formidable appearance.

The space between the two armies was now gradually lessening, and soon the details could be distinguished. The tall, rank grass of the prairie, deadened the heavy tramp of the cavalry, and the lumbering wheels of the artillery; and the whole moved forward so silently that the rattling of their trappings could be heard singularly plain. A space of 700 yards only, intervened between the two

armies, when the batteries on the right of the Mexican line opened, throwing their ball and grape over the heads of the Americans, and announcing, in tones of thunder, that the contest had begun. In quick succession the whole of their artillery, from extreme right to left, poured forth volleys of ball, which made the earth tremble, and filled the air with clouds of dust and sulphurous smoke. The word was now given for the advancing columns to halt, and deploy into line. When this was done, Lieutenant Churchill's eighteen-pounders boomed above the surrounding din, announcing, in full rolling echoes, that the Americans were "in the field." Major Ringgold's and Captain Duncan's commands were now ordered forward into the open prairie, and commenced their rapid discharges. A general cannonading now raged, unparalleled, it is believed, in any fight upon an open battle-field. Duncan's battery, from its conspicuousness and nearness to our line, had often the concentrated fire of the enemy upon it. For two hours, twenty or thirty pieces of artillery rent the air with their thunders; the iron hail tearing up the prairie in deep furrows, and sending the dry dust in clouds in the air. There was but little precision in the enemy's firing.

The missiles almost invariably passed over the American lines. Far different was it with our own; at every discharge, the sudden opening that followed in the solid masses, marked the terrible course of death where the Mexican cavalry bit the dust. The infantry, cool spectators of the raging battle, marked with eagle eyes this havoc in the opposing ranks, and mingled their exulting shouts with the din, as they witnessed the prowess of their companions in arms. The terrible eighteen-pounders rose ever above the tumult, and seemed as if keeping time in solemn sound, as at every discharge they sent their huge masses of crushing iron into the living wall at which they were directed. As the battle thickened, the infantry, now formed in our rear, grew impatient to participate in the fight, and the Mexican cavalry, by suffering so severely by our artillery, prepared for the charge. The maneuvering of the day now commenced—the time for cool courage, quick thought, and deeds of individual heroism had arrived.

A regiment of Mexican lancers, commanded by General Torrejon, moved toward our right, as it was supposed to gain possession of our train. The

Third and Fifth regiments of infantry, with a portion of Ringgold's battery, under the command of Lieutenant Ridgeley were ordered to check this movement, and turn the left flank of the enemy. They, however, still keeping up an irregular fire, continued steadily to advance toward our right and front, so as to outflank our line, if possible. Upon their near approach, the Fifth was thrown into square with Captain Walker and twenty mounted men on its right. Lieutenant Ridgeley having dashed forward, unlimbered his battery, and commenced rapid discharges of grape and canister upon the enemy's artillery, causing it to retreat; but the lancers, 1500 strong, continued steadily to advance, in spite of all opposition, until the Fifth poured into them, from the head of the square, a fire so deadly, that the front of the cavalry recoiled; great numbers fell dead, and those in the rear, without pressing forward on the bayonets ready to receive them, broke into confusion. A portion, however, re-formed, and kept bravely on, in the attempt to reach the train, when Colonel Twiggs ordered the Third infantry to the extreme right, to cut off their advance. When the enemy saw this movement, they commenced a retreat in good order, marching apparently by

squadrons, when Lieutenant Ridgeley, assisted by Lieutenant French, opened his batteries, scattering them in all directions.

While Lieutenant Ridgeley was engaged in directing this fire, his horse was shot from under him, and the same ball probably that caused the death of his steed, alarmed the horses at one of his caissons, which sprang madly forward in range of the gun. Lieutenant Ridgeley, regardless of personal danger, rushed forward between the two contending fires, seized the front horses by the head, and brought them into their places; thus saving not only his horses, but the ammunition of his battery. During this time, Major Ringgold's battery was not idle; but, supported by the Fourth infantry, kept up a galling and continuous fire. On the left, and in the advance, was Duncan's battery, which, supported by the Eighth infantry and Captain Ker's squadron of dragoons, poured forth a terrible discharge. The dragoons, who, from their elevated position could witness its effects, say that horses and riders were frequently blown into the air, and long openings were often visible that it made in the columns against which it was directed; notwithstanding this, the enemy's line remained

unslaken. So rapid were these discharges, that the wiry grass of the prairie, that reached nearly up to the muzzle of the pieces, dried before the sheeted flame, and burst into a blaze; the sulphurous smoke of the exploded cannon and the musket cartridges had already clouded the air, as if to veil the horrors of war from the clear blue sky above; but, when this conflagration took place, the very heavens were at times darkened, and huge masses of smoke rolled across the plain, completely obscuring our lines from the enemy's view.

After the battle had raged for two hours, the Mexican batteries began to slacken, and finally ceased altogether. They were unable longer to withstand the terrible and destructive fire of Ringgold's, Churchill's, Duncan's and Ridgeley's guns, and began to fall back for the purpose of forming a new line of battle under cover of the smoke. Our eighteen-pounders were then moved forward until they occupied the position where the Mexican cavalry were posted at the beginning of the battle. The Americans also formed a new line, their right wing resting on these eighteen-pounders. The two armies were now formed in parallel lines, but the Mexicans were better protected than in their first position, by the chapparal in their rear.

Scarcely an hour elapsed before the action was resumed. It was commenced by our artillery, which was evidently more destructive than ever. But the Mexicans withstood the shock with great firmness. Soon after the action was renewed, Captain May was ordered to attack their left. He cheerfully obeyed the order, but was unable to make much impression on the cavalry with his small force, and accordingly resumed his former position without again having an opportunity to share in the engagement. It was now nearly night, and the Mexicans resolved to make one last effort to shake the firmness of the American lines, and to silence the deadly fire of the eighteen-pounders and Ringgold's battery. Accordingly, they poured in upon them almost a literal tempest of balls. Captain Page fell, mortally wounded, a cannon ball having carried away the whole of his lower jaw, and the brave Major Ringgold had both legs nearly shot away by a ball which passed entirely through his horse. Sanguine expectations of his recovery were for a time entertained. But they were not to be realized, and on the evening of the 11th he died at Point Isabel, mourned by the army as a loss to the service and the country, not easily to be repaired.

The artillery battalion under Colonel Childs was now brought up to support the artillery on the right, when a fierce charge was made upon this part of the line by a strong body of Mexican cavalry, which continued to advance in spite of a destructive fire from our artillery. The battalion was formed into a hollow square, and calmly awaited the attack; but a severe discharge of canister, from the eighteen-pounders, threw them into confusion, and finally dispersed them. A heavy fire of musketry was in the mean time opened upon the square, wounding Lieutenant Luther slightly, and killing and severely wounding several soldiers. Colonel Childs, however, poured in upon them a well-directed discharge from his guns, which effectually silenced the enemy's left. But another effort was made by Arista to turn our flank, and get possession of our stores in the rear. This movement was fortunately discovered by Captain Duncan, and he was immediately ordered to hold the enemy in check until the eighth infantry could come to his assistance. This he accomplished in most gallant style, opening upon them a deadly fire before they were aware of his vicinity. Every discharge was fearfully destructive, mowing down whole ranks of

the enemy. They could not long stand under this murderous fire, though they continued to advance with great firmness for a time. They were driven back in confusion, but immediately re-formed and again moved forward, and were again driven back in hopeless disorder, and commenced a precipitate retreat, throwing all into confusion who had yet stood firm. Thus they were driven from the field and compelled to take shelter in the chapparal. Night now put an end to the contest. Thus ended the battle of Palo Alto, after the action had continued for nearly five hours with almost uninterrupted fury. When it was ended, our soldiers sunk down wherever they chanced to be, wholly exhausted by the exertions and excitement of the day, and fell asleep with nothing but the sky above them and the earth beneath. The dragoons, however, kept watch all night, fearing an attempt would be made to surprise them by the enemy. Too much uncertainty hung over the future to allow the officers any repose. All felt that the morrow would bring forth another day of battle, and excitement, and carnage, and that the Mexicans would make another mighty effort to crown it with victory to their arms. They held a council of war,

however, and after calmly considering the events of the day they had just passed, and the probabilities of the approaching contest, they unanimously resolved to move on early the next morning and give the enemy battle again, if they should be found on this side of the Rio Grande.

The force under General Taylor in this hard fought battle, but little exceeded 2000 men; while the Mexican army was at least 6000 strong, or about three to one against the Americans. Our loss in the engagement, was four men killed, and three officers, and thirty-seven wounded—several of the latter mortally. The loss of the Mexicans was 200 killed and about 400 wounded, besides the missing and desertions. It is believed, however, that their loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was but little short of 1000 men.

CAPTAIN MAY'S CHARGE.

The enemy still retaining their strongest positions, at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, General Taylor

saw that they must be dislodged, and the batteries taken. He therefore gave orders to Captain May to take them at all events. May replied, "I will do it, sir," and immediately placing himself at the head of his dragoons, said, "men, follow me!" and dashed forward with lightning speed, his command rapidly upon his heels. As he was rushing on, he was stopped by the brave Ridgeley, who said to him, "wait, Charley, until I draw their fire," and at the same instant discharged his batteries upon the enemy. The discharge of their guns was almost simultaneously with Ridgeley's. By this great presence of mind, and noble-hearted magnanimity, he saved May from a fire that must have made dreadful slaughter among his men, and drew the fire upon himself. There are but few instances of equal bravery and magnanimity on record. The instant Ridgeley had thus drawn upon himself the fire of the Mexican battery, May again dashed on in advance of his command, in spite of a most destructive fire, and cleared the enemy's works at a bound, cutting down the gunners at their pieces. He was gallantly supported by his men, and the Mexicans were driven from their guns by their furious charge. They immediately rallied, however,

and again got possession of them, May's command having scattered among the enemy. But he collected several of them, and again charged the enemy. In this charge he captured General La Vega, while bravely fighting at the guns. He immediately surrendered to Captain May, and was carried to our lines in charge of Lieutenant Stevens.

But though the battery had been silenced for the time, it was not captured. The enemy remanned their guns, and were preparing to pour their deadly fire again into our ranks. But the Fifth regiment, which had followed closely upon the heels of the dragoons, now approached the battery, and charged the enemy up to the very cannon's mouth, the enemy and our soldiers contending hand to hand for the possession of the works. The struggle was a fierce and bloody one but the enemy were cut down at their guns, or compelled to fly, and the battery was left in possession of the Americans.

CAPTAIN MORRIS AND MAJOR ALLEN.

The Third regiment, under the command of Captain Morris, and the Fourth, under Major Allen, were conspicuous at the battle of Resaca de la Palma for the spirit with which they entered the contest. These two corps gallantly rivaled each other in sharing the brilliant events of the day. They fearlessly charged through the densest chaparral; and while Captain Morris, and the other officers of the Third, were overcoming what appeared to be insurmountable difficulties to meet the enemy, the Fourth came into the ravine, opposite an intrenchment supported by a piece of artillery, that poured a most galling fire into our ranks. Captain Buchanan, being senior officer nearest the point, collected some twenty-five or thirty men, and with Lieutenant Hays and Woods charged across the lagoon, knee and waist deep in water, and after a close-quarter conflict, routed the enemy. Lieutenant Hays distinguished himself by

springs forward and seizing the leading mules attached to the piece, to prevent its being driven off, while Lieutenant Woods sprang to the handspikes, and turned it in such a direction as to lock one of the wheels against a tree. A large force of the enemy's cavalry suddenly charged upon these officers, but Captain Barbour, of the Third, came to the rescue, and with the point of the bayonet drove off the cavalry. Corporal Chisholm, of the Third infantry, shot the Mexican lieutenant-colonel who led the charge. As the officer fell, the corporal was seen to hand him his canteen of water, and but a moment afterward Chisholm was lying dead on his back, with a cartridge in his hand, and the bitten-off end resting on his lips.

Buchanan's party, along with portions of the Fifth regiment, then charged on the Mexican lines. In the excitement, Lieutenant-Colonel McIntosh dashed on a wall of chapparal, although it was lined with infantry and cavalry. Under a galling fire he broke it down by repeated blows of his sword, and the weight of his horse. The instant he got through, his horse fell dead under him; Colonel McIntosh sprang to his feet; a crowd of Mexicans, armed with muskets and lances, rushed

upon him; still he gallantly defended himself. A bayonet passed through his mouth and came out below his ear; seizing the weapon, he raised his sword to cut the fiend down who held it, when another bayonet passed through and terribly shattered his arm, and another still, through his hip; borne down by superiority of force, he fell, and was literally pinned to the earth. The command of the Fifth now devolved upon Major Staniford, who conducted it with zeal and ability to the close of the engagement.

BATTLE OF RESACA DE LA PALMA.

The detailed report of this brilliant action, so glorious to the American arms, and reflecting so much honor upon our gallant army, is given below. However minutely and correctly it may have been described, the account would be imperfect without the report of the commanding officer. General Taylor seems to be everywhere and to see every thing, and is therefore better prepared to give

perfectly all the particulars of the engagement. He does it, in this instance as in all others, with that rare combination of modesty and good sense and it is marked by the same beauty and elegance of style, and clearness and perspicuity of expression, that have distinguished all his dispatches :

“Early on the morning of the 9th instant, the enemy who had encamped near the field of battle of the day previous, was discovered moving by his left flank, evidently in retreat; and perhaps at the same time to gain a new position on the road to Matamoras, and there again resist our advance.

“I ordered the supply train to be strongly parked at its position, and left with it four pieces of artillery — the two eighteen-pounders which had done such good service on the previous day, and two twelve-pounders which had not been in the action. The wounded officers and men were at the same time sent back to Point Isabel. I then moved forward with the columns to the edge of the chaparral or forest, which extends to the Rio Grande, a distance of seven miles. The light companies of the first brigade, under Captain C. F. Smith, Second artillery, and a select detachment of light troops, the whole under the command of Captain McCall,

Fourth infantry, were thrown forward into the chaparral, to feel the enemy and ascertain his position. About three o'clock, I received a report from the advance, that the enemy was in position on the road, with at least two pieces of artillery. The command was immediately put in motion, and at about four o'clock I came up with Captain McCall, who reported the enemy in force in our front, occupying a ravine which intersects the road and is skirted by thickets of dense chaparral. Ridgeley's battery and the advance under Captain McCall were at once thrown forward on the road, and into the chaparral on either side, while the Fifth infantry and one wing of the Fourth were thrown into the forest on the left, and the Third and the other wing of the Fourth, on the right of the road. These corps were employed as skirmishers to cover the battery and engage the Mexican infantry. Captain McCall's command became at once engaged with the enemy, while the light artillery, though in a very exposed position, did great execution. The enemy had at least eight pieces of artillery, and maintained an incessant fire upon our advance.

“The action now became general, and although the enemy's infantry gave way before the steady

fire and resistless progress of our own, yet his artillery was still in position to check our advance — several pieces occupying the pass across the ravine, which he had chosen for his position. Perceiving that no decisive advantage could be gained until this artillery was silenced, I ordered Captain May to charge the batteries with his squadron of dragoons. This was gallantly and effectually executed. the enemy was driven from his guns, and General La Vega, who remained alone at one of the batteries, was taken prisoner. The squadron, which suffered much in this charge, not being immediately supported by infantry, could not retain possession of the artillery taken, but it was completely silenced. In the mean time, the Eighth infantry had been ordered up, and had become warmly engaged on the right of the road. This regiment and a part of the Fifth, were now ordered to charge the batteries, which was handsomely done and the enemy driven from his artillery, and his position on the left of the road.

“The light companies of the first brigade, and the Third and Fourth regiments of infantry, had been deployed on the right of the road, where, at various points, they became briskly engaged with

the enemy. A small party under Captain Buchanan and Lieutenant Wood and Hays, Fourth infantry, composed chiefly of men of that regiment, drove the enemy from a breast-work which he occupied, and captured a piece of artillery. An attempt to recover this piece was repelled by Captain Barbour, Third infantry. The enemy was at last completely driven from his position on the right of the road, and retreated precipitately, leaving baggage of every description. The Fourth infantry took possession of a camp where the head-quarters of the Mexican general-in-chief were established. All his official correspondence was captured at this place.

“The artillery battalion, excepting the flank companies, had been ordered to guard the baggage train, which was parked some distance in rear. The battalion was now ordered up to pursue the enemy, and with the Third infantry, Captain Ker’s dragoons, and Captain Duncan’s battery, followed him rapidly to the river, making a number of prisoners. Great numbers of the enemy were drowned in attempting to cross the river near the town. The corps last mentioned encamped near the river; the remainder of the army on the field of battle.

“The strength of our marching force on this day, as exhibited in the annexed field report, was 173 officers, and 2049 men — aggregate, 2222. The actual number engaged with the enemy did not exceed 1700. Our loss was three officers killed and twelve wounded; thirty-six men killed and seventy-one wounded.

“I have no accurate data from which to estimate the enemy’s force on this day. He is known to have been reinforced after the action of the 8th, both by cavalry and infantry, and no doubt to an extent at least equal to his loss on that day. It is probable that 6000 men were opposed to us, and in a position chosen by themselves, and strongly defended with artillery. The enemy’s loss was very great. Nearly 200 of his dead were buried by us on the day succeeding the battle. His loss in killed, wounded, and missing, in the two affairs of the 8th and 9th, is, I think, moderately estimated at 1000 men.

“Our victory has been decisive. A small force has overcome immense odds of the best troops that Mexico can furnish — veteran regiments perfectly equipped and appointed. Eight pieces of artillery several colors and standards, a great number of

prisoners, including fourteen officers, and a large amount of baggage and public property have fallen into our hands.

TAKING OF SONOMA.

In 1838, an exploring expedition was sent out by the war department, under the direction of Lieutenant Nicollet, to make a scientific exploration of the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean. On the death of Lieutenant Nicollet, in 1843, Captain, afterward Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont, who had been his principal assistant, was appointed to the command of the expedition. Hardly had he entered California, in January, 1846, when he received information that General Castro, with a large force, was advancing to drive him from the territory, though this same Castro had but a few weeks before, given him permission to winter in the valley of San Joaquin. Colonel Fremont was in no condition to act against this force; his intentions in entering the territory had been entirely pacific, and

his whole force was but sixty-two men. With this little band, however, he determined to await the attack of Castro, and accordingly took position on a mountain about thirty miles from Monterey, where he intrenched himself and raised the flag of the United States, and then continued for a week, when, not being attacked, he thought it best to retire, by slow marches, toward Oregon. On the 15th of May, he arrived at the Great Tlamath Lake. There he found his further progress completely barred by the double obstacle of hostile Indians, incited against him by Castro, and the lofty mountains, covered with deep and falling snows. These were the difficulties and dangers in front. Behind, General Castro was assembling his troops, at Sonoma, with the avowed intention of attacking Fremont's party, and exterminating all the American settlers, whom he accused of an intention to revolt. Such being the state of affairs, Colonel Fremont determined, after mature deliberation, on the 6th of June, to turn upon his pursuers, and secure his safety as well as that of the American settlers, by overturning the Mexican government in California. At that time the war with Mexico had commenced, and the two battles on the Rio Grande had been

fought, but of this Fremont knew nothing. He formed his judgment on the circumstances around him, and not on any of the previous events connected with military operations. Having come to this determination, he, on the 11th of June, captured a convoy of 200 horses, going to the camp of Castro; and on the 15th, at daybreak, surprised the military post at Sonoma, and captured it, together with nine pieces of brass cannon, 250 stand of arms, and several officers, whom he detained as prisoners. Leaving a garrison of fourteen men at Sonoma, Colonel Fremont repaired to the American settlements on the Rio de los Americanos to obtain assistance. Scarcely had he arrived there, when an express reached him, that Castro was preparing to attack his little garrison. He immediately, on the 23d of June, set out for Sonoma, and arrived there on the 25th with ninety mounted riflemen. A party of twenty, sent forward to reconnoiter, fell in with the vanguard of Castro's force, consisting of a squadron of seventy dragoons, which they attacked and defeated, killing two and wounding three, without harm to themselves. Castro, immediately after this defeat, fell back, first to Santa Clara, and then farther toward Ciudad de los

Angelos. In the course of this pursuit Fremont learned, for the first time, that war existed between the United states and Mexico ; and that Monterey, in Upper California, had been taken by a naval force under Commodore Sloat, on the 7th of July. The commodore instructed him to march through Monterey, when he would arrange with him a combined land and naval expedition to pursue Castro, and subjugate the territory. He did so, and found Commodore Stockton in command, Commodore Sloat having returned to the United States.

The combined pursuit of Castro was rapidly continued, and on the 12th of August, Commodore Stockton and Colonel Fremont, with a detachment of marines from the squadron and some riflemen, entered the city of Los Angelos, without opposition ; the Governor-General Pico, the Commandant-General Castro, and all the Mexican authorities having fled and dispersed. Commodore Stockton took possession of the whole country as a conquest of the United States.

CAPTURE OF MONTEREY.

Early in the morning of the 21st of September, General Worth put his division in motion, having written a note to General Taylor, suggesting a diversion in his favor, on the north and east of the town. The road wound in and out around the ridges projecting from the mountains on the west, and sometimes brought the column within range of the batteries on the hill of Independence. On turning one of these angles, at the hacienda of San Jeromino, a strong force of Mexican cavalry and infantry came suddenly upon the advance, which consisted of Hays' Texans, supported by the light companies of the first brigade under Captain C. F. Smith, and Duncan's battery. The rangers met the charge with a deadly fire from their unerring rifles, and the light companies also opened upon the attacking party. Duncan's battery was in action in a moment, together with a section of Lieutenant Mackall's battery. The conflict lasted about fifteen

minutes, when, as the whole first brigade had now formed to the front, the enemy retired in disorder along the Saltillo road, closely followed by the Americans, who took possession of the gorge, and thus prevented their return to the city, and excluded all reinforcements and supplies from entering in that direction. The enemy left 100 of their men, either killed or wounded, on the ground, and among them a colonel of lancers.

Previous to the reception of General Worth's note, General Taylor had determined to make a diversion against the lower part of the town. The first division of regulars, and the division of volunteers, moved toward the city in the morning, having left one company of each regiment as a camp guard. The dragoons under Lieutenant-Colonel May, and Colonel Wood's regiment of Texan mounted volunteers, under the immediate command of General Henderson, were directed to the right to support General Worth. Lieutenant-Colonel Garland advanced with Bragg's battery, and the First and Third infantry, and the Baltimore and Washington battalion, piloted by Major Mansfield, against the defenses at the northeastern angle of the city, while the mortar served by Captain

Ramsay, and the howitzer battery under Captain Webster, opened their fire. General Butler remained with his division in rear of the battery. The remaining regiment of General Twiggs' division, the 4th infantry, was also held in reserve; the general himself, though suffering severely from sickness, being present, and directing the movements of his command.

The column under Lieutenant-Colonel Garland was soon exposed to the converging fire of the citadel and the redoubts, and annoyed by the galling discharges of musketry from the adjacent houses and stone walls. Moving rapidly to the right of the fort at the northeastern angle, an attempt was made to carry it by gaining a position in the rear. Shower upon shower of balls fell upon and around them; yet they pressed nobly on. The stoutest hearted of them all began to quail. The best and bravest, of both officers and men, had fallen, and the whole column seemed devoted to immediate destruction. Still those men were ready for the advance; their bosoms throbbed with anxiety, but they sheltered no coward hearts. It was madness however, for the officers further to expose their commands, while the enemy were protected by

their breast-works and barricades; and most of them were temporarily withdrawn to places of comparative security. The battery under Captain Bragg was terribly cut up, and compelled to retire out of range. Captain Backus, of the First infantry, with portions of the different companies, gained the roof of a tannery looking directly into the gorge of the fort; and had just commenced pouring his destructive volleys into the work, when General Quitman arrived upon the ground with his brigade of volunteers, and three companies of the Fourth infantry under Major Allen. They, too, encountered a most withering fire. The Tennessee regiment sustained a severe loss, and the companies of the regular infantry, in the advance, were deprived of one third of their officers and men, who were struck down in an instant. For a moment they staggered and fell back; but the officers, both of the regulars and volunteers, as if animated by one sentiment, sprang into the front line, and encouraged the men by their words and their example. Being joined by the remaining companies of the Fourth infantry, they again moved forward, no longer to be repulsed. The breast-works were surrounded, and the battery won.

Meanwhile General Butler had entered the edge of the town with the First Ohio regiment, the remaining regiment of General Hamer's brigade, the First Kentucky being left to support the mortar and howitzer battery. Discovering that nothing could be gained in his front, and being advised by Major Mansfield to withdraw his command, he was about retiring, when he learned that the first fort had been taken. The direction of his column was promptly changed, and he advanced under a severe fire to within 100 yards of the second fort, called El Diablo. He here found that the intervening space was completely swept by the fire of three distinct batteries, but being anxious to capture the work, if within his power, he was preparing to storm it, when he received a severe wound which compelled him to halt. He afterward surrendered the command to General Hamer, who moved the regiment to a new position, and within sustaining distance of the batteries under Captains Ridgeley and Webster, which had already occupied the first fort, and were vigorously playing upon the second. General Taylor now came up, and ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Garland, with such men as could be collected of the First, Third, and Fourth infantry,

and Baltimore and Washington battalion, with a section of Ridgeley's battery, to enter the town, penetrate to the right, and carry the second battery, if possible. The command advanced beyond the bridge, Purissima, exposed to an incessant fire from the forts and the citadel, where they sustained themselves for some time, but finding it impracticable to gain the rear of the battery, they withdrew to the captured fort.

For six long hours had this contest continued in the lower part of the town. The streets were slippery with the blood of the assailants. They had lost 394 men, in killed and wounded, during the operations of the day, among whom were some of the ablest and most accomplished officers in the service. The line of the enemy's defenses had been penetrated, and a foothold gained, but at a great sacrifice. It was truly a scene of havoc and slaughter.

The capture of Federacion hill, and the Soldada, only rendered it more necessary that the position of the hill of Independence and the Bishop's palace should also be secured. The party who stormed the former, had been nearly thirty-six hours without food, and to add to their hardships a violent

storm came up, toward evening on the 21st. Without any covering to protect them from the pelting rain, they lay down with their arms upon the ground, to snatch a few hours sleep. At three o'clock in the morning of the 22d, they were aroused to storm the hill of Independencia. The execution of this enterprise was intrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Childs, with three companies of his artillery battalion, three companies of the Eighth infantry under Captain Scriven, and 200 Texan riflemen, under Colonel Hays and Lieutenant-Colonel Walker. There were faint gleams of morning light dancing on the summits of the hills, but the sky was curtained by a thick veil of clouds, and the valley still in deep shade. Proceeding cautiously along, the party picked their way up the steep hill, among the rocks and thorny bushes of chapparal, and at daybreak were within 100 yards of the breast-work on the summit. Here they encountered a body of Mexicans who had been stationed in a cleft of rocks on the night previous, in anticipation of an attack. Three men of the artillery battalion, having advanced with too much haste, came unexpectedly upon the enemy. They instantly yielded, but were shot down with the very

pieces which they had surrendered. It did not require this act of cruelty and outrage to kindle the zeal and fire the ambition of their comrades. With a loud fierce shout for vengeance they sprang up the height. A deadly volley from their guns, and a charge with the bayonet, placed them in possession of the work; the enemy delivering an ineffectual fire as they retreated. The next object of attack was the Bishop's palace, about 400 yards distant. The Mexicans had withdrawn their guns from the battery, and the detachment were obliged to wait for their own cannon. Lieutenant Rowland of Duncan's battery, was ordered from the main rank with a twelve-pounder howitzer, and in two hours his men had dragged and lifted their piece up the hill, by main strength, and were showering their missiles upon the enemy.

The detachment on the height was also reinforced by the Fifth infantry and the Louisiana volunteers. The enemy saw the advantage which had been gained, and manifested a determination to recover the heights. Several feints were made, and then a heavy sortie, supported by a strong body of cavalry. The Americans were prepared for the movement. Captain Vinton advanced, under cover of

the rocks, with two companies of light troops, to draw the enemy forward, followed by the main column under Lieutenant-Colonel Childs, with the Texans on either flank. The Mexicans advanced boldly, but were scattered into confusion by one general discharge from all arms. Before they could regain their works, the American soldiers rushed down upon them, shouting as they ran. Entering the palace by a door which had been barricaded, but opened by the fire of the howitzer, they completed the victory. Lieutenant Ayres was the first to reach the halyards and haul down the flag, which was soon replaced by the American standard, waving proudly in the breeze. The captured guns, together with Duncan's and Mackall's batteries, which came up at a full gallop, were effectively served upon the Mexican soldiers, who fled toward the city, pouring in confused masses down the street leading to the Plaza de la Capella, the prolongation of which was now held by the Americans. With the loss of but seventy men in killed and wounded, General Worth had accomplished the purpose for which his division was detached. The enterprise was executed promptly and skillfully, and with entire success. His whole force was soon after

concentrated in the vicinity of the palace, in readiness to co-operate with General Taylor in an assault upon the town.

Meanwhile General Worth had not been idle. In the morning of the 23d, he sent a detachment to take possession of the gorge near Santa Catarina, and had designed to move forward into the city under favor of the ensuing night; but on hearing the heavy firing upon the opposite side of the town, he organized two columns of attack, who were ordered to press on to the first plaza, keeping under cover as much as possible, to get hold of the streets beyond it, and then, entering the houses, to break through the longitudinal sections of the walls with picks and bars, and work their way from house to house. The light artillery followed the columns in sections and pieces to support the movement.

All day long the work proceeded. Step by step, slowly, but surely, the Americans won their way into the city. The solid masonry yielded before their ponderous blows. The inhabitants were stricken as with a panic. For years Monterey had defied the arms of Spain; but here were soldiers who mocked at every obstacle, and overcame every difficulty. Begrimed with dust and smoke,

imagination pictured them as beings from another world. As they sprang, like magic, through the firm walls of the apartments where pale-faced women had retired for shelter, shriek upon shriek rent the air, and only ceased when those who uttered them were assured, in friendly tones, that there were wives and daughters by the firesides of those dark warriors, who waited for their coming, and whose purity and innocence were not forgotten even in the wild excitement of that hour, by those who esteemed and loved them. Galleries and corridors, chambers and balconies, which had oft resounded with the notes of merriment and joy, or listened to the endearments of affection and the soft accents of love, now echoed with the rattle of musketry, the sharp crack of the rifle, the clash of steel against steel, the exulting shout and dying groan; and, high above all the din, rose the unceasing thunder of artillery.

At sunset General Worth's division had reached a street but one square in rear of the great plaza, leaving a covered way behind them, and had carried a large building overlooking the principal defenses of the enemy. The mortar had been sent round by General Taylor, and this was placed in

position in the Plaza de la Capella, masked by the church wall, and opened on the main plaza and the cathedral, where the enemy were principally collected, and whither the aged and helpless had retired as to their only remaining place of refuge. The two howitzers, and a six-pounder were also mounted on the captured building, and every preparation made during the night to renew the assault at dawn of day. But this was rendered unnecessary. Monterey was already lost and won!

Early in the morning of the 24th, a flag was sent out by General Ampudia, accompanied by Colonel Moreno as the bearer of a communication to General Taylor, proposing to evacuate the city with the *personnel* and *materiel* of war. This was positively refused, and a surrender of the town demanded. Soon after, a conference took place between General Taylor and General Ampudia, at the quarters of General Worth, which resulted in the appointment of commissioners and the capitulation of the city

BATTLE OF SAN PASQUAL.

General Kearny, with 100 men and two mountain howitzers, proceeded along the river Gila to its junction with the Colorado, and thence across the desert, until, on the 5th of December, 1846, he was met, about forty miles from San Diego, by a small party of volunteers, sent by Commodore Stockton to escort him to that place. On the next morning, December 6th, a party of 160 Californians was discovered at San Pasqual, and attacked, and after a severe engagement, in which the Americans lost thirty-four men in killed and wounded, were completely routed. The loss of the enemy was not ascertained. The detachment reached San Diego on the 12th of December, 1846.

On the 29th of December, General Kearny, and Commodore Stockton, with 500 men, mostly marines and sailors, and a battery of artillery, left San Diego for Los Angeles, then in the possession of the enemy. On the 8th of January, the enemy

was discovered, numbering about 600, occupying a strong position on a rising ground, commanding the passage of the river San Gabriel. The troops were soon formed in order of battle, the river forded, the heights carried after about an hour's fighting, when the enemy were compelled to retreat. On the next day, the enemy appeared in force on the front and flanks of the Americans, harassing and galling them with their artillery, for about two hours, when, arriving at the plains of the Mesa, they concentrated their forces, and made a charge upon the American left. This being repulsed, with some loss to them, they retired, and on the 10th the city was entered without further molestation. The American loss on the 8th and 9th of January, was one killed and thirteen wounded. The loss of the enemy was not known, as they were mounted on good horses, and carried off their killed and wounded.

BATTLE OF BRACITO.

Colonel Doniphan left Santa Fe on the 1st of December 1846, with his regiment, numbering 924, including Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell's escort of 100 picked men. His march lay along the left bank of the Rio Grande, and on the 25th of December he had arrived at a place called Bracito, 284 miles from Santa Fe, where they first met the enemy. About 600 of the men encamped on that day at two o'clock P. M., and were engaged in carrying wood and water, their horses being unsaddled and grazing at a short distance, when the word was passed that the enemy was in sight, advancing. The troops were called together instantly out as there was not time to saddle their horses, they were drawn up as infantry. The Mexicans, numbering about 1100, drew up in good order, on the summit of a small hill, with their cavalry on the right of their line, a small howitzer in the center, and on the left their infantry. Previous to

the encounter, a lieutenant advanced from their ranks bearing a black flag, for the purpose of informing Colonel Doniphan that the Mexicans before him gave no quarter, and would ask none. Their charge was immediately made by their dragoons against the left of the American line, the infantry at the same time advancing steadily and pouring in three volleys before they were answered. But when the cavalry had advanced within 100 steps of the line, such a volley was returned as caused the whole of the enemy's line to waver, and another sent the dragoons to the left, in their flight making an attack on the provision train. There they met with a warm reception, and were soon compelled to fly in every direction in the utmost confusion. In the mean time, the enemy's infantry had been put to flight, and were pursued by fifteen men under Captain Reid, who had jumped upon their horses, while a company of volunteers, taking advantage of their position on the rout of the enemy, charged upon them and captured their cannon. The rout was complete, and the enemy fled, without stopping, nearly 100 miles, neglecting to fortify El Paso, which a few determined men might have defended against a vast superior force.

The American loss in this, the first battle of the army of the west, was seven men wounded, none killed. The Mexicans lost about thirty men killed, and eight prisoners, six of whom afterward died of their wounds. The number of their wounded was not ascertained.

CHAPTER XIII.—1847.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

On the morning of the 20th of February, our army being encamped at Agua Nueva information was received that the enemy was advancing, when General Taylor ordered the troops to fall back upon Buena Vista. Early on the 22d, the clouds of dust toward Agua Nueva, told that the Mexican army was on the advance. At about 11 o'clock the long roll of the drum summoned us to the field. Our regiments were formed, artillery posted, and we availed ourselves of every advantage that could be taken of the ground. In a few minutes, the leading columns of the enemy were distinctly seen, at a distance of two miles, steadily advancing in the most perfect order. Some 2000 lancers with the artillery, fourteen pieces of different caliber, from twenty-four's down, composed the leading division; then such a host of infantry and lances as never was seen in Mexico before, I suppose, came

into full view and filed into position. It was a most grand and gorgeous spectacle: the sun glancing from the bright lances and bayonets of 21000 men — the rattling of their artillery carriages — the prancing of their richly caparisoned horses, and the continued sound of their bugles, swelling through the air, made up a scene never to be described or forgotten. The armies in line of battle were drawn up in a mountain pass. On our right was a deep ravine, impracticable to be turned by cavalry or artillery, whilst on our left the mountains of "Sierra Madre" towered 2000 feet into the skies. A spur of continuous hills, running from the mountain nearly to the ravine, was occupied by our troops — whilst the space between the spur of hills and the ravine, over which the San Luis road runs, was occupied by five pieces of light artillery, commanded by Captain Washington. This was our center, and was most gallantly defended by Captain Washington, upon whose battery the enemy played four hours with six twenty-four pounders, planted within point blank range, and out of reach of his sixes, without making the slightest impression on them. Between the two armies were immense ravines, some of them nearly fifty feet deep, the

sides covered with loose pebbles, and the bottoms extremely precipitate and serpentine from the heavy washing rains. A smooth piece of ground next the mountain, and between it and the head of the ravines, some 300 yards in depth, was the most accessible point for turning our left flank, if, indeed, an army of 5200 men, displayed over two miles of ground, in the presence of such a host, could be considered as having a flank. Overlooking Washington's battery, and within near musket shot, is a high hill on the crown of which was posted the first regiment of Illinois volunteers, to cover the battery and save the center.

CAPTURE OF ALVARADO.

On the 30th of March, 1847, a detachment of troops under General Quitman left Vera Cruz to co-operate with the squadron under Commodore Perry, in a joint attack upon Alvarado. Lieutenant Hunter was dispatched in advance, with the steamer Scourge, to blockade the port. He arrived

off the bar in the afternoon of the 30th, and at once opened a fire upon the forts, at the mouth of the river, which were garrisoned by 400 men. During the night he stood off, but renewed the attack in the morning, when the enemy evacuated their defenses. Several government vessels in the harbor were burned, and the guns spiked or buried in the sand before they retired. Leaving a garrison in the fort, Lieutenant Hunter proceeded up the river and succeeded in capturing four schooners. Early in the morning of the 1st of April, he anchored off Tlaxotalpan, a city containing near 7000 inhabitants, which surrendered to him without offering any resistance. Commodore Perry arrived on the 2d with the squadron, but the towns on the river were already captured.

TAKING OF PUEBLA.

General Worth halted at Amasoque, twelve miles from Puebla, with his division, on the 14th of May, to await the arrival of General Quitman. About

eight o'clock in the forenoon he found his position suddenly menaced by about 3000 Mexican cavalry, commanded by Santa Anna. When first discovered they appeared to be moving along on the right flank of the Americans, toward their rear; it was soon reported that a heavy column was also approaching on the main road. Colonel Garland, with the Second artillery and a section of Duncan's battery, and Major Bonneville, with the Sixth infantry and Steptoe's battery, were ordered to attack the cavalry force, and the remainder of the troops prepared to meet the enemy said to be advancing in front. No other party was discovered, however, and after twenty-five rounds were fired from the batteries, the Mexican cavalry were routed, and disappeared among the hills. Some prisoners were taken, and ninety-eight of the enemy were killed or wounded. Late at night Santa Anna reached Puebla with his discomfited troops, and evacuated it early on the following day. Having been joined by General Quitman's brigade, General Worth entered the town in the morning of the 15th, without meeting any further resistance, and on the ensuing day took possession of the adjacent heights of Loretto and Guadalupe, and planted a battery on the hill of San Juan

History presents few instances of the display of daring and boldness which deserve to be compared with the entrance of the American soldiers into the city of Puebla. But little more than 4000 men, weather-beaten, jaded, and wayworn, with the dust of many a dreary day's journey "on their sandal shoon," in the gray fatigue-dress of the service, and unaccompanied by the gay paraphernalia of war, marched through the midst of a hostile population of 60,000 souls, stacked their arms in the public square, posted their guards, and, when the night watches came, lay down to sleep without one emotion of fear or alarm.

AFFAIR AT THE NATIONAL BRIDGE.

General Pierce left Vera Cruz on the 16th of July, with 2500 men, all in arms, including a battalion of marines, under Lieutenant-Colonel Watson. His column, with the wagon-train, was nearly two miles in length. On arriving near the National Bridge, he found it obstructed and defended, in

the same manner as on the passage of the river by General Cadwalader; but he was unable to place his artillery in a commanding position, and orders were therefore given to charge upon the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Bonham, of the Twelfth infantry, at the head of his battalion, rushed forward under a heavy fire from the enemy's escopetas, followed by Captain Duperu, with his company of the Third dragoons, sword in hand. The men leaped over the barricade upon the bridge, and in the space of ten minutes the guerilleros were flying in every direction. The command proceeded to the Rio del Plan, where they discovered that the main arch of the bridge had been blown up. Having crossed the river, General Pierce continued on his way to join General Scott. He was five times attacked by the guerilleros, including the rencontre at the Puente Nacional, but repulsed them on every occasion.

GENERAL RILEY AT CONTRERAS.

The following account of the Battle of Contreras contains more particulars of the achievements of General Riley than any other we have seen. Very early on the morning of the 19th of August there was discovered from the top of the house in which we were quartered in San Augustin, a large body of the enemy, some 12,000 or 15,000, on our left, about three miles distant. General Scott had ordered reconnoissances in that direction toward San Anfiel, where I reported to him. He immediately ordered two divisions forward under Pillow and Twiggs, and followed soon after himself. The enemy were found in an intrenched camp, at a place called Contreras, with twenty pieces of artillery, some of them very heavy siege pieces.—The attack commenced at noon, and the firing continued incessantly until dark, when it ceased on both sides, our troops maintaining their ground and occupying a village near by. During the afternoon we watched

the different movements of our troops with the most fearful anxiety, and could plainly see one of our columns resist a large body of cavalry, and the enemy falling from their saddles and taking to their heels, or rather to their horses' heels. During the whole of the fight we could see, on the right, a body of at least 10,000 infantry and cavalry in reserve, toward the city; but they had not the courage to advance, although Santa Anna himself was said to be there.

The attack was ordered to be renewed, at three o'clock next morning, and General Scott returned to San Augustin. He left at an early hour, taking with him General Worth's and one-half of his division as a reinforcement; but on the route he was met by an officer, who reported that the batteries had been carried by our troops in a most gallant style, Colonel Riley leading the assault. As he approached the scene of action, it seemed incredible how our men got over the ground to the attack. It was over immense masses of lava thrown up in the roughest, sharpest possible shapes, and covered with dense brushwood. Streams had to be crossed, and deep ravines; and most of them having passed the night in a pelting rain without shelter, it appears

almost incredible that they were able to drive double their numbers from a battery of twenty-three heavy guns.

Colonel Riley's brigade had crossed the ravine, and gone up toward Contreras, after a strong body of the enemy, which he drove off. The enemy was now drawn up in two lines above the village, on the right of the fort—the front infantry, and the rear cavalry. The village of Ensaldo is protected on one side by a deep ravine—on the road between it and the stream is a house and garden, surrounded by a high and rather strong stone wall—the village is intersected by narrow lanes, between high dikes, inclosing gardens full of fruit trees and shrubbery, affording protection and concealment for the men. The church standing in the center, also affording protection, if necessary. General Smith now directed General Cadwalader's force to be drawn up on the outer edge of the village, facing the enemy's heavy force on the left of the fort—formed the Third infantry and rifles in column of company, left in front of the right flank, and placed Lieutenant Smith's sappers and miners, and Captain Irwin's company of the Eleventh infantry, in the church, and Major Dimick's regiment in the garden on the road, in order to secure that avenue and his rear.

General Smith now determined to attack the large force on the enemy's right, with Colonel Riley on the left. General Cadwalader, on the right of the former, retired in *echelon*; but before the movement could be completed, night approached, and the enemy's line could not be seen. Therefore the order was countermanded, and General Cadwalader resumed his position on the edge of the village; Colonel Riley's brigade was formed in a long line inside, parallel to it, the rifles on his left, and the Third infantry in the churchyard. Thus they remained, exposed to a severe rain, all night, without fire or shelter—the officers, from generals down, shared the severity of the weather; but perhaps it only whetted their appetites for a more glorious and determined engagement in the morning. But now imagine the position of this portion of the army, numbering 3500 at the outside, without artillery or cavalry; while the enemy in front and on the left had 19,000 troops—those in the fort said to be the best of Mexico—with 22 pieces of artillery, and among his troops about 7000 cavalry. It was evident that some decisive action had to be taken, that some great effort had to be made; and General Smith and Colonel Riley, seconded as they

then were, were just the men competent to the task. An attack on the main work was determined upon and the movement to take place at three o'clock on the following morning. However, here another obstacle presented itself; the force of General Smith was not strong enough to attack the main work and hold the village at the same time; and it was of the utmost importance he should do so, for, if he drove the enemy from this main work, and in his retreat secured possession of the village, he could hold it long enough to allow his troops to get away, and in all probability seriously embarrass any further movements of our army until he was safely fixed somewhere else. It is said that fortune favors the brave—and in this instance it most truly did; for while General Smith was preparing for the attack, General Shields reported his near approach with his brigade of South Carolina and New York volunteers; and here was an exhibition of magnanimity on the part of a high-minded soldier to a brother officer. When General Shields arrived, he was the ranking officer, and could have assumed the command; but he was not the man to pluck the bright laurels about to be gathered by a brother soldier in carrying one of the strong works of the

enemy; accordingly he moved subject to the command of General Smith, and his brigade was placed in the village of Ensaldo, as circumstances might require, either to cut off the retreat of the enemy from Contreras, or to take the reserve of the enemy, in flank, if it should change its front and attempt to attack our force toward Contreras.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 20th, our troops commenced their movement toward the front of attack. The night was so dark, that the men could not go out of reach of one another for fear of losing their way. This caused the movement to be so slow, that day-break approached before the head of General Cadwalader's brigade commenced descending into the ravine at the village. As soon as Colonel Riley got out of the deep ravine, and at a point where it was thought the rear of the work could be approached, the head of the column halted and closed, at the same time drawing the loads out of the guns supposed to be wet. Colonel Riley then formed his brigade in column by divisions — and thus the column stood formed, Colonel Riley's brigade on the advance, next General Cadwalader's and General Smith's brigades, together with the sappers and miners, under the command of Major

Dimick, closed up the rear—leaving General Shields at the village. Colonel Riley continued up the ravine bearing a little to his left, and as he raised over the bank, he stood fronting the rear of the enemy's work; but he was protected from the severity of its fire by the favorable position of the ground. As soon as Colonel Riley ascended the hill and came in full view of the enemy, they immediately opened a warm fire upon him. Colonel Riley threw out his two advanced divisions as skirmishers, and said, "Forward now, my boys, close in with them and let the bayonet do its work"—and his command rushed down the slope with a desperation and enthusiasm enough to strike terror to the heart of the boldest, while the rear of his command moved steadily forward in solid block, with the most mechanical precision. The sappers and miners and the rifle regiment, which had been thrown across a ravine intervening between the one they had passed up, and under the brow of the slope which Colonel Riley came down, from that position poured in a fire which swept in front of Colonel Riley's column, then inclining toward the left, joined in the attack on the troops outside of the left flank of the fort. General

Cadwalader followed the route taken by Colonel Riley, and, as soon as his troops were formed, moved on to his support. The first brigade, which was bringing up the rear, had been ordered to follow the same route; but while it was on its march by the right flank up the ravine, and nearly opposite the fort, General Smith ordered the brigade to face to the left, and advance in line to attack the enemy's force in flank. This movement was executed in less time than it takes me to write it. They met the enemy outside of the fort, just as Colonel Riley's brigade rushed into it; the enemy was completely routed, and commenced a precipitate retreat; their cavalry and infantry had been formed to receive the charge, but both were compelled to give way to the bayonet; the rout was most complete, and victory most decided.

GALLANT AFFAIR OF COLONEL DE RUSSEY.

Early in July, Colonel Gates, of the Third artillery, the commanding officer at Tampico, received

information that a number of American prisoners, entitled to liberation were at or near Huejutla, over 1000 miles in the interior, of Tamaulipas, where General Garey had established his head-quarters, with a force from 1000 to 1500 strong. Being anxious to liberate them as soon as possible, Colonel Gates ordered Colonel De Russey, of the Louisiana volunteers, to proceed to Huejutla, accompanied by an escort of 126 men, in order to communicate with General Garey, and effect the restoration of the prisoners.

Colonel De Russey left Tampico, on the 8th of July with his command, consisting of one company of the Third artillery, Captain Wyse and a field-piece ; a company of dragoons, under Captain Boyd and Lieutenant Taneyhill ; a detachment of Louisiana volunteers under Captains Mace and Seguire ; and a small party of Tampico rangers, a volunteer company organized by Colonel Gates for the defense of the post. Passing up the river Panuco in steamers, about sixty miles, and then marching by land through Asulwama, the alcalde of which was made acquainted with the friendly purpose of the expedition, and cheerfully furnished the command with supplies, Colonel De Russey arrived at Tantayuka,

twenty-five miles from Huejutla, on the eleventh instant. The alcalde of this town was also informed of the object of his mission; and on the morning of the 12th he continued his march. So far he had been unable to find a military officer who might accompany him to the head-quarters of General Garey, and although he anticipated that preparations for defense would be made, he intended to rely on the white flag when the enemy should be discovered, in order to prevent a conflict, at least until the pacific nature of his visit should be made known.

About eight miles from Tantayuka, a Mexican Indian was met, who informed Colonel De Russey that General Garey, with a large force, had laid an ambuscade for him, at the Calaboso river, one mile in his front. Captain Boyd was then in advance with his company, and before orders could be sent to him to fall back to the main body, a rapid discharge of fire-arms was heard. Colonel De Russey hurried forward with the remainder of his detachment, and encountered the dragoons in retreat, having already lost Captain Boyd and six of their comrades. On approaching the river, it was found that the enemy, who had displayed

considerable sagacity in their choice of position, had cleared the ground from bushes, for the space of 150 yards on either side of the road, leaving beyond the now open ground, a dense hedge of chaparral, in rear of which a fence had been constructed as an obstacle to the movements of cavalry. The main body of General Garey's force were upon the opposite bank of the stream, also protected in their front by thick chaparral.

A charge was instantly made on either flank by Captains Mace and Seguire, with their men, and the enemy retired hastily across the river. Captain Wyse at once opened his fire upon the main body on the opposite bank, which was kept up for nearly an hour, when the enemy manifested a disposition to abandon their ground, and their fire altogether ceased. It was now ascertained that all the cartridges but three had been exhausted, and great numbers of the enemy from the towns through which the Americans had passed, were discovered on the flanks and in the rear, who had succeeded in capturing about ninety mules, laden with the provisions, money, and clothing of the detachment.

It was also known that the road to Huejutla lay through a gorge flanked by steep acclivities, and

that the prisoners had been removed. In this position of affairs, Colonel De Russey determined to retrace his steps with his small command.

After the retrograde movement commenced, the Mexicans began to harass the American rear, but they were always repulsed, with great loss, by Captain Mace, who poured upon them his volleys of musketry with good effect. On ascending a hill about one mile from Tantayuka, a desperate rush was made by the enemy, and the rear-guard was driven in. Captain Wyse promptly unlimbered his gun, and dispersed the Mexicans with two discharges of canister. In this manner the detachment returned to Tantayuka, keeping up a continued fight throughout the whole distance of nine miles. When they reached the town, the enemy appeared in their front to oppose them. The field-piece was again discharged, and again scattered the enemy in confusion.

Colonel De Russey now posted his men on a mound overlooking the town; powder and ball were procured at the stores; and a number of cartridges were prepared, by using champagne bottles, as a substitute for tin cylinders, which were half filled with balls, and the remaining space packed with

earth. Musket cartridges for the infantry were also manufactured, and every preparation was made to defend the position. At nine o'clock on the night of the 12th, a message was received from General Garey demanding the immediate surrender of the force. Colonel De Russey replied that this was impossible, and then informed the bearer of the message of the object of his visit. The latter stated, in answer, that there had been some misunderstanding in regard to the matter, and arranged an interview between General Garey and Colonel De Russey, to take place in a few hours. The Mexican officers failed to keep the appointment, and suspecting treachery, Colonel De Russey ordered his men under arms, and at two o'clock in the morning of the 13th continued his retreat toward Tampico, protected by the darkness. Shortly after daylight the enemy again appeared upon the flanks and rear of the detachment. Whenever they attempted to make a close attack they were driven off by the fire of the field-piece or muskets, though the pursuit was continued for more than fifty miles beyond Tantayuka. The detachment succeeded, however, in reaching Tampico, having lost, in the affair at Calaboso river, and the subsequent retreat.

fifteen killed and mortally wounded, ten wounded, and three missing. The enemy lost nearly 300 in killed and wounded.

CAPTURE OF THE TUSPAN.

On the morning of the 18th of April, — the day on which the heights of Cerro Gordo were carried by the troops under General Scott, the Mississippi anchored off the bar of Tuspan river; the small steamers — their masts being taken out, and otherwise lightened — took the gun-boats and barges in tow, carrying in all 1200 men, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and muskets, and two pieces of field artillery; and the other vessels of the squadron remained at anchor under Tuspan shoals, from six to eight miles eastward of the bar.

The Spitfire, under Captain Tatnall, led the way over the bar, followed by the Vixen and Scourge, each having a gun-boat in tow. Two of the steamers struck; but they soon ploughed their way over the sand, and dashed through the breakers. At

noon the whole flotilla had entered the river. Commodore Perry then hoisted his broad pennant on board the Spitfire, and commenced the ascent of the stream. About five miles from the mouth of the river, two forts were discovered, on the right bank, the guns of which began to play briskly upon the squadron. The small boats were immediately manned with storming parties, and darted for the shore, under cover of a rapid fire from the steamers and gun-boats. The Mexicans did not wait to meet the assailants, but retreated down one side of the hill, as the gallant tars from the American vessels sprang up the other, shouting and cheering at the top of their voices. The forts being captured, the flotilla again moved forward.

On approaching Tuspan, another fort erected on a high hill, commanding the town, opened on the squadron. Volleys of musketry were fired, at the same time, from the thickets of chapparal on the bank of the river. Two parties were now landed; one of which proceeded against the fort, which was carried without serious resistance, and the other entered the town. Most of the inhabitants had fled into the interior, and but very few soldiers were seen, who were brave enough to stand, even for

a few moments, before the American fire. Commodore Perry took possession of the town, having lost but seventeen men, killed and wounded, during the day, and ordered the forts on the river to be destroyed. Those inhabitants who were peaceably disposed, were invited to return and resume their occupations; and on the 22d instant, the Commodore re-embarked his forces, and set sail for Vera Cruz, leaving the Albany and Reefer, under Captain Breese, to guard the river and town, and also directing one of his vessels to blockade the stream on which the town of Soto de Marina is situated.

CAPTURE OF SANTA CRUZ DE ROSALES.

Governor Trias had collected between 1500 and 2000 men, and fourteen pieces of artillery, at Santa Cruz de Rosales, a strongly fortified town, about sixty miles beyond Chihuahua, and General Price determined to march down and attack him.

He left El Paso on the 1st of March, 1848, with 400 men, and arrived at Chihuahua on the 7th,

performing the distance of 281 miles in seven days. After Colonel Doniphan's departure, Chihuahua had been reoccupied by the Mexican authorities, and General Price was met, on his approach, by a civic deputation, who represented that a treaty of peace had been concluded, and requested him not to enter the city. Doubting the information, as he had received no official intelligence of the fact, General Price entered the town, and on the ensuing day continued his march to Santa Cruz de Rosales, where he arrived in the evening. On the morning of the 9th he summoned Governor Trias to surrender. The latter refused to comply, stating, also, that it was understood there, that the war had been terminated by a treaty. Considerable parleying ensued, and General Price finally consented to wait for four days, during which time a messenger was expected to return, who had been sent by the governor, to ascertain whether the rumor in regard to a treaty was well founded.

After waiting twice the specified time, and having been joined by a reinforcement of 300 men, whom he had directed to follow him, with the artillery, General Price determined to attack the position, on the morning of the 16th of March

Another demand for a surrender was made, which was rejected, and the action then commenced by a lively cannonade. A good impression having been produced, General Price divided his command into three parties, under Colonel Ralls, Lieutenant-Colonel Lane, and Major Walker, who were directed to attack the works, from three different positions. The contest was maintained with vigor until eleven o'clock, when it was suspended in consequence of a rumor, which proved to be false, that a body of lancers were moving up in the rear. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the attack was renewed with increased zeal, and continued until sunset, when the Americans had burrowed through the houses to the Plaza; and the Mexicans then surrendered at discretion.

The enemy lost 300 killed and wounded at the storming of Santa Cruz de Rosales, while the American loss was but five killed and twenty wounded.



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